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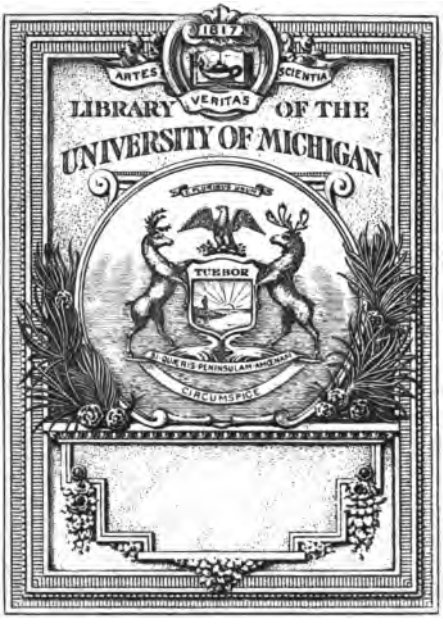
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OF THE LATE

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

CONSISTING OF

LETTERS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

AND OF

ORIGINAL POEMS, Moral and Facetious.

WITH AN

ESSAY on the ART of ACTING.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
Printed for the BENEFIT of the FAMILY.
M DCCLIII.

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TO

Her Royal Highneſs

THE

Princeſs Dowager of WALES.

PARDON, Great PRINCESS, that unknown, I dare
Attempt to reach you, with this private Prayer:

Prayer is our Comfort, when to Heaven we ſue;
And only that can be my Plea to YOU!
You, moſt lov'd PRINCESS, who from Heaven poſſeſs,
Alike, the Godlike Power and Will, to bleſs,
Can mark, with kind Regard, the Mourner's Cry,
And ſmile the heart fed Tear from Sorrow's eye.
Prompted by Hope, and yet repuls'd by Fear,
The *Widow* and the *Orphan* court your Ear;

Who,

Who, while a living *Father* bleſt her
Days,
Was taught by him, to feel ſuch *Virtue*'s
Praiſe.
Oft was he honour'd, and his Lays ap-
prov'd,
By HIM, your gentle Heart ſo Nobly
lov'd ——
And O! forgive me, that, in lowly
State,
A Tear of mine preſumes to *ſpeak* your
Fate ——
Then, let regardful Silence tell the
reſt:
'Tis bold, to rouſe a Sigh, in *ſuch* a
Breaſt!

One

One wiſh indulge: and grant a *Parent*'s Fame
Th' undying Glory of your ROYAL NAME.

I am,

With the profoundeſt Reſpect and Duty,

MADAM,

Your Royal Highneſs's

Devoted and moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

URANIA JOHNSON.

TO THE

READER.

THE Generous Encouragement that has been given to this Subſcription, can only be repay'd by the beſt Acknowledgments of Gratitude, from thoſe whoſe Service it was intended to promote; and they ſee, with the utmoſt Satisfaction, ſo many ILLUSTRIOUS NAMES do Honour to a Writer who is no more.—Had he been living, his Works muſt have been ſtill more deſerving of that Patronage, they

are

are here diſtinguiſh'd by; as, in that Caſe, they would have received, the Advantage of his cooleſt Correction, before he would have ventured them abroad into the World. —— For the Want of this Advantage, every candid, every feeling Reader will make due Allowances; ſince what has (in this particular Reſpect) prejudiced the Satisfaction of the Public, has been a private Family's great and irretrievable Misfortune.

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Mr. Edward Hill, junior.
Thomas Hill, Winemerchant.
Thomas Orby Hunter, Eſq;
Paggen Hale, Eſq;
*William Herbert, Eſq;
Sir Joſeph Hankey, Knt. and Alderman.

*George

* George Frederick Handel, Eſq;
Pheaſant Hartley, Eſq;
Captain Charles Hardy.
Captain John Hallet.
Captain John Hutchinſon
Mr. Coen Havercomb
Veſey Haſelfoot.
William Hogarth.
John Hogarth.
Joſeph Heaton.
Thomas Harris.
William Havard.
Hutchinſon.
Counſellor Hutchinſon.
William Hungerford, Eſq;
William Hammond, Eſq;
Thomas Hawkins, Eſq;
The Honourable Thomas Hervey.
The Honourable Miſs Howe.
* Henry Herring, Eſq;
Mr. Thomas Harriſon.
John Hayward.
Thomas Hooton.
James Hartwell.
William Hartley.
William Clay Harvey, Eſq;
Sampſon Harvey, Eſq;
Mr. James Hammond.
Thomas Hall.
Edward Hewitt.
Baſil Herne, Attorney.
Mrs. Harthrope.
John Haley.
Langley Hill, Eſq;
James Hubbard, Eſq;
William Hamilton, Eſq;
Mr. Nathaniel Harris.
Colonel John Hunter.
Mr. Maurice Hammond.
* George Hay, L L. D.
Captain Thomas Holland.
The Lady Hopkins.
Mr. George Hutton.
Humphrey Hanmore, Eſq;
John Hickman, Eſq;
Diederic Jacob Hane, Eſq;
* The Lady Caroline Harpur
Richard Horne, Eſq;
Jacob Hackman, Eſq;
Mr. William Howe.
William Hulls, Eſq;
Mr. Samuel Horne.
Phillip Howell.
William Huſſey.
Dominic Harabetia, Eſq;
Mr. John Houlton.
Mrs. Elizabeth Hawkings.
The Honourable Colonel Howard.
David Heckſteter, Eſq;
Edward Harman, Eſq;
Mr. Chriſtopher Hedges.
Joſiah Hardy, Eſq;
Mr. Iſaac Hamys.
Robert Henly, Eſq;
The Reverend Dr. John Hume.
Mr. Thomas Handley.
Richard Hoare.
Hitch.
William Hippeſly, Eſq;
Sir Robert Hildyard, Bart.
Mr. William Howard.
Henry Howard.
—— Humberſton, Eſq; of New-Inn.
Mr. James Hope.
Mr. Gerſham Haekwell

I

THE Right Honourable Lord Ilchester.
The Right Hon. Lady Viſcounteſs Irwin.
Sir Hildibrand Jacob, Bart.
Sir John Jenour, Bart.
Sir John Ingleby, Bart.
Sir Edmund Iſham, LL.D.
Stephen Theodore Janſſen, Eſq;
John Jolliffe, Eſq;
Ralph Jenniſon, Eſq;
Major Johnſton.
Samuel Johnſton, Eſq;
Samuel Johnſon, Eſq;
Edward Ironſide, Eſq;
Auguſtus Jagar, Eſq;
Nathaniel Jones, Eſq;
Mr. Henry Jones.
John Jeſſe, Eſq;
Mrs. Ingliſs.
Miſs Iriſh.
Mr. Henry Jolly.
John Jackſon.
Rowland Jones.
Mrs. Mary Jones.
Robert James, Eſq;
M. William Jerritt.
Iſaac Iſmay.
Bryan I'Anſon, Eſq;
Mr. Theophilus Jones.
Theodore Jacobſon, Eſq;
Charles Ingram, Eſq;
Henry Iſaac, Eſq;
Samuel Joynes, Eſq;
Mrs. Jobſon.
Dr. Jones, of Hatton-Garden.
Daniel Jell, Eſq;
Samuel Ibbotſon, Eſq;
Mr. Samuel Jervis.
Charles Jennens, Eſq;
Mr. Edward Ives.

K

*THE Right Honourable the Lord King.
The Hon. Lady Kerr.
Francis Knollys, Eſq;
The Reverend Dr. Kenrick.
Matthew Kenrick, Eſq;
*The Reverend Mr. Keith, of the Fleet Priſon.
Mr. Keith
Cotton King, Eſq;
Henry Knight, Eſq;
Mr. Thomas Kitchen.
Richard Kent.
William Iſaac Kops, Eſq;
Mr. Leonard Kilham.
Thomas Knight, Eſq;
Mr. Thomas Keene.
* Sir John Lyſter Keye, Bart.
James Kerr, Eſq;

L

THE Duke of Leeds.
The Dutcheſs Dowager of Leeds.

The

The Earl of Lauderdale.
The Earl of Londonderry.
The Counteſs of Lincoln.
The Counteſs of Litchfield.
*The Right Hon. Lord Chief-Juſtice Lee.
*The Right Hon. Lord Lempſter.
The Right Honourable Lord Lyon.
The Right Honourable Lady Luxborough.
The Right Honourable Lord Langdale.
The Right Honourable Lady Barbara Leigh.
*The Right Honourable Sir George Lee.
The Right Honourable Sir John Ligonier.
The Right Honourable Henry Legge.
The Lady Lombe.
Sir Robert Long, Bart.
The Lady Long.
The Lady Parker Long.
The Honourable Mr. Lumley.
Sir Charles Le Blon.
Sir Edward Littleton, Bart.
*George Fox Lane, Eſq;
*The Reverend Mr. William Lowther.
John Lockman, Eſq;
*James Lacey, Eſq;
*Mr. John Lee.
Thomas Lowe.
Richard Leveridge.
Charles Lacey.
James Leake, ſenior.
Mr. James Leake, junior.
Joſeph Love, Eſq; 2 Sets.
*Charles Lane, Eſq;
William Langton, Eſq;
Edward Lloyd, Eſq;
Mr. Charles Louth.
James Lynde.
John Leland, Eſq;
Mr. Iſaac Lindo, junior.
Gabriel Lopez, Eſq;
Mr. Langſtaffe, of Garlick Hill.
Richard Lodge.
Thomas Lambe, Eſq;
Stephen Law, Eſq;
Mr. Thomas Lees.
Edward Lambert.
Frederick Lovibond.
Peter Ludlow, Eſq;
The Reverend Mr. Liddale.
Mr. John Longden.
Bibye Lake, Eſq;
Mr. James Long.
Peter Le Keux.
*Charles Lalauze.
Benjat Lehook, Eſq;
Edward Lloyd, Eſq;
*John Larpent, Eſq;
John Lee, Eſq;
Joſhua Le Queſne, Eſq;
Mr. John Leathwait.
Joſeph Littlefier.
John Lloyd, junior, Eſq;
Richard Law, Eſq;
Mr. Bartholomew Lucas.
James Lambe, Eſq;
John Lorance, Eſq;
Thomas Lane, Eſq;
William Lynch, Eſq;

Mr.

Mr. James Horton Langſton.
——— Longland, Eſq;
Michael Lally, Eſq;
Edwin Laſcelles, Eſq;
Peter Leigh, Eſq;
George Leigh, Eſq;
Cornet Edward Ligonier.
Mrs. Judith Leſsly.
Mr. Joſeph Letch.
Peter Ludlow, Eſq;
Mrs. Levey.
Mrs. Lowther of Scotland-Yard.
Eraſmus Lewis, Eſq;

M

*THE Dutcheſs Dowager of Manchester.
*The Earl of Middleſex.
The Counteſs of Middleſex
The Counteſs Dowager of Montrath.
*The Right Honourable Lord Montfort.
The Right Honourable Lord Maynard.
The Right Honourable Lord Monſon.
The Right Honourable Lady Monſon.
The Right Honourable Lord Robert Manners.
The Right Honourable Lord George Manners.
The Right Honourable Lord William Manners
*The Honourable Lady Barbara Montague.
The Lady Morrice.
The Honourable Lady Elizabeth Murray.
The Honourable James Stuart Mackenzie.
Sir Henry Marſhall, Knt. and Alderman.
Sir Richard Manningham, M. D.
Sir William Meredith, Bart.
Sir William Milner, Bart.
Sir John Morgan, Bart.
Sir Thomas Morgan, Bart.
Matthew Morley, M. D.
Richard Mead, M. D.
Nicholas Mann, Eſq; F.R.S.
Miles Mann, Eſq;
Henry Montague, Eſq;
Colonel James Mill.
Moſes Mendes, Eſq;
Solomon Mendes, Eſq;
Jacob Mendes, Eſq;
Lewis Mendes, Eſq;
*Mr. Charles Macklin.
Henry Moſſop.
Mrs. Elizabeth Mills
Edmund Morris, Eſq; 2 Sets.
Mr. Robert Morgan.
William Merrifield.
George Metcalf, Eſq;
William Morehead, Eſq;
David Mallet, Eſq;
*Edward Matthew, Eſq;
Mr. Michael Martindale.
Mavillain.
Counſellor Maſon.
*James Moore, Eſq;
Spark Martin, Eſq;
Miſs Middleton.
John Anthony Merle, Eſq;
Thomas

Mr. Weid Marchtos, *Secretary to the Elector of Saxony.*
* Mr. Madox.
Thomas More, Eſq;
John Main, Eſq;
Francis Mannock, Eſq;
Henry Major, Gentleman
Mr. Arthur Miller
Thomas Martin
William Minet
Edmund Maſon, Eſq;
William Mitchell, Eſq;
Mr. Gilbert Gibſon Mackmurdo
John Alex. Menuret, Eſq;
Hutchinſon Mure, Eſq;
Mr. Archibald Macklane
Alexander Macraby, Eſq;
Edward Medley, Eſq;
David Middleton, Eſq;
The Lady Lucy Merick
Mr. Richard Morhall
Thomas Maltby junior
John Moorey, Eſq;
Mr. Robert Mandeville
John Amberſon Martin
John Marſh
Thomas Miller, Attorney
Major Matthews
William M'Phedreſs, Eſq;
Colonel Thomas Murray
Hugh Morgan, Eſq;
* William Morgan, Eſq;
Thomas Morgan, Eſq;
Mrs. Morgan
John Maſon, Eſq;
Mr. John Marſhall
Dr. Martyn
Vincent Matthias, Eſq;
Robert Mitchell, Eſq;
Miſs Ann Middleton
* Hugo Meynill, Eſq;
The Honourable John Murray
Benjamin Martin, Eſq;
John Mills, Eſq;
Miſs Malyn
Mrs. Michell, of Bloomſbury Square
Mr. William Moffield
Mrs. Meynill
Mr. William Marks

N

* THE Dutcheſs of Norfolk
The Ducheſs of Newcaſtle
The Earl of Northumberland
The Counteſs of Northumberland
The Earl of Northampton
The Earl of Nitheſdale
The Biſhop of Norwich
The Honourable Lady Juliana Noel
The Honourable Lady Elizabeth Noel
The Honourable Lady Jane Noel
The Honourable William Noel
The Reverend Dr. Nicholl
Captain Henry Newton
Michael Newton, Eſq;
Mrs. Nugent
The Honourable Miſs Neville

The

*The Honourable Richard Savage Naſſau.
Captain John Nicleſon
John Newe, Eſq; of Plaiſtow
Robert New, Eſq;
Edward Northey, Eſq;
Mr. William Newman
Meſſieurs Naſh and Smith
Edward Nightingale, Eſq;
Mrs. Sarah Nicholſon
Mr. Richard Nutt
John Newman, Eſq;
Mr. Peter Newman
Miſs Norris
Thomas North, Eſq;
Charles Nealer, Eſq;
Mr. Ralph Noden
William Nightingall
*Mrs. Millicent Neate
Richard Naſh, Eſq; of the Bath
Mr. John Nelſon
Miſs Gunter Nicholl
Mr. John Norman
Miſs Magaret Nicoll.

O

*THE Earl of Orrery
The Earl of Upper Oſſery
The Counteſs of Oſſery
The Right Honourable Arthur Onſlow, Eſq;
Garton Orme, Eſq;
Captain Orme
William Ottley, Eſq;
Deery Ottley, Eſq;
Richard Oliver, Eſq;
William Oakden, Eſq;
Captain Obrien
Brigadier General Richard Offarell.
Mrs. Phillis Owen, of Hackney

P

THE Duke of Portland
The Counteſs of Pomfret
The Counteſs of Plymouth
The Counteſs of Peterborough
The Earl of Panmure
The Right Hon. Lord Viſcount Powerſcourt.
The Right Hon. Lord Viſcount Palmerſton
The Right Hon. Lord Pulteney
The Right Hon. Lord Peterſham
The Right Hon. Lady Pawlet
The Right Hon. Lady Mary Powis
*The Right Hon. William Pitt
The Hon. John Pitt, Eſq;
George Pitt, Eſq;
Thomas Pitt, Eſq;
*Mrs. Ann Pitt
The Hon. Miſs Pitt
Thomas Potter, Eſq;
Mrs. Ann Potter
Henry Pierſe, Eſq;

The

The Hon. Lieutenant General Pulteney
Mrs. Pulteney
Miſs Pulteney
The Honourable Mrs. Phipps
Mrs. Margaret Pocock
Mrs. Frances Penvold
Colonel Perry
Mr. John Pearſe
John Porter, Eſq; Alderman
Mr. Henry Porter
James Pieſly
Mrs. Pritchard
*William Popple, Eſq;
Thomas Phipps, Eſq;
Richard Price, Eſq;
Charles Price, Eſq;
John Price, Eſq;
Benjamin Price, Eſq;
Miſs Pelham
Miſs Grace Pelham
Mr. Chriſtopher Puller
Mr. Perry
William Perry, Eſq;
The Hon. Mrs. Perry
*John Paul, Eſq;
Mr. John Puget, merchant
Samuel Plumb, Refiner
Reſta Patching
Robert Pell, Surgeon
James Pratt
John Parker
Gregory Pember
David Abenatar Pimentel
Charles Pitman
Joſeph Pickering, Eſq;
Richard Parſons, Eſq;
James Parſons, M. D. F. R. S. &c.
Miſs Peyne
John Pool, Gent.
Miſs Sarah Parker
Sir Samuel Prime
Mrs. Judith Paul
Edward Clark Pariſh, Eſq;
William Perkins, Eſq;
James Plunkett, Eſq;
Mr. George Purvis
——— Prince, Eſq; of Bloomsbury-ſquare
The Right Reverend Biſhop of Peterborough
*Sir John Packington, Bart.
P. Palmer, Eſq;
Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, Bart.
John Allen Pueſey, Eſq;
James Peachy, Eſq;
The Reverend Mr. Pilkington.
John Pennington, Eſq;
Mr: John Preſtage.

Q

MR. Robert Quarme
Mr. Walter Quin, merchant

R

THE Duke of Rutland

The

The Marquis of Rockingham
The Earl of Radnor
*His Excellency Baron Rosencrants, Embaſſador from the King of Denmark.
The Right Hon. Lord Romney
The Right Hon. Lady Romney
The Right Hon. Lord Ravenſworth
The Right Hon. Lady Ravenſworth
The Hon. Lady Charlotte Ratcliffe
The Right Hon. Sir John Ruſhout, Bart.
*The Right Hon. Lady Ann Ruſhout
Sir Dudley Ryder, Attorney General
Sir John Robinſon, Bart.
Sir Thomas Reynell, Bart.
Sir William Richardſon
Sir Benjamin Rawlin
Colonel Robinſon
Dr. Robinſon of Hatton-Garden
John Robins, Eſq;
Jonathan Raſleigh, Eſq;
Mr. Samuel Richardſon, 6 Sets
Thomas Rawlinſon, Eſq; Alderman
The Hon. Lady Charlotte Rich
Alexander Reid, Eſq;
*Miſs Roache
Mr. John Royce
John Rich, Eſq;
Mr. David Roſs
James Roſco
Ridoubt
Samuel Ruſh, Eſq;
Mrs. Ann Richards
Mr. Morton Rockliffe.
Chriſtopher Rigby, Eſq;
The Honourable Miſs Robethon
Mr. Riſtat
Joſhua Radſhaw, Eſq;
Thomas Ryder, Eſq;
Mrs. Ann Rand
Mr. Henry Raper
Captain Roche.
Mr. John Rigby, junior
William Rogers
Lomax Ryder
Thomas Reid
Samuel Reynardſon, Eſq;
Mr. Giles Rook
Charles Rogers, Eſq;
Mr. Charles Richie
* George Bridges Rodney, Eſq;
John Anthony Rucker, Eſq;
The Hon. Admiral William Rowley
Henry Rocker, Eſq;
George Ruck, Eſq;
Mr. Ravens
Edward Robinſon
Alexander Ready, Eſq;
Matthew Ridley, Eſq;
John Robinſon, Eſq;
Fitzherbert Richards, Eſq;
Mr. Samuel Roffey
Henry Riddel, Surgeon

S

*FRANCES Dutchess-Dowager of Somerset
Charlotte Dutchess-Dowager of Somerset
The Earl of Shaftsbury
* The Countess of Shaftsbury
The Countess-Dowager of Suffolk
* The Countess-Dowager of Strafford
The Earl of Scarborough
The Countess of Stamford
The Countess-Dowager of Stafford
The Countess of Sandwich
The Right Honourable Lady-DowagerStrange
The Right Honourable Lady Strange
The Honourable Lady Sidney Sherard
The Lady Shadwell
*The Honourable Sir William Stanhope
Andrew Stone, Esq;
* William Sloper, Esq;
David Scott, Esq;
* George Lewis Scott, Esq;
Sir George Saville, Bart.
Mrs. Ann Strode
William Strode, Esq;
Lieutenant General Richard St. George
George Stead, Esq;
* Miss Maria Stead
Mrs. Scott
Meyer Schamberg, M. D.
Isaac Shamberg, M. D.
Edmund Sawyer, Esq;
The Reverend Dr. Squire
The Reverend Mr. Sims
The Honourable Admiral James Stuart
John Smith, Esq;
William Springet, Esq;
Alexander Strahan, Esq;
TheHonourable John Spencer, Esq;
John Shackleton, Esq;
George Shelvock, Esq;
Richard Stratton, Esq;
Captain Smith
William Sturrock, Esq; 2 Sets
Thomas Spencer, Esq;
Colonel Seabright
William Smith, Esq;
Samuel Smith, Esq;
Captain Scott
Samuel Strode, Esq;
William Smith, Esq; South-Sea-Company's Secretary
Thomas Salter, Esq;
Mrs. Stample
Anthony Seal, Esq;
Peter Simond, Esq;
Thomas Stanyford, Esq;
Harry Spencer, Esq;
Isaac Scott, Esq;
* Hungerford Spooner, Esq;
John Adolph Scroder, Esq;
Edward Simpson, L L. D.
Thomas Shadwell, Esq;
John Stabler, Esq;
Abraham Spalding, Esq;
Thomas Shippey, Esq;

Captain

Chptain Thomas Stevens
Captain Richard Shubrick
William Sharp, Eſq;
William Swingburne, Eſq;
William Savage, Eſq;
John Scott, Eſq;
George Scraſe, Eſq;
Charles Scraſe, Eſq;
Richard Salway, Eſq;
* Robert Sutton, jun. Eſq;
Mrs. Sloper
John Swale, Eſq;
Charles Stuart, Eſq;
Mrs. Science
Miſs St Aubin
Edward Smith, Eſq;
Samuel Stevens, Eſq;
Joſeph Simſon, Eſq;
Mrs. Mary Sparrow
John Stace, Eſq;
Mr. Peter Sainthill
Robert Stephens
John Sowdon
Luke Sparkes
Francis Salt
Thomas Strickland
John Serocold
Joſeph Sedgwick
Thomas Scott
John Story
William Stevenſon
William Swan
Griffith Smith
John Sherrat
Thomas Strangeways
—— Stretfield
Richard Sheldon
William Sharp, Surgeon
John Smith
Mr. William Smith
Edward Say
Samuel Still
William Sheldon
Simon Stanton

T

THE Marquis of Tweedale
The Marchioneſs of Tweedale
The Earl of Thanet
The Earl of Tankerville
The Earl Temple
The Counteſs Temple
* The Right Hon. Lord Talbot
* The Right Hon. Lady Talbot
* The Right Hon. Lord Viſcount Tyrconnel
The Right Hon. Lord Trentham
* Sir Charles Kymis Tynte Bart.
Sir Edmund Thomas, Bart.
Sir John Thorold, Bart.
The Hon. Mrs. Elizabeth Trevor
The Hon. Mrs. Margaret Trevor
* Robert Taylor, M. D.
Dr. Thompſon
The Hon. Mrs. Mary Tufton
John Tuckfield, Eſq;
The Honourable Admiral J. Townſhend
* The Honourable George Townſhend

* George

* George Thompſon, Eſq;
Captain James Talbot
Joſeph Taylor, Eſq;
Jonathan Tyers, Eſq;
Henry Thrale, Eſq;
Harry Thompſon, Eſq;
Thomas Tierney, Eſq;
William Taſh, Eſq;
Thomas Taſh, Eſq;
Timothy Tullie, Eſq;
John Thornton, Eſq;
William Thornton, Eſq;
John Thornbrough, Eſq;
Richard Thelwall, Eſq;
The Rev. Dr. Terrick
Samuel Tuffnel, Eſq;
John Thornhaugh, Eſq;
Mrs. Arabella Thornhaugh
Walter Taylor, Eſq;
Mrs. Elizabeth Townley
Al. Thiſtlethwayte, Eſq;
The Rev. Dr. Tough
Mr. John Tweiſdale
Henry Thompſon
Robert Turlington
Nathaniel Thomas
John Troughton
Thomas Tapſon
Jacob Treve
John Taylor, junior, Oculiſt.
——— Turner.

U

THE Right Honourable Lady Vere
The Hon. Thomas Villiers, Eſq;
Sir Joſhua Van-Neck, Bart.
Sir George Vandeput, Bart.
* His Excellency Signior Vignola, Reſident from the Republic of Venice.
The Hon. Admiral Vernon
Richard Vernon, Eſq;
Edward Vernon, Eſq; Turkey-Merchant
Thomas Vernon, Eſq;
Mrs. Vernon
Mrs. Rebecca Vick
Colonel Vanderduſſen
Henry Voght, Eſq;
Samuel Underhill, Eſq;
Henry Vandereſch, Eſq;
Edward Umfreville, Eſq;
Captain Vancourt
Mr. Samuel Vandewall
James Udney
James Unwin
Thomas Vincent
George Vaughan
Mrs. Sarah Vaughan
Mr. Joſeph Vere
*Michael Ventades

W

THE Earl of Waldegrave
The Right Reverend Biſhop of Wincheſter
* The Counteſs of Warwick
The Counteſs of Winchelſea
The Right Rev. Biſhop of Worceſter

* His Excellency General Wall, Embaſſador from the King of Spain.
The Right Hon. Lord Wenman
The Right Honourable Lord Wentworth
The Hon. Lady Waldegrave
The Right Honourable Lord Chief Juſtice Willes
Sir Whiſtler Webſter, Bart.
Sir William Wentworth, Bart.
The Lady Wheate
The Lady Mary Wrotteſly
The Lady Warren
* The Honourable Edward Walpole
* The Honourable Horatio Walpole
Horatio Walpole, jun. Eſq;
Thomas Walpole, Eſq;
The Honourable Colonel Waldegrave
Colonel Wade
Colonel Wilſon
Mrs. Sylvia Winſtanly
Mrs. Elizabeth Ward
William Wood, Eſq;
* Pleaſance Watſon, Eſq;
Thomas Whitfield, Eſq;
* Captain Thomas Willyams
John Wilks, Eſq;
Charles Wymondeſell, Eſq;
Miſs Witham
Miſs Weſtcomb
Joſeph Wight, Eſq;
Robert Wood, Eſq;
Mrs. Wittewrong
Pinkney Wilkinſon, Eſq;
Mrs. Wood
John White, Eſq;
Ralph Willet, Eſq;
Simeon Weld, Eſq;
Richard Wallen, Eſq;
John Wenham, Eſq;
Thomas Williams, Eſq;
* Mrs. Priſcella Wildman
Mrs. Catherine Wynne
Thomas Worſley, Eſq;
Jermyn Wright, Eſq;
John Winter, Eſq;
Abel Walter, Eſq;
The Rev. Mr. Warburton
John Wainwright, Eſq;
Thomas Warner, Eſq;
Vere Warner, Eſq;
Robert Willis, Eſq;
Thomas Weſtern, Eſq;
William Watts, Eſq;
Alexander Wright, Eſq;
William Windham, Eſq;
Thomas Walters, Eſq;
Paul Whitehead, Eſq;
Robert Wright, Eſq;
Andrew Wilkinſon, Eſq;
Mrs. Margaret Woffington
Mrs. Ward
Timothy Waldo, Eſq;
Mr. Samuel Waldo
Richard Willis
Henry Woodward
Francis Wilſon
William Watts
Roger Watts
John Wilcox
John Walſh
John Williams

Mr.

Mr. Thomas Webb
Edmund Wilcox
John Wright
Andrew Wilſon
Edmund Warkman
John Woodbridge
James Wedell
Matthew Wilkins
Richard Wilſon
Anthony Weber
George Ward
William Waller
Richard Worlage
——White
John Wilſon
Miſs Mary Wilſon.

Y

HIS Grace the Arch-Biſhop of York
The Counteſs of Yarmouth
The Hon. Philip Yorke, Eſq;
The Hon. Charles Yorke, Eſq;
The Reverend Dr. Edward Younge
Hitch Younge, Eſq;
Mr. Robert Younge, Surgeon
Mr. Yates.

The under-mentioned NAMES *came too late to be inſerted in the Alphabetical Order.*

The Honourable William Hamilton
Abraham Bracebridge, Eſq;
Samuel Ingram, Eſq;
Dr. Gilbert Kennedy
Captain Alexander Macpherſon
Captain Jeneſon Shafto
Mr. Adolpus Stamper
Mr. Michael Dyer
Mr. William Marks.
Nathaniel Sacheveral.
Stephen Lloyd.
Mrs. Gaſhry
Bernard Broadbeff, Eſq;
The Rev. Dr. Taylor.
Nathaniel Wetenhall, Eſq;
Capt. Northey.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

To Lord PETERBOROUGH.

Nov. 10, 1710.

MY LORD,

THESE two or three days endeavours at inclining my wife to the honour propos'd me in attending your Lordſhip abroad, have been ſpent in vain; for ſhe not only continues poſitive againſt it, but has made her father ſo ſtrongly on her ſide, that he reſents my inclination as warmly as his daughter.

OVER and above this, I find myſelf untimely engaged in ſo many bargains, on account of the opera, as the Dutcheſs of

Shrewſbury can inform your Lordſhip, that I want power to withdraw myſelf from that affair this winter.

I AM ſo very ſorry for my prevention from ſuch an honour and ſatisfaction, that my concern can only be encreaſed by the loſs of your Lordſhip's favour, which a ſecret veneration for your perſon and unprecedented glories, made me proud of; and I beg your Lordſhip would impute it to that pride I take in ſerving you, that I preſume to hope, among the offices of truſt you ſhall beſtow at home, I may be yet allowed the honour to retain the title of

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt entirely faithful

and obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To the EARL *of* OXFORD.

April 14, 1714.

MY LORD,

IF it might be forgiven me, in the contemplation of your virtues, to forget your quality, I would venture to declare myſelf a lover of your Lordſhip; but, by the diſtance between us, ſincerity itſelf will look leſs than it is. I have too much deference to profeſs my affection, and too little ſkill to deſcribe my admiration; for tho' I ſpeak no words ſo gladly as thoſe which endeavour at your praiſes, yet, I am never ſo much confounded, as at that time when I labour in vain for language to expreſs what it is not in language to utter.

A LOVER of his country, profeſſing that, does beſt declare himſelf your Lordſhip's admirer. In the very moment you were reſcuing a nation from ſhame, you have raiſed her to glory. I look up with pleaſure at our growing honours, and remembring how many mighty things were lately to be done, am ſtruck dumb with wonder,

that, in ſo ſhort a time there ſhould be nothing to do.

How proud ſhould I be made by a poſſibility to be ſerviceable to your Lordſhip! yet, how joyfully do I ſee you above being benefited by my ſervice; but it is the duty of the weakeſt *Engliſhman* to contribute the little he can towards leſſening *his* burthen who has unloaded the nation. I bring my mite to the treaſury with as ardent a devotion as can accompany the richeſt offerer; and if I draw too blunt a weapon in your Lordſhip's cauſe, I put it into a hand which is eaſily able to give it an edge, if the metal will bear it.

If my impatience for the full meridian of your glory has not blinded me, it will be eaſy for your Lordſhip to give birth to a fund, which may (without oppreſſion, or complaint) be capable, in the approaching ſeſſion, at once to ſupply as many millions as ſhall be neceſſary, and enable the government to remit the land-tax, at leaſt, and be gainers by doing it. As an introduction to which, your Lordſhip will allow me to preſume, that

No

No tax can be *juſt*, that is not *equal*.

No tax *equal* which affects not every member of the body politic, in a due proportion to the difference of circumſtances.

No tax, how *juſt* and *equal* ſoever, can be ſafe, whoſe influence lies heavy upon trade and manufacture.

WITH theſe three negative poſitions in my eye, I have been thinking on a new kind of contribution, *general*, *juſt*, and *equal*; no way prejudicial to trade, but on the contrary, a great encouragement to it. A fund, which every body joins to raiſe, and which will, notwithſtanding that, be paid inſenſibly.

IT cannot but be welcome to the people, becauſe it will be a much greater advantage to every man, in his private capacity, than his ſhare in the payment can counterbalance.

IT will be capable of almoſt infinite improvement, immediately bring in a revenue of four millions yearly, and add to the national ſtock of money, at leaſt, four and twenty.

IT differs from all others in this particular, that tho' the charge of collecting will be very great, it is provided for by a means ariſing within itſelf, and will occaſion no deduction from the revenue it produces.

IT will naturally, and without compulſion, reduce the intereſt of money to four *per cent.* and raiſe the purchaſe of lands proportionably.

I LATELY ſent a ſervant with a ſeal'd packet, wherein I had ſubmitted an imperfect ſcheme of the deſign to your Lordſhip's judgment; but, the porter pleading orders to receive no parcel from an unknown hand, I am forced to addreſs a ſingle letter, with the incloſed, from whence, when your Lordſhip ſhall have leiſure to command my attendance, I ſhall be proud to deliver it with my own hand; an honour I had not propoſed to myſelf, but that it could not reach you as I deſigned, for I am honeſtly, and with an unbiaſſed integrity,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt devoted,

And moſt obedient Servant,

AARON HILL.

To the EARL *of* OXFORD.

May 12, 1714.

MY LORD,

IT cannot be the ſmalleſt of your troubles to be frequently fatigued by impertinent addreſſes. Such as mine have long lain under the imputation of ſelf-intereſtedneſs and wildneſs of imagination; but whatever guilt I may incur from the *laſt* of theſe two crimes, in the *firſt*, I am ſure, I have nothing to anſwer for.

THE date of the incloſed will inform your Lordſhip how long it is, ſince it was delivered at your door.—I am perſuaded it never reached your hands, becauſe I never was informed it did: A condeſcention your Lordſhip would, unqueſtionably, have ſubmitted to, in an affair, which carried ſuch a face of additional benefit to a people, who have already ſo many bleſſings to thank you for.

MY genius bids me ſhun a court; I am ſincerely humble enough to know myſelf unqualified for buſineſs, and ſo naturally

devoted to retirement, that preferment would rather rob me of my quiet, than give the leaſt addition to my preſent happineſs. I am ſo far from aiming at an intereſt in your favour, that I ſhall ſtudiouſly endeavour to avoid every opportunity of giving you reaſon to ſuppoſe it. If therefore your Lordſhip did not receive the letter, of which the incloſed is a copy, and ſhall pleaſe to give ſuch notice as deſired, I will ſend the ſcheme, as you direct me, without other hope, than that it may deſerve your Lordſhip's regard and correction; and free from any wiſh more ardent than that of ſeeing you as much beyond the power, as you are within the aim, of malice and ingratitude. I am, with the higheſt veneration,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obedient, and

Devoted humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Dr. GEORGE SEWEL, *M. D.*

Sept. 3, 1720.

SIR,

I AM perfectly pleas'd with the frankneſs of your ſpirit, but have half a mind to be angry at the archneſs of your apology: You exalt me to the dignity of a *South-Sea director*, that you may, thence, take occaſion to make a *bubble* of my poetry; yet yourſelf have much the faireſt pretence to the *directorſhip*, who are ſo overburden'd with *ſtock*, that you mix gold with lead, and ſtake *wit* againſt *folly*, in a needleſs apology.

THE Inſtances, which you have done me the favour to collect, as a *proof*, that my *poem* contradicts the rules of my *preface*; and is guilty of thoſe very faults, it condemns, are either juſt, or miſtaken: If the *firſt*, I am oblig'd by your correction of my judgment; if the *ſecond*, by the opportunity, you have given me, to do myſelf juſtice.

YOUR

YOUR remark on my preface is, I fear, of the ſecond kind; and your miſtake muſt have ariſen, from too ſtrict an underſtanding of the word *conſtellation*. The compound, you know, means indefinitely the conjunction, or ſhining out of many ſtars together; you ſhould not, therefore, have confin'd your idea to any known, or particular conſtellation, becauſe I expreſly ſay, a *new* conſtellation.——Now a new conſtellation may be as large, as one will fancy it. The *milky way* itſelf, in the moſt literal ſenſe, is but a continued conſtellation. The obvious meaning of the metaphor is this——I conſider Mr. *Pope*, as a poet, of ſo general, and extenſive a genius, that I look up to him, as to a *new* conſtellation, wide enough to *croſs-ſpangle* the whole Heaven of poetry, with a milky way of fancy, and breaking out upon our nation, with equal heat, and brightneſs:--- If you pleaſe to review the alluſion in this light, I preſume, you will diſcern, that it had been ſo far from ending better where you would have it end, that it could not have ended at all there, without remaining lame, and imperfect

imperfect, and depriv'd of the whole vigour and ſpirit of its meaning.

THE third line of the poem muſt have had the misfortune to be read unattentively, or you would certainly have comprehended.

Begot *exiſtence*, and *bid Being be.*

GOD might have begotten exiſtence more ways than one. The firſt part of the verſe therefore, is *general*, and affirms *what* he did---He begot being: The ſecond part is *particular* and deſcribes how he did it---He *bid* it be; that is, he created at a word. You cannot but remember that *Longinus* has remark'd on this very paſſage in *Moſes*'s account of the *Creation*, as an example of the *ſublime*----God *ſaid*, let there *be*, and there *was*.

EITHER my judgment deceives me extreamly, or your cenſure of the following line is very ill grounded.

" For *Darkneſs* brooding o'er the deep, had motion *overlaid.*

THE image of *overlaying*, you ſay, is *mean*, and *low*, in the great work of the creation: Pray *note*, that I uſe it not at all in the *Creation*, but in the *Chaos*, previous to it;

it; where it is both metaphorically, and literally true; for in the huddled commixture of atoms, the *lighter* were oppreſs'd, and kept down by the *weighty*.—I had hopes that my *meaning* in this place would be *clear*, becauſe in the line immediately foregoing that which you have cenſur'd, I had mark'd as *emphatic*, the words, *thick*, *ſtill*, and *heavy*.

ON *one Side*, and on the *left ſide*, you ſay, are *both* in the ſame *ſtanza*.—I wiſh, you had explained how that makes a fault:—If by identity of the rhyme, you may obſerve 'em far aſunder, and not meant to rhyme together. And as to the different meanings—The ſpirit collects the firſt faint beamings of *light*, and ranges them on the *right* ſide, and then drives, to his *left*, the curling mounts of *darkneſs*: After which *God* paſſing betwixt both, gives *light* the name of *Day*, and that of *Night* to the *darkneſs*: So that you ſee, there was an evident *neceſſity* for diſtinguiſhing the *two ſides*; and you would ſooner have ſeen it, if, after your *hand* had firſt put them together, you had not ſtopt there, but ſent out your *ſpirit* to paſs alſo between them.

WHEN

WHEN the *Creator*, in dividing the waters *above*, the firmament, from the waters *below* it, chuſes for himſelf in the verſe

" All *above this*, be *mine*.

I AM forced to diſſent from your opinion, that the ſpeech is unbecoming his *dignity*, and reſembles a *mortal*'s taking poſſeſſion of a little ſpot of *earth*; the word *above* is ſignificant, and of importance; *above* the firmament are the very words of *Moſes*: *Words*, tho' they are *God*'s, muſt be adapted to our common ideas, of high and low, of meaſure and diſtance: It is impoſſible to write *poetry*, and avoid images of this kind in ſuch a ſubject, and your cenſure would fall heavier on *Milton*'s celebrated deſcription of *God*'s *golden compaſſes*, which, with one foot center'd in *Chaos*, and the other ſweeping thro' it, deſcrib'd the *circle of the earth*, with the moſt mathematical exactneſs. I ſay nothing to this paſſage, but that your friend Mr. *Addiſon* is very large in his praiſe of it.

THE *roſe* and the *lilly*, in the third ſtanza, I very freely give up to your diſpoſal: You may

may order them to be tranſplanted to the *cheeks* of the firſt country *Phillis*, who can kiſs you without bluſhing; but the words, *for ornament*, in the ſame ſtanza, I can't part with ſo eaſily: They do not only (unleſs my ear miſleads me) add a *majeſty* to the ſound, but are even *neceſſary* to the ſenſe alſo; if I had only ſaid,

"And here and there an *uncloath'd* rock remain'd.

THE word *uncloath'd* might have rais'd an idea of *deficiency*, as if the dreſs of the earth had been left *unfiniſhed* and *imperfect*; but the interpoſition of the words *for ornament*, gives a reaſon, *why* theſe rocks were left *naked*, that the *wildneſs* of one part of the proſpect, againſt the *lovelineſs* of the other, might ſet them both off by effect of their *variety*.

YOUR objection concerning the word *ſhow* in the fourth ſtanza, has much more of the *plauſible*, than the juſt; I was very far from aiming, in this place, at any ſuch quaintneſs, or turn of thought, as you mention. If yon *Earth*, ſays God, diſplays ſuch beauties to the *Heavens*, it is fit that the Heavens (in their nature more *noble*) ſhould be

be alſo, more *ſhowy*, more illuſtrious in appearance; ſince therefore, *appearance* has the chief place, in the meaning of this paſſage, I think you are too ſevere upon poor *ſhow*, to call it *wretchedly trivial*: 'Tis a word of much *emphaſis*, and takes it ill at your hands, that you treat it ſo familiarly.

I agree with you perfectly, in your obſervation againſt the uſe of *profan'd* phraſes (as one may call' em) in *ſerious* poetry: But there is infinite difference between, *ſo ſaid ſo done*, (where the air of *burleſque* is manifeſtly owing to the whimſical repetition of *ſo,)* and *'twas ſaid and done*; which carries with it a *majeſty*, from the force of its *meaning*, and is introduc'd with a ſerious and ſolemn air by what immediately foregoes it,

" The word was *God*'s---'twas *ſaid* and *done*.

THE *Sun* and the *Moon* are *both* at your ſervice. Pray, take it as a proof of the *reſpect* I have for you! they are things which a *poet* can very ill part with.

I AM entirely in your ſentiment that *thou* ſea, would have been better than *O* ſea! though the *O* is as well imperative, as preca-

precatory; I am alſo of your mind, that no harſh *technical* terms ſhould be introduc'd to roughen *poetry* with the dryneſs of *philoſophy*; but I am not convinc'd that I have us'd any ſuch in the two ſtanza's you mention, unleſs you reckon *ſenſation* and *germination*, of that number, which you cannot well do, becauſe they are *muſical* in their *ſound*, very eaſy in their *ſenſe*, and ſtill more explain'd by the *epithets* which I have given them.

I THANK you very heartily for your obſervation, about the contradictory ideas of *beckoning* and *inſtinct*: It is ſo ingenious and diſtinguiſhing, that I take pleaſure in *waving* whatever might be ſaid in defence of the expreſſion, and abandon it to your mercy.

IF the *Bear* and the *Goat* had not countenances too *ridiculous*, to allow one to be *ſerious* in their company, I would obſerve to you, that *poſition* and *attitude* have in *poetry*, the ſame effect as in *painting*.—In the picture of a *parliament-houſe*, it would look a little odd, to place an *Aſs* among the *ſenators*, yet the beaſt might have his ſtation in ſome part of the *proſpect*, ſo that the *ludicrous*

dicrous may in ſome caſes be conſiſtent with the *admirable*.

THE three lines of the ſeventh ſtanza, which you conceive to be *imperfect* and labouring with a *lowneſs* of thought, and *weakneſs* of expreſſion, I cannot give up, becauſe I am of opinion, that they deſerve to be defended. The chain of reaſoning, in *I find*, cannot *juſtly* be thought inconſiſtent with the *divine attributes*, ſince this manner of expreſſion is made familiar to the mouth of *God*, by thoſe very ſcriptures which convey to us our *higheſt* notions of his *majeſty*; nothing is more common than to find him *reaſoning*, *reſolving*, *ſuſpending* his reſolution, *repenting*, *&c.* Theſe are figures of ſpeech, rather ſuited to the *lowneſs* of our *human* conception, than adapted to the operations of the *divine ſpirit*. As for the word *labour*, which you accuſe of diminiſhing our idea of the *creator*——*He reſted from his labour*, is the very expreſſion of the text: Nay, the taking up *ſix days* in the work, implies a natural neceſſity of conſidering it, as a *labour*. It was however, but the labour of his *word*, not his *hand*, as Mr. *Milton* has made it.

I AM very much oblig'd to you for your compliment, on the thought of collecting the ſeveral *duſts*, which men were made of, from all parts of the *earth*; but I aſſure you I am not beholden for it, to any of the *fathers*: I have learnt indeed ſo much *pride*, out of ſome of their writings, that I might have been apt to grow *vain* upon your praiſe, in the *beginning* of the paragraph, if your provident regard to the duties of *humility*, had not cool'd me again, in the *cloſe* of it.

I AM afraid, I muſt enter my proteſt againſt your obſervation, concerning a tranſpoſition of the four laſt lines, to make the poem end thus:

" Be mindful—*be*, who *made* thee, can
deſtroy!

IT would, 'tis true, have left an impreſſion of more *majeſty*, or rather *terror*, on the mind of the reader: But every poem, you know, ought to point out ſome moral; and the line,

And *curb* the haughty *ſwellings* of thy *heart*,

being an inference from the former, imprints a very uſeful and ſolemn *Inſtruction*

tion, that we ſhould correct, as much as poſſible, the impulſes of our pride, by reflecting continually on the weakneſs of our nature, and dependance of our condition.

AND now, Sir, I have gone over every one of your *remarks*, with a *judgment*, which, I am ſure, is *impartial*, however it may be *miſtaken*. I have only defended, what I could not give up, becauſe injuſtice, tho' done by us to *ourſelves*, is nevertheleſs *injuſtice*. It is your *aim*, I dare ſwear, and *that* of every *honeſt* man, to feel *truth*, as it is; without regarding whether its *edge* may cut *for*, or *againſt* you. I am ſincerely oblig'd to you, even for *endeavouring* a detection of my *errors*, and ſhould never place a *value* on the *praiſe* of that man, whoſe *capacity* could not *find*, or whoſe *freedom* not diſcover the *faults*, I may alſo be guilty of.

IF it ever lies in my power to be of ſervice to your intereſt, I will give you demonſtration, how much your *frankneſs* has oblig'd,

Sir,

Your moſt humble

And moſt obedient Servant.

May 3, 1720.

MADAM,

I WAS ſo ſtupied, by ſenſe of your great weight of ſorrow, that a week is paſt, and I have yet no power to reaſon on the terrible calamity. It would indeed, be an officious inſult in good nature to allow itſelf the privilege of offering inſignificant advice, to ſuch an underſtanding, as your own, ſo exercis'd in deep affliction: And yet, this laſt great ſtroke, ſo following upon the neck of others, almoſt equally inſupportable, compels and calls upon the duties, both of pity and of friendſhip, to ſay ſomething (how unfit ſoever) to aſſert the part we bear, in ſuch a trial of your excellence.

REMEMBER, Madam, that you ſuffer, in a ſuffering world. 'Tis true, a thouſand, who have none of your accompliſhments, have alſo none of your great griefs to ſtruggle with. God meant uncommon minds, to bear uncommon diſpenſations: 'Tis the juſtice of his hand, as well as its ſeverity, ----He ſuits the labour to the ſtrength; and lends

lends us an example, in ſuch reſignation, and ſuch piety as yours, for the inſtruction and advantage of the weaker.

IT may, perhaps, be ſome relief to think, if you have loſt a boſom friend, he too, has loſt his *pain*, his *diſappointments*, and his *injuries*: He is deliver'd from ingratitude and malice, and has exchang'd *anxiety*, for endleſs *happineſs*. If 'tis decreed, that you and all your dear loſt comforts, are to meet, in a ſerener world, and know each other *there*, conſider, Madam, *you* are moſt to be lamented, who are *laſt* to taſte a joy, that thoſe you mourn for, are now ſharing---And, if we muſt not pleaſe ourſelves with that delightful, and immortal hope, what motive can deſerve our anguiſh, that concerns a world, ſo frail, and where our bleſſings are ſo ſhort and periſhing.

I AM afraid, I ſay too much, yet feel, I ſay too little. I ſhould ſcarce know, when to end, were my concern the meaſure of my letter. I would have waited on you, but I dare not truſt my courage; yet, I ſhall not long be able to ſtay from you, tho' I know the weakneſs of all comfort, in ſuch

caſes as your preſent one, which is truly and affectionately mourn'd by,

Madam,

Your moſt humble

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

June 11, 1721.

MADAM,

I CONSIDER the honour of your friendſhip, and that inexpreſſible pleaſure, which I receive from your correſpondence, as two of the greateſt happineſſes, I have met with in life. I wear with pride, the noble title, you adorn me with, of your friend; and you will not wonder at the tranſport, which it gives me, when you reflect, as you once did, thus divinely,

" How few in all the tour of life, we find,
" Who either can *improve*---or *charm* the Mind!
" Scarce can my thought, in all the boaſted crowd,
" Recal *one friend*, to make my mem'ry proud.

But

BUT you add immediately after.

" That much of *flattery* your *youth* has
prov'd,
" For you have been, what others call be-
lov'd."

You will forgive me Madam, if I obſerve, that the *laſt* of theſe two charming lines, is not a more ſelf-evident and infallible truth, than the *firſt* is a natural impoſſibility. We could not flatter *Clio*, were we never ſo inclinable: One might ſay perhaps a thouſand things, which *Clio* would think *flattery*--but *Clio* would, in that, as in moſt other points, find nobody, who thought like her.

How rapturous is that glow of fancy, which diſtinguiſhes your writings! But you temper your muſe's fire, like that of your eyes, with a gentle air of ſweetneſs, which divinely ſoftens the radiance; I ſay, *divinely*, becauſe it puts one naturally in mind, of what is ſaid of the *divinity*, in the original of our 104th pſalm.

The *god-grac'd preſence* hov'ring *angels* fill,
Angels! fit heralds of the *almighty*'s will.
Ten thouſand fiery *lightnings* ſweep his way,
Nimble couriers of his ſway;
And round his *temples*, hiſſing ſwift, in blue
meanders play. Yet

Yet, gracious, *man*'s unequal eye to ſcreen,
Wiſely, he ſhades the too reſplendent ſcene,
And, like a curtain widely drawn, ſpreads
out *whole heaven* between,

I SHOULD never have done, if I allow'd myſelf to ſpeak of *you*, till I had nothing *new* to ſay in your praiſe. I muſt therefore, check the zeal of my inclination, as *coachmen* chain a wheel, when they deſcend a ſteep hill, that, by preventing it from turning at all, they may be ſure of its not turning too violently. It is impoſſible to tell you, with how much reſpect and admiration, I am

Madam,

Your moſt obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

April 9, 1724.

MADAM,

I SEND you, enclos'd the paraphraſe on the 104th pſalm; and have by me ſeveral of a like kind, which I have, formerly, found idle time to employ myſelf in, and which

which I will cauſe to be copied fair, and ſend you; if this ſpecimen does not happen to ſtifle your curioſity, or, if your partiality to the ſubject of divine poems, can be ſtrong enough to balance the defects they may carry with them, in regard to their compoſition.

AT leaſt, I have *one*, upon a ſubject, which I can almoſt promiſe myſelf will entitle it to your favour, and it will alſo require a good ſhare of your patience, for 'tis a very long one.---'Tis an *epic poem*, in twelve books, on the redemption of *Iſrael* by *Gideon*, on the foundation of the ſtory in the book of *Judges*. 'Tis not legible in the foul draught, but I will have it writ fair, book by book, for your peruſal, if you have courage enough to reſolve on going through with ſo formidable a mortification, as to pick out the *fine* things of the ſtory, from the *dull* ones of,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient

And devoted Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr POPE.

Petty France, Weſtminſter,
January 18, 1731.

SIR,

I WISH the *plain dealers* may be worth a place in your library, ſince, being moſt of them mine, they are too much your due, to deſerve your thanks, and too inſignificant to reward your notice.

I SEND you, with them, a little preſent, ſtill more due to you; becauſe it was derived from your inſpiration three or four years ſince, in a ſmall branch of my family, not then eleven years old. She came to me one day in my ſtudy, to return me your poems, and ſupply herſelf with ſome new book, as uſual; being willing to try her taſte, I gave her BLACKMORE's *Prince Arthur*, and told her very gravely, that it was ſo extraordinary a poem, that the author had been *knighted* for writing it. She took it, with great expectation, and ſhut herſelf up in her cloſet the whole remainder of that day. But, next morning I was ſurprized to ſee the book-

book upon a table, placed purpoſely in my way, with the paper, I encloſe you, ſticking out between the leaves of it.

You have more right, than I, to the verſes, becauſe they are the effect of your own genius, outworking nature, and creating judgment, in an infant, who could ſee you, but as ſhe ſaw the *ſun*, by a light of your own lending.

You have them, as they came out of her hand, without the leaſt retouching or alteration. I will remark but two things; firſt, that the eight concluding lines (at an age too weak for *art*, and ſpeaking the language of pure truth and nature) contain a forceful example of the influence of *good* poetry, and of *bad*, which might have given *reſt* to the *muſe of Sir Richard Blackmore*, had he lived to ſee and conſider it. And the *ſecond* remark (which I make with moſt pleaſure) is, how natural it is in my family to love and admire you.

If, after this, I ſhould inform you, that I have a gentle complaint to make to, and againſt you, concerning a paragraph in the notes of a late edition of the *Dunciad*, I fear, you

you would think your crime too little, to deſerve the puniſhment of ſo long a letter, as you are doomed to, on that ſubject, from,

Sir,

Your moſt humble, and

Moſt obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To DAVID MALLET, *Eſq;*

Saturday, Feb. 6, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

WILL you pardon a love of ſincerity, which obliges me to confeſs I am diſappointed upon reading your tragedy? The opinion, I had conceived of your genius, encouraged me to hope a good play, whereas, I muſt own to you, I found it an *inimitable* one.

You have one fault ſurprizingly peculiar, you are almoſt every where unnatural; for you begin with conſummate perfection, and obſerve no degrees in your excellence.

IF

IF poets can, in reality, be inſpired, you ſeem entitled to the diſtinction; for, ſince I ſee not what earthly example could have raiſed you to the heights you ſet out at, I muſt ſuppoſe you indebted to ſome nobler original.

BELIEVE not, that I am exceſſive, in deſcribing the pleaſure, you have given me; I do not think it poſſible to overpraiſe the author of ſuch a *firſt play*, as *Euridice*.

I WISH you had been a witneſs to the tears, it occaſioned, in a little *audience*, which my family compoſed about me. They would have warranted, at once, the ſincerity of my opinion, and the future ſucceſs of your tragedy, in its repreſentation; when, if you mark a dry eye, during many of your moving ſcenes, you may conclude it the ſign of great ignorance, or inhumanity.

FROM my ſoul, Sir, I congratulate you, upon your unavoidable reputation, and my country, upon your genius, which will certainly do us honour, and could never have riſen at a time, which more *wanted*, or *leſs hoped* it.

YOU

You move all the paſſions very ſtrongly in their turns; I experienced the force of three of them, in a very new and extraordinary manner. The *firſt*, I felt, was *admiration*, at your noble and ſolemn opening; — The *ſecond* was *terror*, leſt you ſhould find it impoſſible, after ſo prodigious a firſt act, not to ſlacken your energy, in the progreſs; but my *third* paſſion was *pity*, at my own miſtake of your greatneſs, who could excel all the world in the firſt acts, and thoſe firſt in the following.

THERE is ſuch ſcope of invention in your plan, ſuch a maſtery in the turn of your incidents, ſuch a delicate humanity in your conduct, ſo much nature and force in your ſentiments, and ſuch propriety in your characters and expreſſion, that nobody can know how far you ought to be admired, who has not the theory of criticiſm, to a degree not too common at preſent; and this I take to be the only infelicity of which you can juſtly be apprehenſive.

I WILL ſend you a prologue, becauſe you would have it ſo; but the *porch*, I think, and the *building*, ought to have been the work

work of the ſame *ſkilful architect*.---If there is a word in the tragedy that can be changed for a better, it is *Lycophron*, which (if my ear does not deceive me) might, with more muſic, be *Zenophon*, or ſome other *Greek* name; and ſince you have dignified *Meliſſa* into *Eurydice*, you have as undoubted a right to new-name the *ſon* as the *mother*.

I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt humble, and

Moſt obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr MALLET.

Feb. 9, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter is too obligingly ſenſible of the truths, which mine told you, and which were ſo evidently your due, that they had not the leaſt claim to your receiving them as a favour.

I AM glad the *prologue* pleaſes you; it ought, I am ſure, to have been much better than

than it is, to have deſerved ſo graceful a compliment, as that, which you have drawn from it.

I AM very willing to come into Mr *Wilk*'s ſentiments. --- My knowledge of his genteel addreſs, and a certain peculiar art, which you muſt have obſerved in him, of enforcing a tender meaning, by his ſoft and dewy manner of ſhedding it into the ear, led me, I believe, to add thoſe four lines more than were neceſſary; but the prologue would cloſe more proper and full, where he wiſhes to end it.

SHALL I give a friendly proof, how ſincerely I expreſſed my delight at what I found in your play, by remarking to you one thing, that I miſſed in it. It dwells ſo ſtrongly on my memory, that it has been uppermoſt, ever ſince I read it; and I can think of no want but this, which can give room to the malice of a willing critic, to enter his point without breaking it.

SOME of them would be glad to pretend, that the moral is not ſo clearly explained, as they expected; that *Periander* and *Eurydice* are ſo charmingly recommended to pity and

and eſteem of the audience, that their ſufferings will appear unjuſt, and imply an accuſation of providence, for neglect of a virtue ſo amiable, and yet ſo unhappy.

SUPPOSE, to prevent this malevolence, *Leonidas*, upon ſight of the expiring queen, ſhould burſt into a complaint, tending to ſuch diſtruſt of the juſtice of heaven? -- It would be in character, and ſuited to the warmth of his honeſt heart. And this might naturally awaken *Periander* into an exclamatory and pathetic anſwer.--A confeſſion, in juſtification of providence, drawn from conſcious remembrance of his own breach of oath, in prolonging his father's uſurpation, and with-holding the *Corinthian liberty*: A guilt, which makes *juſt* his own ſufferings, in the loſs of all, that was dear to his wiſhes, and the total deſtruction of his own family. And under this agony and conſternation of ſoul, he might ſolemnly ſwear to *die*, after performing his vow, as diſdaining to live himſelf, after being deprived of her life, which was dearer to him, than his own, and who had died but for *his* offences.

WOULD not this ſtrike your moral into the hearts of every hearer? — Methinks, it would add great *terror* to that *pity*, you have ſo finely moved in your cataſtrophe, and ſend us away full of thoughts on the awful judgment, that muſt always follow guilt, however mitigated by our virtues.

I offer it to your thoughts, where, whether it has weight or no, I am ſure it will be received, as a token, how truly and unreſervedly I am,

Dear, Sir,

Your moſt humble, and

Moſt obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr POPE.

Weſtminſter, Feb. 10, 1731.

SIR,

I AM obliged to you for your letter from *Parſon's Green*, and come heartily into the propoſal it begins with: A mutual reſolution to forget in each other the appear-

ance

ance of every thing, that has been diſtaſteful to either, agrees, I am ſure, with the affection I feel for you at my heart, where it is founded on a natural ſtrength, both of reaſon, and of inclination.

THE *Caveat* began, originally, with the viſion.--I added not, till after it was finiſhed, thoſe lines, among which are the unlucky ones, that diſpleaſed you. I was fearful, leſt without ſomething of that kind, by way of introduction, the reader might think himſelf puſhed too abruptly into the allegory. But I confeſs it was unreaſonable in me to cover your *praiſe*, which I delighted in, under the veil of an allegory, and explain my *cenſure* too openly, in which I could take no pleaſure.

THE truth is, I loved you ſo well, or thought of you ſo often, that it was not eaſy for me, in any humour, to write verſe, and not dwell upon you. Have you never been *jealous* of a favourite *miſtreſs*? --- Have you never, under a *pique* at her ſuppoſed neglect, ſaid what ſhe could no more deſerve, than you could think ſhe did, upon cooler reflection? -- And have you not found, after all, that you were nevertheleſs her *lover*?

YOUR offer is very kind, to prevail on the editor of the *Dunciad*, to leave out the note, or declare that I was not meant in it; -- but I am ſatisfied: -- It is over, and deſerves no more of your application.

I AGREE with you, it is *morality* makes us beloved: I know it from the effect of your writings, where I *but admire* the harmony and the elegance, while I *love* the generoſity and the candor of the ſentiments.---I prefer too, as you do, *friendſhip*, and the honeſt enjoyments of life, to *fame* and noiſy *praiſes*; but I am glad you are happier than you wiſh to be, who enjoy *both* benefits together.

YET, if there were nothing deſireable in *fame*, there could be nothing deteſtable in *ſlander*; and your honeſt uneaſineſs, at being *thought* worſe than you *are*, would, in that caſe, be in danger of paſſing for a *weakneſs*.

I KNOW, however, that you conſider *praiſe* in a nobler light than *vanity*. There is, in fame, the prolongation of a good man's example, which his natural life, being too ſhort to extend ſo far as he wiſhes, *that* defect

fect is ſupplied by the ſecond life he receives from his *memory*.

I HAVE ſeen, and been aſhamed of that low turn, which Mr. *Dennis* gave to your good-nature. Where a man's *paſſions* are too ſtrong for his *virtues*, his *ſuſpicion* will be too hard for his *prudence*. He has often been weak enough to treat you in a manner, that moves too much indignation againſt himſelf, not to leave it unneceſſary for you alſo to puniſh him. --- Neither of us would chuſe him for a *friend*; but none of the *frailties* of his *temper*, any more than the heavy *formalities* of his *ſtyle*, can prevent your acknowledging, there is often weight in his arguments, and matter, that deſerves encouragement, to be met with in his writings.

I WILL ſoon, Sir, convince you, that my ſenſibility is not ſo tender as you ſuppoſe it to be; I am ſo far from an inclination to defend ſome *pieces*, which I was too much a boy, when I publiſhed, that I embrace all occaſions of expoſing them, myſelf, to the contempt they have merited. --- Let me appeal, for one inſtance, to the *Plain Dealer*, Numb. 10, wherein you may ſee I am ſo

unnatural a parent, as to have loſt all my primitive fondneſs, of an offspring, you may imagine to be ſtill my favourites.

I AM already too much obliged, not to bluſh at your mention of the *Odyſſey*, with a view of ſending it to my daughter, and *ſhe* is too inquiſitive a lover of what gives her *inſtruction*, with *delight*, to have been ſatisfied without finding in her cloſet whatever ſhe had heard *you* had publiſhed.

As a proof, how determined I am to throw nothing upon the world that may give you cauſe of complaint, I will ſend you, in manuſcript, the *Eſſay on Propriety*, as ſoon as it is finiſhed. I do the ſame now by a ſmaller piece, I am about to publiſh, becauſe you will find yourſelf concerned in ſome part of it; and I will alter and give a general turn to any particular that relates to *you*, if you but mark the place with a ✝, when you ſend back the paper to,

Sir,

Your moſt humble,

And moſt obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr MALLET.

Feb. 12, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

THE effect of this vexatious *cold*, on my throat, not allowing me for ſome days yet, the enjoyment of an evening with *you* and Mr *Wilks*, I am obliged to trouble you with another letter in explanation of my laſt; and to thank you for the favour of your anſwer.

YOU enforce my belief of the ſincerity you aſſert in the firſt paragraph, by that undeniable proof in the ſecond, where you confeſs, with ſo generous a frankneſs, that what appeared, to me, the *moral*, upon which you had formed your Tragedy, was no part of your intention.

IT is plain, then, what I told you, in a former, you were *inſpired!* --- You had the help of ſome boſom angel, and knew it not. But let me never ſtand in the way of that archer, when he takes true *aim*, who can thus *hit* the *white* of a mark, and declare he ſhoots *blindfold!*

I WAS far from imagining you had meant any other moral; and though, as you obſerve, the foundation of the play is *jealouſy*, and another moral might have been drawn from the fatality of raſh reſolutions, you will perceive, upon the compariſon, a ſtrongly viſible difference, between the moral which enforces *itſelf*, and *that* which might have been forced from your Tragedy.

HAD *Periander*'s misfortunes been owing to any private guilt of his life, *Eurydice* would have deſerved no ſhare in his puniſhment, becauſe ignorant of his guilt, at leaſt, unable to prevent it; and then her *wrongs* and her *death* had been a kind of impeachment of the divine diſtribution of juſtice: whereas ſhe cannot be ſuppoſed ignorant of an oath that was publickly made for the liberties of the public, and broken, as publickly, by *Periander*, to the enſlavement of his country. --- And, ſuppoſing this done, before ſhe became his wife, her joining herſelf afterwards to his perſon, joined her alſo to his guilt, and amounts to a juſtification of that judgment, which makes her a partner in his deſtruction.

NEI-

NEITHER can there be a more awful leſſon than ariſes from our obſervation, that *Periander*, who diſappointed the hopes, and invaded the rights of a people, though he governed them with wiſdom and equity, fell a ſacrifice, in revenge for their injury, by the hand of a mindful providence; afflicting him moſt on that quarter, whence he moſt hoped for comfort; embroiling his ſtate in rebellion, in order, by admiſſion of *Procles*, to give riſe to thoſe ſtrong ſources of jealouſy, which, out of his very victory, produced his ruin; as if to convince him, that his puniſhment, though *private*, was derived from a *public* calamity, becauſe his crime againſt the *public* had occaſioned it. For, it is evident, there had been no foundation for the jealouſy of *Periander*, had he not been tyrant of *Corinth*.

BESIDES, had your moral taken its turn from the jealouſy alone, that paſſion had ſtood in no need of revolutions in government. --- It had been juſter for both *Periander* and *Procles* to have been ruined, by the perſonal effects of jealouſy, without involving the intereſts of a nation; whereas, in the other more public light, you raiſe the importance

importance of your Story, attach the general, to the particular ſufferings; augment the terror, refine the pity, vindicate the puniſhment, and exalt the moral of your ſubject.

THUS, Sir, thoſe incidents and ſentiments by which (if I dare believe it) you deſigned only to move and amuſe, perform what you deſigned in the moſt divine and exalted manner; as they are the road through which you lead us, to ſee guilt tremble at judgment; the effect whereof upon the fear and the pity of mankind, will not only *inſure*, but alſo *vindicate* your reputation.

IF you reflect on the *ſpring* of all that *paſſionate enthuſiaſm*, which moves your readers ſo ſtrongly, in the frequent invocations and appeals to heaven, throughout your Tragedy, you will be tempted ſtill to heighten it, by ſprinkling a hint, here and there, in a ſingle line, juſt to awaken, in the proper places, an apprehenſion of impending providence, and excite this religious terror in the minds of the audience.

I AM ſo charmed with your Play, and ſo ſure of the future celebration of your name, for *this* and many other Tragedies, that will be

be an honour to the *Britiſh* nation, that I could not have pardon'd myſelf the *meanneſs* of a jealous ſilence, in a point, which I throw, like a wheat-grain, into a glebe that will improve it in a hundred harveſts; and the more they ſhall flouriſh to your glory, the more increaſe will they give to the delight, with which I am moſt warmly and affectionately,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt humble

And Obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr MALLET.

Feb. 18, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVE every letter you ſend me with *new* pleaſure, becauſe it is ſure to diſcover *new* virtue in the ſender.

IF ever I diſſent from Mr *Mallet*'s opinion, it muſt be only when he ſpeaks of himſelf: and, for this reaſon, I cannot allow

low you to apply the word *fault*, as you do, in your laſt; but it would, indeed, be a *fault*, in me, not to be charmed with an excellence, in your mind, which it has given you the occaſion of diſcovering.

THOUGH I admire your Play, to a degree that I am not able to expreſs, yet, I am but *half* ſatisfied with my *own* admiration of it. --- Would you know what is wanting to ſatisfy me entirely? -- It is the power of making every body as much your admirer, as I am. But this, your *Tragedy*, will be abler to do for you, than your *friends*; tho' they will be as many as your *readers*, and your *audience*.

UPON my brother's informing me, what want you were in of an *epilogue*, I have written the encloſed, and ſeal it up, to be brought you before you go out in the morning.

I HAVE thrown into it as much humour as I could, at ſo ſhort a warning; and adapted it to the livelineſs and ſpirit of *Miſs Robinſon*'s turn, if I remember her right; for

for it is a good while, ſince I ſaw her. I am, with all the warmth of good wiſhes and friendſhip,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt Obedient,

And moſt humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr MALLET.

Feb. 23, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

I WAS preſent, laſt night, at the firſt repreſentation of your Play, with a pleaſure, even too great to be outweighed by my mortification at obſerving, how little advantage it received from the *acting*.

To ſpeak, frankly, my ſentiments of the matter, you had full juſtice done you by none of the players, except the two, who acted the parts of *Leonidas* and *Polydor*: --- *They* were touch'd, and touch'd their *hearers*; for they ſpoke feelingly, that is, *naturally*, and without that *ſtage vice*, their eternal affectation

fectation of forced tone, with which they cover and efface the paſſions, they are endeavouring to heighten.

EVEN the juſtly admired Mrs *Porter* never went to the heart, but when ſhe aided what ſhe *ſaid*, by what ſhe *acted*.---There is a juſtneſs, and grace, and a ſpirit, in many of her movements and attitudes, that *muſt* ſtrike all mankind, with an irreſiſtible admiration.--- But ſhe began, and went through the whole of what you meant *Eurydice* ſhould *ſay*, with a kind of whining *monotony*, that produced two very unlucky effects :--- The firſt, that we loſt two words in five of every thing, ſhe meant, we ſhould hear and diſtinguiſh :-- And the ſecond, that we were deprived, by her continued identity of tone, of that touching pain and pleaſure, ſhe might have given us, had ſhe varied her look, and her voice, with all *that* ſo beautiful variety of occaſion, you have put into her power, in a long and lively intermixture of many very different paſſions.

I WILL explain to you what I mean, by varying their *looks*, by deſiring you to obſerve Mr. *Mills*, when he is torn, with all that

that ſtorm of affliction and anger, you have overloaded him with: You will remark, that, in the midſt of all his ſtartings, and convulſive agitations of body, he looks not, as if he were in earneſt: --- at leaſt, he wants weight, and appears too light, for the ſolemn *dignity* of his ſorrow, which is occaſioned by his *not knowing*, or *remembering*, the harmony between the *eyes*, and the organs of the *voice*. --- Let a man, for example, fix his eyes in an angry, or a ſorrowful *look*, and then pronounce the ſofteſt, or the kindeſt ſpeech of *love*, *joy*, or *friendſhip*, -- he will find, that, 'till his *look* is as kind as his *meaning*, his voice will ſound nothing but *diſcord* and *harſhneſs*.

BUT I have run, I don't know how, into a length, I deſigned not; for I only meant to tell you, that I was truly pleaſed with Mr *Wilks*, in the *prologue*, and ſtill more in the *muſick-room*, where I obſerved him, aptly, and generouſly touched with a manly and compaſſionate *tenderneſs*; which gave me as ſtrong an eſteem for him, as ever I drew from the vivacity, the grace, and the genteelneſs of his *Action*. And, after I had told you *this*, I meant to complain of the indecent

cent, not to ſay impudent, liberty, which *C--b--r* (I conclude it him from his known ſhameleſſneſs) has taken to alter, diſmember, and deſtroy the humour and propriety of my Epilogue. I am the eaſieſt, of a thouſand, to ſubmit my *own* to my *friend's* opinion; but have too juſt a contempt for that perſon, and his notions, to have allowed him the licence he has been permitted to aſſume, had I had the leaſt previous notice of his intention.

I PROMISE myſelf, however, the juſtice of your not ſuffering my Epilogue to come abroad, in the chequer-work, this *Merry-andrew* has dreſſed it in; and have then nothing to add, but my aſſurance, with what truth and friendſhip I am,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt humble,

And obedient Servant.

A. HILL.

To

To Lord TYRCONNEL.

March 10, 1731.

MY LORD,

IT is impoſſible for men, who can think at all, not to think *nobly* of your *ſpirit*, when they examine it, by that bravery of goodneſs, you have ſhewn, in behalf of the fatherleſs, motherleſs, and, *but for you*, the lifeleſs Mr. *Savage*.

IT is uſual, for great men, to begin their notice of a man of worth, at the eſtabliſhment of his *fame*, or the enlargement of his *proſperity*; but your Lordſhip's more generous regard, for this unhappy kinſman, took commencement from his *miſery*; and, then, firſt avowed his blood, and aſſerted his good qualities, when all the *meaner World* would have begun to deſert, even *diſtinction* itſelf, and been afraid to defend good fortune.

BUT it is too little to ſay, you have been generous: ---You have been *wiſe*, in what your pity has done for him; ſince, in one nobler ſenſe, you are a gainer, upon all the charge you have been at, in comforting the

life, you have ſaved him: For, by that humanity, the whole amount of his future virtues ſtands transferred to your Lordſhip. --- Whatever *good* he does; whatever *love* he merits, muſt be yours; and nothing left him, which the world will call his own, except he ſhould have follies, which, I hope, he has not, becauſe thoſe they will confeſs *his* only.

MY preſent purpoſe was no more, than to beg your Lordſhip's acceptance of a trifle, I am about to publiſh.

BUT I would not loſe the opportunity of adding, with what juſtice, I diſcern, and admire the generous firmneſs of your heart, and uncommon beauty of your compaſſion. --- Permit me, therefore, to ſubſcribe myſelf, with a diſintereſted and ſincere reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,

And moſt humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

March 12, 1731.

SIR,

TO addreſs a great man, without *flattery*, would be a little too odd, and unreaſonable; if there were not ſome likelyhood, that the very novelty may be a means of recommending it to your notice.

I BEGIN with aſking your pardon, for the trifling preſent I make you, of a poem, you are not the ſubject of: and which, having neither apprehenſions from your *power*, nor expectations from your *bounty*, is ambitious (among all the great things, you have to beſtow) of nothing further than your *attention*.

As I am one of the *few* emphatical *freemen*, under your care, who enjoy a life without ambition or dependence, I look without partiality upon a world, in which I am reſolv'd to be no actor; and having often conſider'd the ſpring of that ungenerous propenſity, among *Engliſhmen*, to encourage the moſt malignant ſlanders, if they are levell'd at a powerful *mi-*

niſter, I think, the cauſe will ſooner be found in the deceiv'd *expectation*, than in the *ill-nature* of the people; or in their attachment to the intereſts of their *miſleaders*.

THEY have little knowledge of power: But they have a kind of general, blind hope, from it, that, in ſome ſort or other, they are to be the *better*, for the good fortune of their governors; and when they find themſelves diſappointed, they take their revenge in *railing*; and propagate the railings of others, who, have cloſer reaſons for their bitterneſs.

So the clamour is begun, by the envy of a few diſtanc'd *rivals*, and made *general* by the diſcontent of an unmeaning multitude; who, looking inward in vain, and recollecting nothing groſs enough for *their feeling*, in honour of the miniſter, are under a dull kind of neceſſity to believe what is reported to his prejudice.

IN this ſituation, your moſt mortifying circumſtance ſeems to ariſe, from the *faint* and *timorous* juſtifications you are excus'd by, on one hand, againſt the bold and implacable charges, you are provok'd by on the other. For your friends, being *friends* of your

your *power*, defend you with an intereſted apprehenſion, that keeps one eye behind them: whereas your enemies are the enemies of your perſon, and aſſault you with an inveterate and never-reſting animoſity.

METHINKS an eaſy remedy againſt all this, would be for great miniſters to render themſelves as *popular*, as they are *public*: In which caſe your friends would loſe their fears, and eſpouſe you more boldly;--- and your enemies would loſe their *hopes*, and attack you more faintly.

A MINISTER, while he ſtands too high to look down upon a common truth, may wonder to hear it ſaid, that it is *eaſy* to become *popular*; but *we* ſee this plainly, who are out of the *duſt*, that ſurrounds *you great men*, in your motion; and makes you too blind, or too buſy, to diſcern what lies under foot, and is trod upon in the hurry of your circle.

THERE are a thouſand little arts of charming a people, no way of importance enough to make a queſtion of ſtate; yet of eaſe and ſatisfaction to the body of a nation: And to be *doing* and *talking* of ſuch purpoſes, would be one ſure, and ſpreading means

of turning the tide of popularity, in your favour. Then the writers, who ſeem ſo earneſt to do juſtice to your character, inſiſting timely, and with delicacy on ſuch *acts* or *intentions*; inſtructing the people to *feel*, what they owe you in theſe domeſtic conſiderations, would meet another kind of ſucceſs, than has attended their *unſpirited negatives*; too tame or too angry, to attract veneration to your name, or even to bear up their own figure, againſt the ſtrength, and vivacity of the writers, in the oppoſite intereſt.

I WOULD have had the honour to explain myſelf upon ſome heads to this purpoſe, but that I remember'd, *you*, Sir, can never be ſo ſure as I am, that I have no view below that purpoſe; for (if it does not appear too cynical to declare it,) I am apter to *pity your greatneſs*, for the freedom it robs you of, than to *envy your power*, for the enlargement of your *diſtinction*.

ANOTHER road to popularity, tho' of leſs immediate *uſe*, becauſe it regards the *eſteem* of the world, when you will be out of the reach of its *malice*, is, the encouragement of *able writers*: But on this, having ſaid ſomething

thing in the printed ſheets, I will only preſume to add, in behalf of that great genius, I have nam'd in the fifteenth page of the dedication, that he ſeems, for many reaſons, the moſt worthy your notice, of any riſing character, I know; and this for three reaſons, more eſpecially: firſt, becauſe he is moſt able to *deſerve* it; the ſecond, becauſe he is leaſt able to *forget* it; and the third, becauſe he neither expects nor deſires it.

You may think, Sir, juſtly enough, that I aſſume too much liberty, when, without the honour of your acquaintance, I am recommending another to your favour. Yet the worſt, I hope, that can be ſaid of it, is, that I am acting the part of a *cowardly ſoldier*, who, being conſcious he is *no willing fighter*, and not deſirous of advancing farther forward than befits his *ſpirit*, puſhes a *better man* into danger, for fear he ſhould *himſelf* be ſuppos'd ambitious of a *diſtinction*, he has not courage to be fond of, I am,

Sir,

Your moſt humble

And moſt obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

Feb. 20, 1731.

MADAM,

I HAVE the happineſs, at my return from ſome diſtant applications, to meet under your own lovely hand, in the letter, you did my ſpouſe the honour to write her, the confirmation of that health we are forever wiſhing you; and I cannot deſcribe the joy it gives us all, to hear of the happy concluſion of that long-wiſh'd affair at *Stanley*. May it produce every bleſſing on every ſide, that your own beſt hopes propos'd or expected from it.

OUR ſatisfaction would have been compleat, were Miſs *Lowther* confirm'd in her recovery, as, I am ſure, ſhe would ſoon be, if her reſolution would take part with your tenderneſs, and allow her to undergo the ſhort diſagreeableneſs of the remedies, you would recommend to her: We all beg her to accept of our moſt humble ſervice, and our beſt wiſhes: We are ever remembring and talking of you, with the pleaſure ſo inſeparable from your image, in the breaſts of all, who have been bleſs'd with your ſociety, or felt the influence of your accompliſhments.

WE

WE are extremely glad to hear that good lady, your Aunt, enjoys ſome ſhare of health this bad ſeaſon; for the affectionate and tender delight, with which it is natural for you to expreſs yourſelf, when you ſpeak of that excellent relation; and the charming deſcriptions, you have given us of her virtues, and her generoſity, have ſo fixed her upon our memory that we think of her, with a reſpect and tenderneſs, as if *we* too, as well as *yourſelf*, had the honour to be her relations.

WE offer our very humble ſervice to Mr. *Lowther*, whoſe good nature, ſo obligingly, inclin'd him to ſhare the fatigue of our firſt day's journey; but who, that is part of you, can want the good nature, that ſo amiably diſtinguiſhes you!—I ſhall trouble Mr. *Lowther* with a letter, in a little time, and have the honour, alſo, to write to you, upon the ſame ſubject.

AMONG the multitude of thanks, due to you, let me not forget your ineſtimable letters. When you write, you have the power to ſtrip abſence of its melancholy; for they who read you, have the bleſſing of deceiving themſelves into an imagination, that

that they *ſee* and *hear* you; but when buſineſs, or the night has robb'd them of the power of looking upon what you have written, the remembrance of it but adds to the many reaſons they had before, to be unhappy by their diſtance from you.—I have the honour to be, with the moſt laſting admiration and reſpect,

Madam,

Your moſt oblidg'd, and

Moſt obedient humble Servant.

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLET.

March 22, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT help confeſſing, that every letter I receive from you, gives new encreaſe to my vanity; not from what you ſay in my favour, but becauſe the manner in which you expreſs your own thoughts, diſcovers ſo uncommon a *depth*, with ſo unequall'd a *delicacy*, that I feel a kind of pride in the proofs you tranſport me with, that it was not *partiality*, but *penetration*, which induc'd

induc'd me to ſo inviolable an eſteem of Mr. *Mallet*.

I MIGHT have ſpar'd all advice to the *poets*, who are riſing, under the light of your living example; and ſince providence does nothing in vain, I begin to flatter myſelf, that this reptile age, is, to *caſt* its ſkin of dullneſs, and renew itſelf into colours fit for your genius to ſhine upon.

THERE is a *mortal* muſe, in my family, who is conſcious enough of your intereſt in the *true Urania*, to be aſham'd of her name, when ſhe ſcribles any thing in juſtice to *Eurydice*; and yet was unable to reſiſt the temptation of ſetting it to a proof, that ſhe did not read you, like a girl of the *modern manufacture*. I ought not to put it out of my own hands, where, ſhe knew, it would meet with indulgence; but that I am enough pleas'd with it to apply to you, the words of your name-ſake, and predeceſſor, *king David*, —*Out of the mouth of babes and ſucklings*, THOU *haſt ordained ſtrength*,

I am, Dear Sir,

Your moſt Obedient
Humble Servant.

A. HILL.

To Mr BOOTH.

March 25, 1731.

SIR,

I THANK you for the obliging reproach, you have made me, for a forgetfulneſs, I could never have been capable of, if the information I promis'd to give you, about *York Stock*, was to have brought you any caution of immediate conſequence to your intereſt in the company.

BUT as I ſaw no proſpect of a ſudden change, to any conſiderable degree, either one way or the other, I propos'd not to ſay what I thought, of the ſtock's advancing or falling, till I ſaw the event of a ſecret tranſaction, relating to the diſcharge of the company from the weight of the long bonds, which become due, next year, and are the only cloud of conſequence, that hangs over their expectations.

YOU ſhall, certainly, know the progreſs of this deſign, in a few days.

As for the poem you are ſo kind to, I know enough of Mr. *Booth*'s *Judgment*, to be truly

truly pleas'd with his *praiſes*; and enough of his *good-nature*, to be afraid, he has *judg'd* too partially; but it was certainly writ to good purpoſe, if it has merited your approbation.

I AM, with the moſt earneſt good wiſhes for your recovery of that health, the want of which is a public calamity,

Sir,

Your moſt humble

And moſt Obedient Servant.

A. HILL.

May 9, 1731.

SIR,

I MUST deny myſelf the pleaſure of that agreeable evening, you propoſe, with yourſelf, and that gentleman, (of whom you drew ſo pleaſing a picture) yet a little longer; till I can bring an attention leſs perplex'd than at preſent, with a hundred affairs of too dry a nature, to deſerve the delight of being mix'd with good company.

IN

IN the mean time, to anſwer that part of your letter, that regards *Sachariſſa*, I muſt confeſs, ſhe is, (as you now give me her dimenſions) a good deal too *ſhort*, for a lady of ſo much beauty and merit. Yet I cannot agree with you, that 2000 lines make the length of a moderate Tragedy: From 1500 to 1800 is the length which will always go beſt off; and the nearer the *firſt* of the two numbers, the better: ſince, if there is no ſpirit and worth in a Play, the audience will never complain of its ſhortneſs; and where, as in your caſe, there is *merit* and *fire*, they will riſe with an appetite, and return the ſooner again, if it is ſhort; as they have not been ſatiated with the pleaſure.

THERE ſeems, however, an abſolute neceſſity, of adding about 400 lines: But I am, by no means, for throwing out the foreign incident; becauſe I think you may appropriate it to the *action* and *moral* of the Play; and derive a dignity and importance from it, beyond what your Tragedy could be capable of, *without* it.

SUPPOSE, for example, a ſtrong, but ſecret paſſion, to have been advanc'd to a mutual contract

contract, between *Bellario* and *Sachariſſa*; and only prudentially conceal'd from the father's knowledge, upon apprehenſion of his refuſal, on account of ſome family oppoſition of intereſts.

SUPPOSE too, that *Guelderland* had a violent paſſion for her, and propos'd to marry *Eloiſa*, but that the *duke*, growing jealous of this match, leſt it might weaken the loyalty of ſo powerful a ſubject, as *Scævolus*, recommends *Bellario* to *Eloiſa*, and inſiſts, peremptorily, on the father's obedience; thereby to diſappoint the intentions of *Guelderland*.

THIS naturally may be ſuppos'd to have forc'd from *Sachariſſa*, the ſecret of her paſſion for *Bellario*: notwithſtanding which, and all the tears, prayers, and perſuaſions of his daughter, the old man's obſtinate loyalty compells *Eloiſa* to marry him; and *Bellario*'s fear of the *duke*, neceſſitated his compliance.

THE *diſtreſs* of your chief characters being thus *viſible*—the *pity* of the *audience* is ſecur'd for them, notwithſtanding their guilty amour; but what is ſtill a furtherance, towards

wards the merit of your *plan*, this diſappointment, irritating *Guelderland* to revenge, may be ſuppos'd the motive of that attempt, in which he miſcarried, and was made a captive. And the retirement of *Scævolus* from *power*, may be repreſented, as a deſign, to give peace to his country, by removing his influence from all occaſion of inflaming the *envy* of *Guelderland*'s *party*.

THIS will naturally bring on the *cataſtrophe*, and lengthen the Tragedy, to its mentioned extent. And when you have done what you think proper upon this plan, or any other, to the like purpoſe, if you ſend me the *Play* again, you may depend on the ſincereſt advice and aſſiſtance in the power of,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr POPE.

Sept. 17, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

IT will never be in my power to forget, how compaſſionate you have been, in *calling* and *ſending* ſo often.---It is plain, you have none of the *faſhionable want of feeling, for the calamities of others*; and, when I reflect, that you are kind enough to *concern* yourſelf for *mine*, it brings me nearer to *comfort*, than either reſignation, or philoſophy.

THE part, you are pleaſed to take, in my *loſs of a wife*, who had the misfortune of being a *ſtranger* to you, would have been as *juſt*, as it is *generous*, had you been qualified to meaſure it, by an acquaintance with her *virtues*. It was *one* of thoſe virtues -- that ſhe admired Mr *Pope*, and knew, *why* ſhe admired him. She wiſh'd for nothing, with more livelineſs, than the pleaſure of ſeeing you, and (ſuch is the illuſion of our proſpects!) the very *day*, on which ſhe promiſed herſelf the enjoyment of that wiſh, ſhe

became inſenſible to *all wiſhes*, on this ſide eternity!

I CHOSE a place for her, in the *Abbey Cloiſter*; the walls of the church, above, being ſo loaded with marble, as to leave me no room, to diſtinguiſh her monument.

GIVE me leave to hope the benefit of your advice, on this mournful occaſion. I cannot ſuffer her to lie unnoticed, becauſe a monument, in ſo frequented a place as *Weſtminſter Abbey*, reſtoring her, to a kind of ſecond life, among the living, it will be, in ſome meaſure, not to have *loſt* her. But there is a low and unmeaning lumpiſhneſs, in the vulgar ſtyle of monuments, which diſguſts me, as often, as I look upon them; and, becauſe I would avoid the cenſure, I am giving, let me beg you to ſay, whether there is *ſignificance*, in the draught, of which I encloſe you an aukward *ſcratch*, not a *copy*: The flat table, behind, is *black*, the figures are *white* marble.

THE *whole* of what you ſee, here, is but *part* of the monument; and will be ſurrounded by *pilaſters*, ariſing from a pediment of *white marble*, having its foundation on a *black*

black marble mountain; and ſupporting a *coronice* and *dome*, that will aſcend to the point of the cloiſter arch. About half way up a craggy path, on the *black mountain*, below, will be the figure of *Time*, in *white marble*, on an attitude of *climbing*, obſtructed by little *Cupids*, of the ſame colour; ſome rolling rocks, into his path, from *above*; ſome throwing *nets*, at his *feet* and *arms*, from *below*; others, in *ambuſcade*, ſhooting *arrows* at him, from *both ſides*; while the *Death*, you ſee in the *draught*, will ſeem, from an opening between *hills*, in *relievo*, to have found admiſſion by a ſhorter way, and prevented *Time*, at a diſtance.

I CANNOT forbear to incloſe you an anonymous favour, which I received, in a penny-poſt letter, from ſome kind hand diſguiſed, that I ſhould not gueſs at the obliger. I find, in it, a ſtrong and touching *ſimplicity*; nature, nervous, and undreſſed; ſtriking, from and to the heart, without pomp or affectation! You will be pleaſed with theſe four verſes, if my melancholy has not helped their impreſſion on me. It is true, they ſeem rather the moving words of a *wife*, while dying, than the inſcription of

her monument, *after death*; but I have never been able to read them, without emotion; and being charmed with them myſelf, I wiſhed you a part of the pleaſure.

I HAD heard of the obliging opinion you expreſſed of my *Tragedy*, when you had, lately, an occaſion of ſpeaking to Mr *Wilks*, concerning the affairs of the *ſtage*. I aſſure you, without complement, I had rather it ſhould pleaſe you, ſingly, than a dozen crowded audiences. And one thing I can be ſure of, in its favour, -- It will be the *better*, for ſome marks of your *pencil*. If you would have the goodneſs, to allow me to put a copy of it into your hands, and ſpeak of it, occaſionally, with the ſame kind partiality, to ſome of thoſe, who can give ſucceſs to Tragedies; *That* alone, might determine me, to venture it on the *ſtage*, next winter.

I HAVE thoughts, about the middle of this month, of taking your advice, and *Tully*'s; I will try what *change of place*, and the pleaſure of being nearer *you*, can do, toward diſpelling a *grief*, that time ſeems to threaten increaſe of: I will fly from it, if I can,

can, but the *atra cura poſt equitem*, will ſit too cloſe to be parted with. I am, truly, and unalterably,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate,

And moſt obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr WILKS.

Sept. 17, 1731.

SIR,

THE pleaſure, I am ſure to enjoy, in your company, would have made it impoſſible, not to have renewed it before now, but that it pleaſed God to try me, with a domeſtic affliction, which my heart was not proof againſt. Unfaſhionable, as this is, I make no ſcruple of owning it to *you*, whoſe humanity, (always amiable) never charmed me ſo touchingly, as by that tenderneſs of delight, with which (in an *age*, that affects to think, meanly, of marriage) you durſt dwell, with ſo beautiful a ſeriouſneſs, on the merits of a *wife*, in your gene-

rous ſenſibility of your own lady's accompliſhments.

BECAUSE I would wiſh you a life, without bounds, may you (ſo loving, and beloved) *live*, 'till the world is *willing* to part with you, and then, -- *both* die, together.

BUT the occaſion of my troubling you, with this letter, is, to aſk you a queſtion, for the ſatisfaction of a friend, who has a *Tragedy*, which he wrote, with Mr *Wilks*, in his eye; and, upon the character, which he was in hopes to ſee *ſhine*, in your *action*, moves the whole deſign of his Play. The part is, in length, about 500 lines. The turn of it is amorous, inconſtant, ſpirited, attractive, and diſtreſsful. It conſiſts of fire, and vivacity, endear'd and temper'd by the ſofter Paſſions: I don't know whether I explain myſelf enough; but what I mean is —— It is a Part, which (if I have any knowledge of the *ſtage*) will give pleaſure to Mr. *Wilks*, and receive *life* from him.

BUT, if your intention to decline *new* Parts, is a fix'd, and unalterable reſolution, my friend would, by no means, *bring on* his Play, till he can find an *Actor*, as capable

ble as you are, to do juſtice to this Character —— I might have ſaid it more briefly —— He would never bring it on at all.

IF you enable me to inform this Author, whether his Tragedy is to be *born*, or *die* an *abortive*, it will very much oblige me, who am, moſt warmly, and with the ſincereſt heart.

Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

And moſt humble, Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. WILKS.

Sept. 22, 1731.

SIR,

I SPOKE of my *own Trageay*, under colour of a *Friend's*, from my unwillingneſs to put any ſtrain on your good-nature, having heard, with great concern, of your intention to decline *new* parts in general.

I HAVE, now, the pleaſure of ſending it you, and, if capable, as I hope it is, of doing ſervice to your company, I ſhould be glad, it might come on, in *December*, becauſe my time will be much leſs at my command after *Chriſtmas*.

THE occaſion of writing this *Tragedy* was, my having attempted one, upon the ſame ſubject, in 1710, when I was boy enough, not to be aſhamed of *beginning* and *ending* it, in leſs than a *fortnight*, after Mr. *Booth* had put me in mind of the ſtory. So, I conſidered it, as my *duty*, to attone for that extravagance, when, at a diſtance of twenty years, I had gathered patience enough, to believe, that *imagination* is a mad horſe, and ought to be bridled by the *judgment*.

I HAVE, accordingly, made a quite *new plan*, and, though the ſubject is the ſame, I have turned it, wholly, a different way; and retained neither thought, nor expreſſion, of my former. If it is of no uſe elſe, it will ſerve, at leaſt, for an experiment, how far the ſame writer's genius (*good*, or *bad*) may, or may not be benefited, by the *aſſiſtance* of *Art*, and *ſubmiſſion* to the reſtraints of *criti-*

ciſm.

ciſm --- A queſtion, often debated, and not yet ſufficiently cleared up, among us.

I AM gratefully ſenſible of your compliment, with reſpect to your reſolution about *new parts*, and have the pleaſure to acknowledge myſelf,

Sir,

Your moſt obliged,

And moſt obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. WILKS.

Sept. 25, 1731.

SIR,

THO' it is a great ſatisfaction to me, that you, and Mr *Cibber*, approve of my Play, yet, I am under a concern, that is ſtill more lively; while I find you declining, to throw luſtre upon the character of *Athelwold*.

I CAN eaſily conſent, that he ſhould never be ſeen, at all: But, it is impoſſible for me to

to allow, that any body, *but* Mr *Wilks*, can repreſent him.

IT is the talent of very few, to unite *dignity* to tenderneſs, and give that importance to an amorous diſtreſs, by which only it can be made conſiderable enough to deſerve compaſſion.

IN anſwer to *that inſufficiency*, which you are pleaſed to find, where *nobody elſe* would ever have looked for it, I appeal to a million of *living witneſſes*, whether you are not, infinitely, unjuſt to *yourſelf*,---the *only* perſon, from whoſe *merit* you could be capable of detracting.

THERE is more *youth*, in your *air*; and more *vigour*, in your *action*, than can be conceived in the *imagination* of one, who has never ſeen you. And, as for amiable grace in *movement*, together with a certain animated ſoftneſs, and an inexpreſſible vivacity of ſpirit, a *writer* muſt deſpair of *finding* them, at all, when he ceaſes to find them, in *your Perſon*.

In ſhort, there is not a line, in the part, which I did not *ſee*, and *hear* you ſpeak, while

while I was *writing* it. Nature has *no Athelwold*, but *you*; and I cannot bear the mortification of ſuppoſing any body elſe, in the character.

THE part of *Edgar* was written for Mr. *Booth*; would he were well enough to act it! --- The part of *Oſwald*, for Mr. *Cibber*. --- Neither will he decline it, if it is but half as fit for his acceptance, as he is capable of drawing notice, upon the character.--*Leolyn* was deſigned for Mr. *Mills*; *Elfrid*, for Mrs. *Oldfield*; and *Ethelinda*, for Mrs *Porter*.

BUT *death*, and *accidents*, having interpoſed, in ſome of theſe *caſts*, I am at a loſs, without your advice, how to ſupply them. Pray be ſo good, as to give me your opinion, and it will very much oblige,

Sir,

Your moſt humble,

And moſt obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

Sept. 25, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

SO obliging a letter, as your laſt, deſerved a *ſpeedier* acknowledgment; a *ſincerer*, it could not have had, than I, now, ſend you, for it. If there is any thing unpardonable, in a ſorrow, ſo juſt as mine, it is a *ſelfiſhneſs*, that, looking *inward*, with too earneſt an indulgence, neglects every object, but its own.--I begin to be ſenſible of this contraction of my heart; and the diſcovery will relieve me, in ſome meaſure, from a *grief*, that was not willing to be leſſened.

BECAUSE it is reaſonable to begin the *atonement*, where the *guilt* has been greateſt, let me, firſt, beg your pardon, for having been *ſilent* ſo long; and, then, thank you, in my *own* name, and the *publick*'s, for the preſent application of your time, to a purpoſe, in which we all have an intereſt.

BEFORE you ſent me word, what ſubject you was inclined to write on, I was deſigning to have recommended the *ſame* moral, to your thoughts, in the *Engliſh* ſtory, of *Pierce Gaveſton*; which, I believe, with greater

greater dignity, you will ſtrike out, from the fate of your *Roman.*

I DOUBT not to ſee, in your Tragedy, not only a *lively* parallel, but a *juſt* one. *Albinus* has, certainly, no notion of a *delicacy*, or an extent, in his politics; yet, as far, as I can judge, by his meaſures, he is a groſs-good meaner. His heart is *open*, but not *expanſive*; his *ability* is limited; but ſo is his *reſentment*. He is, at once, incapable of the *good things* we wiſh, and the *bad things* we might *ſuffer*;-- whereas *malice* in *Contrarius*, ſeems the moſt active of his *qualities*. He *ſees* farther, indeed, than his *rival*, but he *thinks* more narrowly; for, while *Albinus* can with-hold the revenge, in his power, againſt the *expoſer* of his *blunders*, *Contrarius* is implacable, and virulent againſt the *deſpiſer* of his penetration.

THIS being my notion of the *modern patriotiſm*, I am in hopes, to ſee it ſet right, in ſome *Tragedy*; that *Legion* may be bubbled no longer, by animoſity, for *public ſpiritedneſs*, on one ſide;-- and, that *ambition*, on the other, may be taught to meaſure itſelf, and take bounds in proportion to *capacity*. We ſhould, then, have *humbler factions*, and *abler adminiſtration.*

I HAVE

I HAVE ſome thoughts of venturing *Athelwold* into the world, this winter, if it has the good fortune, to meet with your approbation.

DESIGNING a monument over my *wife*, that I may redeem as much of her, as poſſible, be ſo kind, as to give me your opinion, whether I have expreſſed, what I meant, in the following epitaph.

Enough, cold ſtone! ſuffice her long-lov'd name;
Words are too weak, to pay her virtue's claim.
Temples, and tombs, and tongues, ſhall waſte away,
And pow'r's vain pomp, in mould'ring duſt decay.
But, e'er mankind a *wife*, more perfect, ſee,
Eternity, O *Time!* ſhall bury thee.

I AM returned, to that very *ſelfiſhneſs*, which I was become aſhamed of, in the beginning of this letter; but, *that* is not half ſo wonderful, as that, while I have *you* to ſpeak of, I can find room, at all, to talk of,

His moſt affectionate,
And moſt obedient Servant,
A. HILL.

To Mrs LOWTHER.

Sept. 26, 1731.

MADAM,

IT has pleas'd God, ſince I had the honour of writing to you laſt, to afflict me, by a ſtroke, which, tho' I expected, and liv'd in *dread* of, I had not reſignation enough, when it befel me, to ſupport it, as I ought. I have *loſt* the friend of my *heart*, -- and the companion of my *ſoul!* -- We were *one*, in an unuſual ſenſe; for our purpoſes, our intereſt, and our very thoughts, and wiſhes, were united.

I HAD loſt her much ſooner, but for the *air* of your *county*, and the *charms* of your *company:* She was a true *judge* of *merit*, and ſhe *found*, and *lov'd* it, in Mrs *Lowther!* She was, moſt ſincerely, your admirer; and would talk, ſo often, of the delight your converſation gave her, that I reflect, with the utmoſt comfort, on her not having left the world, till ſhe had taſted *that beſt pleaſure* in it.

YET, you never knew her, as ſhe, really, was --- the effect of her cruel illneſs had drawn

drawn a cloud over her accompliſhments, before ſhe had the happineſs of your acquaintance.

HAD ſhe been as *near* you, as ſhe was *like* you, I ſhould have had no occaſion to tell you, that ſhe was *virtuous* without *pride*; *wiſe* without *conſciouſneſs*; *careful* without *meanneſs*; *reſerv'd* without *ſtiffneſs*; *well-bred* without *affectation*; and *ſincere* without *indecency*.

BUT I will dwell, no longer, on this melancholy ſubject: --- that I may place her, where ſhe lov'd to be, let me leave her in your boſom.

OUT of ten Lottery tickets which I had order'd to be bought, from number 52,233, to number 52,242, incluſive, I have, in obedience to your command, choſen you one, and it is number 52,240. I wiſh it, what it ought to be---the moſt *fortunate*, for the moſt *deſerving!* But, if either of my other numbers ſtrikes your fancy, rather than *that*, which I have choſen, pleaſe to follow the impulſe of your own happier choice, and let me have the honour of your order, which

which other I ſhall ſend you. I will ſend it by the carrier, who leaves *London* next *Tueſday*, and comes into *Swine-gate*; and *Rany*, (who is your, and Miſs *Lowther*'s conſtant humble Servant,) will have me ſuffer her to put up with it a little ſcratch of a copy, which the girls have contriv'd to draw, among themſelves, from the deſign, that is now about, for a *monument*, over their dear Mamma; by which, as far as it is in my power, I ſhall ſtill, as it were, keep her in the world; and in ſome faint manner, reſtore her, among the living. I am, with great truth and reſpect,

Madam,

Your moſt humble

And moſt obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr POPE.

Sept. 30, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

YOU are very good, and obliging:—your laſt letter came not to my hands 'till yeſterday; I will thank you for it, in perſon, one day, next week, if poſſible, and give you notice, a day before.

MY daughter, under encouragement of your invitation, promiſes herſelf the pleaſure of admiring your gardens; and wiſhes the weather may continue, as it is, 'till I can give her the opportunity of an afternoon's walk in them.

MY Brother is writing over another copy of the Tragedy, which I will take the liberty to put, a ſecond time, into your hands, as ſoon as it is ready: I propoſe no benefit, to myſelf, from it, leaving its profits to the players: but, as I know it neceſſary, to prepare the expectation of perſons of the firſt rank, if one would wiſh a play that kind of fame which noiſe can give it, (and without which indeed it were to no purpoſe, to have it

it brought on the ſtage,) I am therefore, greatly oblig'd, by the hope, you permit me to nouriſh, that you will ſuffer it to paſs, thro' your hand, to the notice of ſome of thoſe, whoſe ſpeaking of it, with favour, will be a direction to others, how far they may *dare* to be pleas'd with it. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt oblig'd

And affectionate Servant.

A. HILL.

To DAVID MALLET, *Eſq;*

Oct. 2, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

I COULD not read your *Epitaph*, on the death of Mr. *Aikman*, after his ſon, without a concern, that was, at once, the ſtrongeſt, and the ſincereſt praiſe, I was capable of giving it—It is elegantly comprehenſive, and ſignificantly mournful; and has a melancholy ſtrength of tenderneſs, running every where, thro' it. The turn of the laſt line puts me in mind of ſome-

thing, I have, a thouſand times, been charmed with in a couplet, by Sir *Henry Wotton*, upon the death of Sir *Albertus Moreton*, and his *Lady*; written in the reign of King *Charles the firſt*.

He, firſt deceas'd----She, for a little, try'd
To live without him--lik'd it not, and dy'd.

IT is ſo natural a tranſition, from *King Charles the firſt*, to the houſe of *Montroſe*, that this is the propereſt place, in my letter, to expreſs my *participation* of your concern for my *Lord Marquis*'s danger. I have heard of great, and ſudden cures, in far gone conſumptions, from effect of a very ſimple remedy. A pint, to a quart a day of *Coffee*, boil'd in *Milk*, inſtead of *Water*; and taken, at pleaſure, like other *milk Coffee*.--- Surprizing *changes* have been wrought in a fortnight, by this humble *recipe*: And I ſhould be impertinent enough, to play the quack, and ſend you a *doſe of reaſonings* upon the operation, and its cauſes, if I thought, *that* could prevail on you, to recommend the experiment. For it would pleaſe me, to be a means of lengthening out the *life* of a GRAHAM, becauſe there have been *deaths*, among their anceſtors, which deſerve to make their poſterity, *immortal*.

I MUST

I MUST not forget to thank you, for the promiſe of writing at length, upon your ſtory of *Gracchus:* whatever ſubject you write on, one would wiſh you to write, at length, becauſe the *longeſt*, of your letters, appear *ſhort*, when your friends receive them.

YOUR obſervation, on the complex names of Tragedies, is, I think, a very *juſt* one; and ought to determine me in reſtoring that of *Athelwold*, to mine. But the *Cæſars*, *Alexanders*, *Timoleons*, *Catos*, are names, ſo noted, in hiſtory, that they awaken expectation, as the *Euridices* and *Sophoniſbas* are ſo muſical, in their ſounds, that they ſeem to beſpeak our partiality, in their favour: and are, therefore, the propereſt titles for Plays, for which they are the ſubjects; whereas *Athelwold*, being neither noted, nor ſounding enough, to carry ſuch a weight of diſtinction, I was afraid, it might be neceſſary, to point at ſome meaning, in the title.

I AM charm'd, by your generoſity, in haſtening to offer an engagement, of your friends, in favour of this Tragedy---From moſt other writers, it would have ſurpriz'd

me, but I cannot conſent to your doing it. Reſerve all your influence for a Tragedy, in *ſupport* of which, I dare ſay, the *whole town* will be of *one* mind, and find no room for repentance. As I leave the *profit* of mine, to the *Players*, I have no other intereſt, in its ſucceſs on the *ſtage*, than the ſilly propenſity, we have to ſhare an *applauſe*, which we know to be *blind*; and to value ourſelves, upon being thought well of, by *that multitude*, of whoſe *taſte*, at the ſame time, we cannot forbear to think *deſpicably*.

THE *Play* is deſign'd to come on, before *Chriſtmas*; but Mrs *Oldfield* being *dead*, Mrs *Porter loſt* to the *ſtage*, and Mr. *Booth*, ſcarce capable of acting this ſeaſon, I am at a loſs, how theſe characters will be ſuſtain'd, which *they* were to have *repreſented*.

BUT, whatever may become of the characters, in my *Tragedy*, there is one, in my *life*, which I ſhall always be careful to maintain, in its fulleſt ſpirit, and it is *that* of,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt faithfully affectionate

And moſt obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. WILKS.

Oct. 23, 1731.

SIR,

I SEND you a *new* copy of the *Generous Traitor*, and beg the favour of you, to return me the *old* one. I have added two, or three ſcenes, in the third and fifth acts, which, I believe, will have a ſtronger effect on an audience, than all the reſt of the Play; but I cannot allow myſelf the merit of this improvement, without confeſſing, that I owe it to a *hint* that Mr. *Cibber* gave me, for which I deſire you to thank him, in my name; for I ſhall think myſelf, unworthy the benefit of a good advice, if ever I grow weak enough, to be above the acknowledgement of it.

I WISH him, alſo, to know that I, now, no longer, remember with a *parent*'s animoſity, the *murder* he committed on my *Epilogue* to *Eurydice*. He ought, like his *Cid*, to be forgiven; becauſe his *ſervice* was of ſo much more importance, than his *offence* was. I only beg of him, for the future,

to ſuſpend the execution of any of my writings, till I have agreed to his ſentence.

At *Twittenham*, the other day, in diſcourſe with Mr *Pope*, he was propoſing the proper name, of *Athelwold*, as a better title, than the *Generous Traitor*: But, upon conſidering ſome reaſons for the contrary opinion, it remain'd a matter of doubt, with us, which was beſt, of the two. I wiſh, you would be ſo good, as to decide it.

THERE are many different reports, concerning Mr *Booth*, and Mrs *Porter*: Pray oblige me, with your thoughts, in a line, with the copy; ---- will this Tragedy have the advantage of their acting in it?

As ſoon as the time draws near, I will ſhew you, by a few light drawings, a beautiful, and no expenſive occaſion, for a novelty in the old *Saxon* dreſſes; which will not only carry more propriety, than the *modern*, but an equal grace, with the *Greek* or *Roman*; and may be form'd, upon their ſpare ground-work; yet, appear quite *new* to the audience. I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble,
And moſt obedient Servant,
A. HILL.

To Mr. WILKS.

Oct. 28, 1731.

SIR,

I SEND you, herewith, the ſhadows of a ſet of dreſſes for the *Generous Traitor*. You muſt not expect *drawings*. They are, however, plainly enough mark'd, to give *Ideas*, of their meaning: At leaſt, they will, when I have further explain'd them to you, which I ſhall ſoon have the pleaſure of doing in perſon.

LEOLYN, becauſe a *Briton*, ought not to have his habit *Saxon* all; the reſt have the authority of *Verſtegan's Antiquities*, for the ground-work of their appearance; only I need not obſerve to you, that ſome *Heightenings* were neceſſary, becauſe *beauty* muſt be join'd to *propriety*, where the decoration of the ſtage, is the purpoſe to be provided for.

FOR this reaſon, too, I had regard to a *contraſt* of colours, in the ſeveral parts of each perſon's dreſs; and in thoſe of the whole number, with reſpect to their appearance, together. Theſe are little things, but I have often obſerved that their effect is *not little*.

To

To ſay nothing, as to *impropriety*, in the cuſtom of dreſſing characters *ſo far back*, *in time*, after the common faſhions of our days, it weakens *probability*, and cuts off, in great meaſure, what *moſt ſtrikes* an audience; for it relaxes the pomp of Tragedy, and the generality, being led, by the *eye*, can conceive nothing extraordinary, where they *ſee* nothing uncommon. It is, alſo, worth notice, that a fine, natural *ſhape*, receives great *advantage*, from a well-imagined turn of *habit*, and an aukward, unnatural one has an *air*, that *burleſques* dignity without it.

THE *Furrs*, which you will obſerve pretty frequent, in the *figures*, are a prime *diſtinction*, in the *old Saxon* habits; and will have ſomething of a *grandeur*, not without *beauty*: but they need not be *real* furrs---many cheap *imitations* will have the ſame effect, at the diſtance, they will be ſeen from. Moſt other parts of the dreſſes may be compleated, by giving *new* uſes, to the *old* reſerves of your wardrobe; for if I do not miſtake, it is rather *fancy*, than *expence*, that does the buſineſs in theſe caſes.

As

As to the *coronets*, it was the cuſtom of thoſe times, for perſons of *high rank*, to wear them, upon *common*, as well as *extraordinary* occaſions; but they muſt be diſtinguiſhed, more than they are in the papers, to point out the different degrees; and worn in a more becoming poſition, higher off from the forehead, and a little leaning to one ſide. There is an advantage will attend the uſe of their long *ſingle feather*, beyond *that* of the *plume* -- It will be light, and may be worn, throughout five acts, without warmth or inconvenience.

I ſhould chuſe, for the reaſon I gave you, in a former, to have the *Play* come on in *December*; but will delay, if you pleaſe, to make a *caſt* of the *parts*, till after I have talked with you, on that ſubject. For I would not, willingly, find *your* notions, in any thing, diſagreeing with *his*, who is, from his heart,

Sir,

Your moſt humble

And moſt obedient Servant.

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Oct. 29, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

BEGINNING to fear, I ſhall not have the pleaſure of returning to *Richmond*, this ſeaſon, I take the freedom of replacing *Athelwold* in your hands, with the ſcenes I have added, lately.

BUT, obſerving ſome new marks of your pencil, in places, which you had formerly diſtinguiſhed, in the ſame manner, I am obliged, (for fear, you ſhould think me fonder of my follies than I really am) to confeſs, that, when I altered all the reſt of the places, I left theſe few, as they were, becauſe my judgment could not, ſo clearly as it wiſhed, fall in with your objections.

IN the firſt, for inſtance, inſtead of --- ſhorten your *meant* abſence--you would read it -- to make your abſence *ſhorter*. -- Methinks, your correction intends but one ſignification, that is -- to make his abſence *ſhorter* than he *meant to make it*. And, in that ſenſe, it is exactly the ſame, as my own.

But,

But, to make his abſence *ſhorter*, is equivocal, and, therefore, not elegant. His abſence could not be *ſhorter*, than it *was*.--It might be *ſhorter*, than he *intended it*.

IF I am doubtful, too, in your ſecond exception, againſt *wiſhes*, in the plural, I ſhall have your ſecond thoughts on my ſide; for *Athelwold* had wanted delicacy, had he ſaid, that *Ethelinda* bleſſed his *wiſh*; as if he had felt but *one*, only, which the *ladies* would have called a *groſs* one, unaccompanied with thoſe politer, of partiality, tenderneſs, and confidence, from a miſtreſs, who could *bleſs* him, in one general poſſeſſion, with all thoſe different accompliſhments, he had *wiſhed for*, among women.

BUT, it would look, like growing ſerious, upon a trifle, ſhould I go on, in this manner, and expect you to read all the reaſons, I could give, in defence of the other places. And you will conclude, I have ſuch as, I think, you would approve of; ſince I ſend you the Play, again, with all thoſe places, unaltered.

IT is time to forbear perſecuting you, about this Tragedy: -- It is to come on before

fore *Chriſtmas:* But, tho' you have given me leave, to tax your condeſcention with ſome concern for its ſucceſs, it will, I fear, be too much to wiſh, you would recommend it to an aſſembly, or two, of the leaders, in parties of this nature, as a Play, to be acted for the benefit of the houſe, not the author; who has no other intereſt, in their encouraging its reception, but the diſtinction of having *power* to *pleaſe*, at a time, when Tragedy ſeems to have loſt all its influence.

PERHAPS, this is too much for the Play; -- I am ſure, it is too much for the author: And, therefore, if you have any reaſon, (which you *may* have, and I not apprehend it) why this would, in the leaſt, be an improper ſtep for you to take, I ſhall, ſincerely be pleaſed, that you decline it. -- For I have better reaſons, than any, which concern myſelf, to be,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

P. S. I long to hear when your Ethic piece is to be publiſhed.

To

To the Counteſs of Suffolk.

Oct. 30, 1731.

MADAM,

MR. POPE has deſired me to ſend this Tragedy, in his name, to the Lady in the world, I ſhould moſt *wiſh* to have it with, could any thing be found, in it, deſerving the diſtinction.

IT cannot be without delight, that I put *Athelwold* into a hand, for which he would have been proud to give up *Elfrid*'s; if, in *life*, I could have given him my ſentiments, with the authority which his *death* has lent me.

I HAVE no pretence to tax your condeſcention, with any concern for the *ſucceſs* of this Play, or I ſhould, moſt earneſtly, wiſh your vote in its favour; tho' I have no meaner intereſt, in its good, or ill fortune, than the *ambition* of ſome *power* to *pleaſe*.

BUT, whatever reception it may meet with, from the public, it can never have been

been written in vain, ſince Mr. *Pope* has partiality enough to believe, it will be agreeable to ſuch a taſte, as the *Counteſs of Suffolk*'s, whoſe ſervant I have the honour to be,

With the utmoſt Obedience,

And Devotion,

A. HILL.

To Mr. WILKS.

Nov. 4, 1731.

SIR,

I WAS ſo juſtly charmed with the grace, and ſpirit of your action, the other night, at the *Provoked Huſband*, that I left the *box*, convinced, beyond all queſtion, there is nothing in *Athelwold*, that can break in upon a vigour, ſo delightfully exiſting.

LET me, therefore, before I *caſt* the parts, on *Monday*, or *Tueſday* next, aſſure you, there are unexceptionable judges, ſo far of my opinion, that it has, for ſome days paſt, been in my *power* to ſee my deſire *enforced*, from a hand, you could not refuſe it to. But I would not hear of ſuch a ſtep; becauſe,

becauſe, where your *health* is concerned, I would never forgive myſelf the ſmalleſt likelihood of *impairing* it.

YET, I cannot help wiſhing, I had ſo much influence with Mr. *Wilks*, as to owe a *change* in his purpoſe, to his own deſire of obliging me, which the reſpect I have for him, allows me not to *obtain*, from any *will* but his *own*.

WOULD I could, before *Monday*, receive the agreeable news, that you conſent to charm the town, in a part, which I will ſtake my *credit* on the great and unexpected ſucceſs of, in *your* hands; and which, both *nature* and *art* have ſo marked you to *become*, and to *ſhine* in.

BUT, if I am abſolutely denied this repeated ſollicitation, let me forwarn you, not to be ſurprized, if I *caſt* it not to your expectation.

I AGREE with you, that Mr *Mills* would do it well. --- Mr *Mills* is a great favourite of mine; and it muſt be a diſadvantage, I cannot think of, to caſt *Edgar* into any hands but *his*. That is a part, equal to *Athelwold*'s,

but of a different turn, and requires ſuch a gracefulneſs of figure, as *his*, together with that fullneſs, elevation, and articulate clearneſs of voice, which he is ſo able to furniſh it with.

THE character of *Edgar* is, hot, fiery, impatient, diſdainful, open, and imperious. --- And the *voice*, to repreſent theſe paſſions, ſhould be raiſed, ſtrong, ardent, and triumphant. -- Whereas, in *Athelwold*, whoſe character is, tenderneſs, with ſpirit; and diſtreſs, with magnanimity; who is ſoft, airy, amorous, and afflicted; there is required a *voice*, rather touching, than full; rather pliant, than lofty; --- It ſhould be piercing, yet plaintive; impreſſive, yet broken; and flexible, tho' ſtriking --- ſpirited, at once, and mournful. --- It ſhould riſe and fall, like his *paſſions*; and rather lift, and depreſs the *heart*, than fill the *ear*, with its exactneſs.

IF (in caſe you perſiſt to refuſe the part) it ſhould be poſſible to find *ſome perſon*, in the houſe, of *figure* any way tolerable, with a *voice*, that has not yet been exerted, to the natural extent of its capacity, -- the *contraſt* will be very *ſtriking*, between the majeſtic energy

energy and roundneſs in Mr. *Mills*, and the broken, yet emphatical variety, in the ſwells and ſinkings of the other.--This will be difficult, I know; but, I believe, not unattainable; though it would charm me, would you be ſo good, as to ſpare me the pains of ſeeking it.

I HOPE, I am not to interpret your ſilence, on my ſketches of the *Saxon* habits, as a mark of diſinclination to dreſs the Play. --- I cannot, for the reaſon in my laſt, entertain any thoughts of ſeeing it dreſſed in the modern manner; and, if you apprehend the habits, I propoſe, to want *beauty*, it ariſes from my not having rightly expreſſed them, in thoſe papers.

I OUGHT not to have preſſed you, again, on this ſubject, of your acting *Athelwold*; but, every time I *ſee* you, I am furniſhed with *new* reluctance to its being done by any body elſe.---The motive ſhould, therefore, be an excuſe for the trouble, from,

Sir,

Your moſt Obedient,

And moſt humble Servant,

To Lord TYRCONNEL.

Nov. 22, 1731.

MY LORD,

WHILE I was recollecting an unpaid acknowledgment, due, from the time of your Lordſhip's journey to *Belton*, I am out of countenance, to perceive, by Mr. *Savage*, how much further, you are bringing me in debt, to your goodneſs.

YOUR Lordſhip's inclination, to *hear* the Tragedy of *Athelwold*, muſt be the effect of a kind opinion, which, I wiſh, it may be thought to deſerve.---But your engaging ſo conſiderable an aſſembly to be *preſent*, ought to make me afraid, leſt the countenance you would give my Play, involves your judgment, in a cenſure, that ought to reach but your generoſity.

I WILL venture, however, to ſubmit it to your Lordſhip's candor; ſince honeſt ſentiments, I know, have a kind of claim to your approbation, never willingly refuſed, but to the ungrateful, or the deſigning; among whom will hardly be found *his* name, who has the honour to profeſs himſelf,

My Lord, Your, &c.

A. HILL.

To Mr. DODINGTON.

Dec. 16, 1731.

SIR,

YOU would wonder, if I ſhould tell you, that this Tragedy pretends a title to your favour.

IT is *that* title, whereby a *ſtranger*, when ill uſed, among *foreigners*, claims the ſafeguard of his countrymen's houſes.

YOU are, too eminently, a poet, not to ſcorn the deciſions of prejudice, or partiality; and it is my ſatisfaction, that, ſhould this Play be worth any thing, it will lie ſafe, in ſuch cloſets as yours,

" Till party rage ſhall droop, thro' length of days,
" And *calumny* be ripen'd into *praiſe*."

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient

And moſt humble Servant,

 A. HILL.

To Lord TYRCONNEL.

Dec. 16, 1731.

MY LORD,

A VERY troubleſome cold, got, at the rehearſal of this tragedy, has prevented me, too long, from bringing my thanks to your Lordſhip, for the honour of your viſit, and for that elegant obligation, I am under, to your generoſity, in favour of *Athelwold*.

As to popular opinion, it is too light and cheap a diſtinction, to give *pleaſure* or *pain*, to the writer of any thing that deſerves to be called Tragedy; — And, I aſſure your Lordſhip, I had rather it ſhould move the *heart* of *one good man*, than the *hands* of a *thouſand*; and, if any thing can be ſincerer, than my *contempt* of its public reception, it is the concern I ſhall feel, ſhould it want power to touch your Lordſhip, when you allow it a private reading. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged,

And obedient humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Dec. 17, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

I OUGHT, ſooner, to have thanked you, for the pleaſure you have given me, by that excellent letter to Lord *Burlington*. -- If the title had been *Of Falſe Taſte*, would it not have been properer?

WE have *Poets*, whom heaven *viſits* with a *taſte*, as well as planters and builders.--- What other inducement could provoke ſome of them, to miſtake your epiſtolary relaxation of numbers, for an involuntary defect in your verſification?

WE have printers, too, of better *taſte* than *morals*, who *like* you ſo well, that they cannot endure, you ſhould be made a monopoly.--The *hawker's* wind is upon you, already; and your laſt incenſe, to the muſes, is blown about the ſtreets, in thinner, and leſs fragrant expanſions. --- The pictures of your *mind*, like thoſe of other great men's *perſons*, are to be multiplied and extended, that we may have you at whole length, and in miniature.

I SEND you a piece, that is ſafe enough, from this danger: -- *Athelwold* will have nothing to *fear*, from the *pirates*: I believe, I need not inform you, how it dragg'd itſelf along, for two lean nights, after the firſt; as lame, and as wounded, as the ſnake, in your poem -- but, not half ſo delightfully.

IT would be affectation, not modeſty, to deny, that I am nettled at the monſtrous reception which the *town* has given this Tragedy. -- But, I find, there is a two-fold obligation, upon a tragic writer, if he would engage attention at our theatres.---He muſt make *Audiences*, as well as *Plays*.--He muſt become the ſolicitor of his own commendation.---That is, in other words, if he *deſires* to be *known*, he muſt *deſerve* to be *forgotten*.

BATING the reverence, due to faſhion,--this is putting the *Poet* upon the foot of the *Prize-fighter*. -- He muſt not only ſubmit himſelf to be *wounded*, for the *public Diverſion*, but muſt alſo march about, with his *drum*, from one end of the town to the other, to ſtir up *fools curioſity*, and draw together the company.

I SHOULD

I SHOULD feel the livelieſt indignation, upon ſuch an occaſion, as this, in the cauſe of *another* : But, as the caſe is *my own*, I think,--and *ſmile*,--and am *ſatisfied*. -- I had rather be *neglected*, to my *mortification*, than become *popular*, to my *infamy*.

IT is poſſible, after all, that ſome perſons of *rank*, and diſtinction to *beſpeak* Plays, and compel audiences, may be kind enough to *Athelwold*, to introduce him, now and then, into civiler company, for the ſake of the *Players*. -- It were a downright ſhame, if theſe good people, who gave the Tragedy all its merit, of fine dreſſing and *ſceneing*, ſhould be ſuffered to loſe their money, while the good for nothing author, who was guilty of the *dull* part of the entertainment, has loſt nothing, but his labour.---But enough of this ſubject.

I HOPE the good lady, whoſe illneſs haſtened you home, found a recovery, in your return.---*Who* can blame her for miſſing you, in a world, ſo few are like you? -- Believe me, with much acknowledgment and eſteem, *Dear Sir*,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Dec. 23, 1731.

SIR,

YOUR letter, dear Sir, which I have this moment receiv'd, occaſions me a double pain. The *fear*, which yours *ends* with, ought to give a *beginning* to mine; becauſe I am, too ſincerely, your *friend*, not to feel *myſelf*, firſt mov'd, by what concerns *you*, moſt nearly. I hope, however, your *joy*, for that good lady's recovery, will be the next of your *paſſions*, that will be touched, upon this occaſion.

CONCERNING your *Epiſtle*, it is no wonder, that the malice of a little herd of cenſurers, whom your *wit* has made your *enemies*, would awaken a reſentment, of more conſequence, than their own. *They* are glad to *miſtake*, if they can make *others* miſtake *you*: or, perhaps, they do not miſunderſtand you, *themſelves*, but are conſcious, they muſt ſeem to *believe*, what they would fix on the *belief* of others.

I AM doubtful, which of theſe is the caſe, becauſe, I confeſs, at the firſt, and ſecond

ſecond reading, I was, myſelf, miſtaken in your purpoſe; and fell into the general conſtruction, that has been put upon the character of *Timon*; but upon a more deliberate examination of the particulars, diſcern'd thoſe diſagreeing circumſtances, which have been remark'd, for your juſtification, with very good ſucceſs, in yeſterday's *Daily's Journal*, and the *Daily Poſt-boy* of *Wedneſday*, by a hand, moſt able to do *you* juſtice.

THAT unguarded abſence of caution, which is a mark, by which one may be ſure, a purpoſe was either angry or *generous*, has prevented you from examining your piece, before it was publiſh'd, with the ſharpneſs of an *eye*, that is watchful of occaſion to *ſlander*; or, you would have forſeen, that the unlucky name of *Timon*, would be applied, as it has ſince been, from a preſent reverſe, (as is reported) to the ſplendor of that great man's fortune. This circumſtance has not only help'd on the miſtake, but given it malignance, from a kind of pity, which ſome, who hated his good fortune, from the good uſes he made of it, affect now, to feel for his diſappointments.

Two or three other *likeneſſes* concurr'd in the character; ſuch as the *hundred foot-ſteps*; the exact number of his domeſticks, for ſome years, at *Canons*. And the pomp of the chapel, and its muſick; for, whether *jiggiſh*, or *ſolemn*, never ſtruck the inquiry of a thouſand, who remembered the Duke's magnificence, chiefly, by that circumſtance. And as to the many un-reſembling particulars; they are drown'd, like the miſtaken predictions, of eleven months, in an Almanack, where the events of the twelfth, come by chance, to be accompliſh'd..

I AM of opinion, that the Duke himſelf can never be among the miſtakers. It is with *taſte*, as it is with *genius*; a man, who *feels* he has *either*, will never too lightly *believe* it is *queſtioned*, by another, whom he knows to poſſeſs it.

BUT, that it is a *rule* with me, to conſider the letters, I receive from my *friends*, as their own property, *ſtill*, tho' truſted to my *poſſeſſion*, I could more effectually, convince him, how *he* ought to *think*, by letting him ſee, how *you* think, on this ſubject, in an eaſy, undeſigning, natural indignation,

nation, expreſs'd in a *private* letter, than by all the moſt labour'd endeavours, of yourſelf, or your friends in *publick*.

IT cannot be difficult, to diſpoſſeſs the town of a notion, whoſe credit will gradually die away, in proportion to the daily diſcovery, that is made, of the malicious induſtry, with which it was propagated: And I dare aſſert, that your friends are too many, and too ſanguine, to let a ſlander be *long-liv'd*, that is levell'd againſt your *gratitude*; I uſe this word by an authority, which I borrow from your own generoſity, in the preface to your tranſlation of the *Iliad*. I am ſo pleas'd, to converſe with you, any way, that I forgot, I have ſcarce room to declare myſelf.

Dear Sir,

Your moſt faithfully

Affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

Jan. 4, 1732.

SIR,

IF in *obedience* to your commands, I have done *injuſtice* to your meaning, your condeſcenſion muſt take part in the cenſure, who ought to have remembered, in right of your own fine manner of thinking, that great ſentiments, like great beauties, are ſeen, moſt to their advantage, when leaſt cover'd with ornament.

I WOULD wiſh you the diſtinction, which is due to your merit, if that wiſh were not, in ſome meaſure, a diſtruſt of thoſe great qualities, you have given your *great man*, and for which (to maintain his claim) I hope, he will give you an equivalent. I am,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient

And moſt humble Servant.

A. HILL.

Jan. 5, 1732.

SIR,

I THANK you, for your two letters, and am very glad to hear, that Mr. *Booth* is ſo much better; tho' I have no intereſt in the *ſtage*, I know, and *love*, its influence, too well, to bear without *terror* the leaſt apprehenſion of its being *forſaken*, by ſuch a *prop*, of its nobleſt corner.

I WILL be ſure to write for you ſuch a farce, as Mr *Booth* deſcrib'd: I will ſet about it, the firſt leiſure hour, and you ſhall have it in a few days: I had a thought, that came into my head, laſt night, that will take, into the compaſs of an act, the different humour and ſtrength, of *Harlequin*, Mr *Stoppelear*, Miſs *Raſtor*, Mr *Griffin*, and Mr *Harper*: And, to ſay truth, one great cauſe of want of ſucceſs is, that things are not, from time to time, prepar'd on purpoſe to give occaſion, to *ſet to ſhow*, the *various* talents in the company.

HERE, it naturally comes into my mind, what you write of Mr *Cibber*, *junior*,—that he ſeem'd more pleas'd with your Tragedy, in

in general, than with the particular part of *Gonſalvo*. Perhaps, this might be ſo, at his firſt hearing it read —But I know his underſtanding, too well, to ſuppoſe it poſſible, he will continue, in that opinion, when he comes, himſelf, to read, and conſider the character: I am, abſolutely, in Mr *Booth*'s ſentiment, that *Gonſalvo*'s is the beſt part, in the Play: At leaſt, I am ſure, it will appear the moſt glaring, in *action*; for the ſpirit, and turn of it is, of a *new caſt*, in Tragedy, and will, infallibly, in Mr *Cibber*'s hands, be the favourite character. To ſay the truth, tho' *he* could act well, either *Gonſalvo* or *Bellario*, nobody *but he*, can do juſtice to *Gonſalvo*. In any other hand, the peculiar mixture of humour, and levity, with high greatneſs, and dignity, would be ſunk into *buffoonery*, or over-ſwell'd into *declamation*. Pray, when you ſee him, give my ſervice to him, and tell him, I make it my requeſt, that he will accept *that* part, in your Tragedy.

To return again, to the farce—I obſerve one thing, in your letter, which I think quite wrong—and that is the not adding it to the Play, till the fourth night. By this, you expoſe the ſecond to the danger of being a thin one;

in which caſe, the farce will ſeem tack'd to it afterwards, as I have ſeen a team to a ſett of coach-horſes, to give'em ſtrength to get out of the mire; whereas all ſucceſs is ſecur'd, by ſaying in the bills for the very firſt night. "To which will be added, *&c.* A new Farce, by the ſame author, never acted before, by way of *epilogue* to the Tragedy." I deſign to call it, the *Maggot*, from which you may venture to propheſy, it will not, at leaſt, be *dull*, tho' it ſhould happen to be *ſilly*.

I AM ſorry Mr *Weaver*'s Pantomime is a ſerious one. Beſides, there muſt, I fear, be a viſible impropriety, from the choice of the ſtory. People will expect to ſee the Goddeſſes *naked*, for, ſo, *Paris* ſaw them; and the name of the Pantomime ought to be, *a* PIG *in a* POKE, if he pretends to judge of their *ſhapes*, thro' their *ſtays*, and their *petticoats*.

BEFORE I cloſe my letter, what do you intend to do with the part of *Belfort*. I ſuppoſe you intend to give it to Mr *Mills*; I know, he will be very well receiv'd by the town; but there is a diſtreſs, a heart-rending tenderneſs---a weight, and a *ſome-*

thing to be felt---which Mr *Mills* will no farther enter into, than a *Snail* into a *pavement*. He will throw it off, with a good intelligible roundneſs of voice. But, as *Belfort* ſays many things, which you did not intend ſhould die on the *ear*, I could wiſh an impreſſion like *that* of an *engraver on copper*; whereas that of *ſome actors* is, like ſtrokes, which we draw in water---they are no ſooner *made*, than *forgotten*.

WHAT, if Mr *Cibber*, *ſenior*, would take upon him this part? as the walk would be *new* to him, it would be an encreaſe to his reputation; for I am confident, he could touch it in a ſtrong, and natural perfection, and there will be no ſtrain upon his voice; becauſe tho' the paſſions are active, they are all, of the *ſuffering* ſpecies. Try him, I am perſuaded, it will be of great ſervice to your Play, and to the company. I am,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr HANDEL.

Dec. 5, 1732.

SIR,

I OUGHT ſooner, to have return'd you my hearty thanks, for the ſilver ticket, which has carried the obligation farther, than to myſelf; for my daughters are, both ſuch lovers of muſick, that it is hard to ſay, which of them is moſt capable of being charm'd by the compoſitions of Mr *Handel.*

HAVING this occaſion of troubling you with a letter, I cannot forbear to tell you the earneſtneſs of my wiſhes, that, as you have made ſuch conſiderable ſteps towards it, already, you would let us owe to your inimitable genius, the eſtabliſhment of *muſick*, upon a foundation of good poetry; where the excellence of the *ſound* ſhould be no longer diſhonour'd, by the poorneſs of the *ſenſe* it is chain'd to.

MY meaning is, that you would be reſolute enough, to deliver us from our *Italian bondage*; and demonſtrate, that *Engliſh* is ſoft enough for Opera, when compos'd by

poets, who know how to diſtinguiſh the *ſweetneſs* of our tongue, from the *ſtrength* of it, where the laſt is leſs neceſſary.

I AM of opinion, that male and female voices may be found in this kingdom, capable of every thing, that is requiſite; and, I am ſure, a ſpecies of dramatic Opera might be invented, that, by reconciling reaſon and dignity, with muſick and fine machinery, would charm the *ear*, and hold faſt the *heart*, together.

SUCH an improvement muſt, at once, be laſting, and profitable, to a very great degree; and would, infallibly, attract an univerſal regard, and encouragement.

I AM ſo much a ſtranger to the nature of your preſent engagements, that, if what I have ſaid, ſhould not happen to be ſo practicable, as I conceive it, you will have the goodneſs to impute it only to the zeal, with which I wiſh you at the head of a deſign, as ſolid, and unperiſhable, as your muſick and memory. I am,

Sir,

Your moſt obliged,

And moſt humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr BOOTH.

Dec. 22, 1732.

SIR,

THE weight, which your recommendation muſt ever carry with it, determin'd me to do, what you deſir'd for Mr. *Victor*, with a diſpatch, and a care, which have made him early enough for the flower of the ſeaſon, and I hope ſtrong enough to be of ſervice to the company; whoſe preſent condition, by a concurrence of ill accidents, is in the common voice of the town, declar'd hopeleſs.

IT is the ſevereſt of their misfortunes, that *you* are, yet, incapable of giving a new turn to the town's opinion. *Troy* would fall, did *Achilles* once determine to quit his *Tent*. Will you pardon the effect of a zeal for your intereſt, if I aſk you, whether it could be of any ill conſequence to yourſelf, to appear in ſuch a *Prologue*, as is fit, at ſuch a time, for ſuch a ſpeaker? Among a number of advantages, which might attend it, methinks, the following are obvious.

THE *Town* would be *oblig'd*, to an inexpreſſible degree: The *contempt*, they begin to entertain of the company's ſuppos'd *weakneſs*, (for they deſpair of your ever appearing again,) would be chang'd into a general partiality and benevolence. The *Boxes* would, nightly, be *full*, before ſix o'clock for fear of not coming, in time, to *ſee* and *hear* Mr *Booth*. So, attention is ſecur'd to the firſt act of the Play, and, in all likelihood, a long *run* to the Tragedy.

IF this ſhould be ſo, it were the eaſieſt thing in the world, to prepare, in that interval, little *ſignificant* interludes of ſinging, dancing, and harlequinades, conſiſting of as many Acts, as the Play's, and ſucceeding them (the Acts) regularly, in ſhort, apt ſallies, ſo as to give the ſame force to your *oldeſt* ſtock Plays (which the *town* has as much, by *heart*, as the players) as if they were all, *new*, and *good* ones.

I DONT know whether I explain myſelf enough by the word, *ſignificant*: But my meaning is, that theſe little things ſhould have *ſpirit* and *purpoſe*; and tho' they might be got ready, as faſt, as they can be

be wanted, or wiſh'd for, yet, they ſhould be ſo contriv'd, as to contain the *whole* (*comick* and *muſical*) *ſtrength* of the company.

I HEAR it, every where, complain'd of, that your light entertainments are deficient, in point of fancy: and, in truth, it is evident, that it is not, in theſe caſes, the *expenſive magnificence* of *ſcenery* that does the buſineſs; but a certain *oddneſs*, vivacity, and ſurprize, in the novelty of the contrivance.

I AM running into a length, that I did not intend: my only purpoſe being to offer, to your thoughts, the *hint* of your appearing in a *Prologue*; firſt, to awaken the *town* into *new* hope, that they may be pleaſed again at *Drury-lane*; and then continue, actually, to *pleaſe* them, by ſome ſuch new ſpirit, as I have touch'd upon, in the turn of their entertainments.

AFTER this, I have nothing to add, but that I *muſt* always be, what I always have been,

Sir,

Your ſincereſt admirer,

And moſt obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr BOOTH.

Dec. 25, 1732.

SIR,

YOU cannot imagine, what pleaſure it gives me, to ſee you diſpoſed to remember the ſpirit of ſulphur, which I ſent you laſt year. I have a *private*, and a *public* regard for your health: The part I bear, in every *good* or *ill*, that concerns the *man* I am charmed by; and the obligation I am under, to concur with the *wiſhes* of a people.

IT would give me pain, to be thought capable of an unweigh'd advice, upon ſuch an important occaſion. But, it was evident, from what you told me, of your ſymptoms, and, from what I obſerved, when I looked on you, that, in order to ſtrike at the *root*, it muſt be neceſſary to temper and ſubdue a corroſive and acrimonious *bile*; to the heat and exceſs whereof, I impute your fever, and its conſequences.

IF, in order to preſerve health, the *bilious*, and *pancreatic* juices, muſt operate, with a kind of balance of their contrary qualities, in

in the act of digeſtion; the natural effect of a bile, too volatile, and exalted, muſt be an over-active ſtimulation, by which the alimentary ſubſtance will be hurried into the blood, before digeſtion is perfected; rendering it viſcid, and apt to ſtick, and bring on obſtructions.

HENCE *jaundices*, and a long train of miſchiefs; to remove all which, by removing the cauſe, ſuch a generous *acid*, as ſpirit of ſulphur, conveys to the deficient ſide, an eaſy and immediate aſſiſtance; and, by invigorating the languor of the *pancreatic*, checks the acrimony of the *bilious* juice; and ſo, to talk with the faculty, the *chyle* becomes *laudable*.

THIS prevents all *increaſe* of the diſtemper; but, to diſlodge the clammy humours, which have been thrown upon the veſſels already, I believe there is nothing ſo effectual, or ſo pleaſant, as the uſe of ſome ſuch dilutent liquid, as the *Iſlington waters*, brought you freſh every morning. For that will temper the heat; *thin* and *cool* the blood; and, by promoting excretion of all kinds, ſoon, and ſafely, diſcharge the obſtruction.

As

As to the *Play-houſe*, which is ſick of a diſtemper, leſs dangerous than yours, its *cure* is alſo much more *eaſy*.---Tho' *Tragedy* is what ought to pleaſe moſt--it is too provoking a truth, that it does not. -- What have you therefore to do, but, with *Ben Johnſon*,

Forbear, to give them *wheat*,
Since they will *acorns* eat!

IT is eaſier, to invent *ten taking Farces*, and Pantomimes, than plan the conduct of *one good Tragedy*; and, while the ſmalleſt pains will be moſt liberally paid for, *why* is not the force of your company (much ſtrongeſt, on this weak ſide) exerted to its fulleſt capacity? --- You have *dancers*, *ſingers*, *painters*, *comic actors*, certainly ſuperior to your *Rivals*; but the defect is, your entertainments, of this kind, are not enough originals; they keep too imitative an *eye* upon one, who is, himſelf, but an impoſtor of *French* buffoonery.

NUGIS *addere pondus*, ſhould be the motto to a pantomime theatre; -- I don't mean, that theſe light things ſhould carry *dulneſs*, inſtead of *weight*, by too grave, or too ſerious

rious a caſt--yet there ought to be *purpoſe* and *point*. It is impoſſible, that any man ſhould laugh, with leſs pleaſure, only becauſe he has *reaſon*, as well as *humour*, for laughing; and were the tricks of *Harlequin* connected into a *thread*, and the conſequences of ſome ſtory and deſign, they might, undoubtedly, be more lively, more various, more extravagant, and ſurprizing; and, yet, give *pleaſure*, without *ſhame*; both which we now receive, together. Every little fancy affords occaſion, to join *meaning* with *ſhow*. The pretty ſcene of a *hay-cart*, in your *country revels* (which has little effect, as it is) might have given room for changes, odd whims, and extravagancies, to have kept the houſe in a roar, for eight or ten minutes, together, at an expence of ten or fifteen pounds only.--- The *water-mill*, in one of your Pantomimes, is an inſtance, how much, little, unexpected oddneſſes, can divert our faſhionable audiences.

IN ſhort, were I concerned in your patent, I ſhould think ſome ſuch ſcheme as the following, moſt likely to ſecure the town's partiality, in favour of that company.

As

As for *new* Plays, I ſhould wiſh, unleſs they had a very diſtinguiſhing merit, never to bring on any: For, to what, but the frequency of *vile* ones, is it owing, that, inſtead of a raiſed expectation, people come maliciouſly bent, to a *new* Play, as depending on the cuſtomary nonſenſe. Whereas, in a theatre, where nothing but what, at leaſt, deſerves to ſucceed, is admitted, it would ſoon become the mode, to expect pleaſure at a *new* Play; and the audiences would bring their *good nature* along with them, and leave their *cat-calls* behind them.

THE appetite of the public, being too depraved for *plain* meats, ſhould be humoured with *ſeaſonings* and *ſpices*: For which reaſon, inſtead of *Tragedy*, they ſhould have *dramatic opera*; and, inſtead of *comedy*, *comic opera*. They ſhould, every year, have an entire *new pantomime*, or two, ſtrongly *plan'd*, and enliven'd with as much *humour*, and as wanton a vein of *gaiety*, *machinery*, and *buſtle*, as poſſible;--and the whole ſo contrived, as to introduce aptly, (and not by head and ſhoulders) all the ſtrength of the company, as to ſinging, dancing, *&c.* in character.

IF

IF, in the intervals, between any two entertainments of this kind, there ſhould ariſe a neceſſity to play a round of the old Tragedies, or Comedies, on the ſtock, I ſhould think it neceſſary to re-inforce them, with auxiliary *farces*, and whimſical *interludes*, whereby to give them the influence of novelty, and refreſh that *ſatiety*, which the *town* has ſo many years complained of.

THERE are fifty *old Plays*, which have never been *acted*, in the memory of man; and which (as they are) could never *deſerve* to be revived; which, yet, might, in a very little time, receive additions and alterations, to fit them for bringing on, either as dramatic, or as comic operas; and give them a probability of running into applauſe, and doing infinite ſervice to the company.

NAY, even a humourous ſong, of ſome length, and in character, made and compoſed to the taſte current, for Mrs *Raſter* and *Stoppelear*, might ſometimes have, in a manner, the effect of an intire entertainment.

BUT why am I teaching *Hannibal* the art of *war?* -- only becauſe it is uſual to lay aſide

ſide all *reſerve*, when in company with thoſe, whoſe intereſts we wiſh well to; and while I am *writing* to Mr. *Booth*, I am *talking* to him: It is, therefore, the *leſs a wonder*, if I know not when to leave off.—I deſigned to have writ, this morning, but have been prevented by company all day, and it is now too late, to ſend you the letter, 'till to-morrow. I will wiſh you a good night, though I am not within hearing; but I am always your moſt conſtant admirer, and

Your moſt humble Servant.

A. HILL.

To Mr POPE.

Jan. 16, 1733.

SIR,

I THANK you, with a double pleaſure, for the preſent of your Epiſtle, *Of the uſe of riches*; becauſe it brought me a proof, that you have good-nature enough, to remember one, who muſt have *ſeemed* not to have deſerved the diſtinction. But my reaſon for not acknowledging, ſooner, the due ſenſe I have of many other favours, you have been ſo obliging, as to intend me, is, from an occaſion,

caſion, I have in view, of doing it very ſhortly.

I AM ſorry, *The man of Roſs*, who is, ſo beautifully, your *theme*, is not, like the *Thames* to Sir *John Denham*, your *example* alſo.--You will ſtart, I make no doubt, at an accuſation you are ſo unconſcious of deſerving.---Yet, we know ourſelves too little! and I muſt, in ſpite of my friendſhip, join the world, in its cenſure of this manifeſt defect in your conduct, who can ſuppoſe it ſufficient, to ſhake over us, now and then, a thin ſprinkling, from ſtores ſo inexhauſtibly rich and deſirable!

I wiſh you an increaſe of happineſs, and of health, in this, and every new year; and am,

Sir,

Your moſt faithful,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

May 16, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN assure you, with great truth and pleasure, that I never pass a day without thinking of you: And, but for this, I should be ashamed to remember, how long it is since I ought to have thanked you, for an imitation not to be imitated. I must own, there is a spirit, in the honest vivacity of that piece, that charmed me to the soul. In your other writings, I am pleased by the *poet*; I am, here, in love with the *man*.

I WAS, lately, looking among my papers, and met with the copy of some lines, I sent you, five or six years ago, from *Newcastle*, in one of my journeys to *Scotland*.---It was loosely, and negligently dressed; and, designing to let it be seen in the world, I have brushed off the dust of the road, and, I wish I could say, made it fit for your reception.

IN a conversation, a year or two since, concerning the affairs of the stage, you told me,

me, that there was a patent, in the hands of one of the *Davenants*, of which no uſe was made, and which you ſeem'd to think it eaſy to procure an aſſignment of.

METHINKS, this muſt have been the *Killygrew patent*; for *that*, which was granted to Sir *William Davenant*, is the patent, under which Mr. *Rich* now acts.

I SHOULD be very much obliged to you, for an information, of what you know, concerning this patent; you ſhall ſhortly have my reaſon for this curioſity in,

Dear Sir, Yours, &c.

A. HILL.

To Mr. HIGHMORE.

July 5, 1733.

SIR,

THE late revolt of your *mercenaries*, would, like all other *factions*, have been inflamed, by too violent meaſures; and encouraged, by apprehenſions, too manifeſt: --- You have *ſteered*, like an able *pilot*, between both theſe extreams; and the ſeaſon,

allowing them a due time for reflection, will reduce things, I hope, to their old ſituation.

IN the interim, ſince this accident has made you ſo buſy, that I might not, perhaps, ſo ſoon as I wiſh, enjoy the pleaſure of your converſation, I ſhall write you my ſentiments, and leave them to your judgment.

I don't know, whether one ought to be moſt diverted, or amazed, at that extraordinary conceit of the *Players--That the ſtage has been ſo highly improved, ſince the Patent fell under their management.*

I CONSIDER no action of Sir *Richard Steel*'s, with ſo little regard for his memory, as that *lazy delegation*, ſince he procured his authority upon pretences, directly oppoſite to the uſe he made of it, in an aſſignment, ſo unworthy the parade of his application. --- To me, it ſeems an inſult upon the common ſenſe of mankind, to ſuffer theſe people to boaſt of their *capacity* for managing a Theatre, while they are giving *proofs* to the public, every night they appear, that they neither *know how to judge, or act, or ſpeak, with*

with ſo much as tolerable propriety, or the leaſt grace of decorum.

IF, to have ſurfeited the town, with a choaking ſucceſſion of *abſurdities*; -- if, to have *dreſſed*, inſtead of *redreſſed*, Mr. *Cibber*, and his ſtring of *comedies*; -- if, to conſider the *new* pieces, which are offered them, in *no other light*, than whether their authors will make *intereſt* to ſupport them; -- if, to revive ſo few old ones, that, like the *French* at an *opera*, our *audiences* are able to bear part with the *actors*; and, finally, if not to have found, made, or left, one promiſing *genius for the ſtage*, to ſucceed to the *fame* of ſuch *notable inſtructors*: -- If theſe are the marks of a *capacity*, for *directing* a *Theatre*, then, the *Players* have a *title*, that can never be *queſtioned*.

BUT, I think, there is no *diſpute*, out of the neighbourhood of *Covent Garden*, whether the *ſtage* ought to be in the *hands* of thoſe, who call themſelves *actors*; or of men, who are able to *teach* them, how, indeed, to become *actors*. -- In the *firſt* caſe, the partiality of human weakneſs, and vanity, muſt, and will ruin a company. In

the *ſecond*, ſuppoſing the requiſite application, there can be no other objection.

IT is needleſs to remark, to you, what an advantage it would be, to ſettle a ſcheme of *your campaign*, now your *forces* are at peace, in their *quarters*. But I would offer to your examination, how far the profits of the patent might be increaſed, from a more vigorous proceeding, than has been cuſtomary, for about three months, before *Chriſtmas*.

THAT firſt part of the ſeaſon, being, naturally, the *weakeſt*, ſhould, methinks, have the *ſtrongeſt* ſupport. I wonder, therefore, how the faſhion came up, to get ready no *new* entertainments, 'till about the beginning of *January*. The town is full enough, and cool enough, before that time of the year, to give all the encouragement that can be wiſhed, were there *novelty enough* in the plays, *then*, brought on, and *merit enough*, in the *acting* of them, to attract and reward curioſity. It were ſuperfluous, to add one inference, which muſt neceſſarily be drawn, as to what might be expected, in the *heart* of the ſeaſon, when your very *opening* ſhall have given ſo unuſual a taſte to the public.

IT

IT is true, it would be difficult to procure any ſtock of *promiſing* pieces, ſince *authors* do not chuſe to have them brought on, in that early ſeaſon, becauſe, 'till their friends are all in town, their *benefits* may be liable to ſuffer: But, in this caſe, I could recommend an *expedient*, having ſeveral fine *old* Plays, properly altered, together with a conſiderable variety of *new*, and humorous entertainments, in my hands.--Part of the preparation I have been making a long while, with deſign to attempt a *new Theatre*; but I have poſtponed that deſign, with intention, againſt next ſeaſon, to purchaſe ſome ſhare in the patent, about which, Mr. *Victor* tells me, you have no exception to my treating with the *Ladies*.

IF you pleaſe, therefore, I will execute a ſcheme for your company, from the opening, to *Chriſtmas* next, without any benefit, conſideration, or claim, of any kind, further than a fourth part of the clear profits, which ſhall be made, during that time, for the patent; and, as to apprehenſions of loſs, I will indemnify you againſt any, by making it up, as faſt as it happens.

AN agreement, that is founded on ſuch a propoſal as this, requiring no change of property, may be preſently made, and every party concerned (unleſs I ſtrangely deceive myſelf) find an intereſt in it, without hazard. As to your *deſerters*, if they return, they too, I believe, will find it to their benefit. --- If they refuſe, they will have the mortification to ſee themſelves leſs neceſſary, than they imagine; and the patent ſupported, at leaſt, as effectually, as with them.

IF you favour me, with your concurrence to this propoſal, it will be eaſy to ſettle meaſures, for carrying it into *execution*, after a conference, or two, between yourſelf and,

Sir,

Your moſt humble,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. B——R.

Auguſt 31, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

THE good news, that you are recovering your ſtrength, has given me ſo ſincere a pleaſure, that, inſtead of *ſending* a congratulation, I might expect to *receive* one upon it.

As the way, to keep health, when you have regained it, is, by a mixture of *temperance* and *exerciſe*; the firſt of which you are ſufficiently furniſhed with in yourſelf, it ought to be the endeavour of your *friends*, to draw you into the *laſt*, by a plot to involve you in *buſineſs*.

You have heard of the deſign, which I have now in hand, of *eſtabliſhing an academical Theatre, for improving the taſte of the ſtage, and training up young actors and actreſſes, for the ſupply of the Patent Theatres*. So runs the declaration, with a view, to obviate the malice and oppoſition of the other houſes, and their patrons. I have, in a manner, the whole company, already formed, and can,

I believe, be in a readineſs to open, by the beginning of *November*, at fartheſt; with a race of Plays and Entertainments, ſo *new* in themſelves, and the manner in which they will be acted, that the *ſucceſs* will, I think, be *inſured* by the *novelty*.

I AM offered a patent, on condition of paying a conſideration of 400 *l. per annum*. But, juſt as I was going to cloſe, with this offer, it occurred to my thoughts, that *you* may eaſily make intereſt, to obtain a *licence*, during pleaſure, which will do the buſineſs, as well as a *patent*, with this conſiderable difference, in its favour, --- that the four hundred pounds *per annum* will, inſtead of being loſt, upon a perſon who deſerves no regard, make eaſy the *life* of my *friend*, who is intitled to all my good wiſhes.

ARE you *ſure*, you can get this done? -- If you can, I will take no meaſures, 'till I have talked with you upon it. In the mean time, I will briefly *hint* to you, the ſcheme I intend to proceed by.

IN the firſt place, I ſhall publiſh, and get put into all proper hands, a pamphlet, explaining the deſign, and *why* it deſerves encouragement.

couragement.—In the next place, I ſhall propoſe a ſubſcription, for ſix nights, to a Tragedy, and a faſhionable folly, in the rear of it, by way of trial, whether the company and deſign are worth encourageing, or no; ſubmitting the grant, or refuſal of the licence, to the public effect of thoſe ſix nights, upon the opinion of the town in general.

THIS is a condition, that will make it impoſſible for my Lord Chamberlain, to throw any rub in the way of the licence, which may then be obtained with more facility.

AND, becauſe, in all events, you ſhall be ſure of not waſting your time, if you think you can procure ſuch a ſubſcription, for ſix nights, (for *Voltaire*'s *Zara*) you ſhall have half the profits, which may be very conſiderable, excluſive of the four hundred pounds *per annum*, for the licence, which is to be procured afterward.

THUS I have given you a ſhort ſcheme of my intention, which, I hope, may contribute, in ſome meaſure, to the laſting happineſs I wiſh you. Be ſo good, to conſider, what

what you judge your intereſt able to do in it; and, if you are ſure you can do it, tell me ſo, in but two lines, and there is no other perſon, in the world, ſhall be thought of, in this affair, by,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

Oct. 8, 1733.

MADAM,

NATURE is ſo much your friend, that you want but the aſſiſtance of *Art*, to make that beauty ſtrong and piercing, which, already, is ſo ſoft and pleaſing.

THE preſent condition of the ſtage, affords a lucky opportunity, for ſuch a perſon, as Miſs ——— would ſhe put on *ſoul* and *paſſion*, to tranſport us, with a kind of new creation.

THE moſt finiſhed beauty, without the force and ſpirit that ſhould animate the ſtage,

ſtage, can no more be called an actreſs, than the picture of a fire can be ſaid to *burn*: -- The colours *glow*, 'tis true, and pleaſe us, by their *brightneſs*; but we neither feel the *heat* of the flame, nor ſee it varied, by motion.

I LEARN it from your *form*; I read it in your *eye*; I know it in your power; that we ſhall, one day, ſee you, as remarkably, the ſtage's *glory*, as you are now its *ornament*. Allow me, therefore, to contribute a few hints, againſt this evening; having heard, but yeſterday, that you are then to appear, the firſt time, in the character of *Imoinda*.

IT would be of infinite advantage, could you, without ſtraining your voice, raiſe it a little higher; and, by a weight upon the ſignificant words, make it flower, more diſtinct, and articulate.---The way to do this, is, to make uſe of *pauſes*, in all proper places: For, without thoſe reſtings, our underſtanding, wanting time to receive impreſſions from the ear, retains, but defectively, the image of the meaning, being continually hurried forward, to a *new* idea, while the *old* is unformed and imperfect.

THE

THE actor, who pauſes judiciouſly, will be ſure to appear in earneſt, like the conceiver of what he utters; whereas, without pauſing, the words, ariſing too faſt for the thought, demonſtrate him but a repeater of what he ſhould ſeem to invent, before he expreſſes it.

PAUSES have ſtill this further advantage, that, by their help, an actor may take breath, and riſe ſtronger, and ſtronger --- never ſtraining his voice, beyond its natural compaſs; and yet, have force and elevation to ſhake the hearts of his hearers.

I HAVE incloſed ſo much of a printed copy, as contains the whole part of *Imoinda*, and mark'd, with a ſtar, the propereſt places for pauſing; to which I will only add, that the meaſure of time, in a pauſe, ſhould vary according to the ſenſe. But it will, in general, be enough to reſt, as long as might ſuffice, to pronounce ſuch a word as *power*. --I have drawn a few lines *thus*, under places where the voice is to be ſtrong, high, and emphatical.

FROM

FROM your manner of *ſpeaking*, I come to your manner of *looking*; which, in the *uſual ſenſe* of the word, it is not poſſible for you to improve, beyond its preſent perfection. But, I mean not the *face*, but the *paſſions* which ſhould appear in it. You will find, if you put on a melancholy look, your voice will naturally ſound ſorrowful: A joyful look will give a lively ſound to the voice: And if, when you mean to be angry, you ſhould ſpeak with a ſerene countenance, your voice would not *expreſs* anger, but *affect* it; -- and ſo fail to move the paſſion, you intend to excite in us.

UNDER this head, permit me, to caution you againſt relaxing, and becoming languid and unconcerned, as ſoon as you have done ſpeaking. The quite contrary way, of attending to what is anſwered, as if you really were *Imoinda*, and felt, not acted, her hopes, fears and diſtreſſes, will charm and engage an audience the *more*, as it is ſcarce ever practiſed. -- For the ſame reaſon, though no face is ſhown, ſo much to its advantage as *yours*, it would be proper to refuſe us that pleaſure, for another, which will ariſe, from our obſerving your eye, kept fixed upon the perſon's

perſon's, who is ſpeaking to you, or to whom you are ſpeaking.

AFTER the *voice*, and the *look*, I have room to add but a word or two, about *movement* and *action*. A ſhape, ſo finiſhed as yours, has all the reaſon, in the world, to take it ill, that you endeavour to conceal it. Pleaſe, therefore, to extend your arms, with an opener freedom, as often as it is neceſſary.--Remember, what effect it has in ſolemn dances.--It gives a grandeur, a grace, and ſignificance, to the *air*; and was, in a manner, the chief ſecret of Mrs. *Porter*, in tragical attitudes; as it is now of inexpreſſible advantage to Miſs *Raſter*, in comic ones.

So too, the *Steps* ſhould be ſlow, ſoft, and ſtately; nothing limited, or confined, but every geſture, natural and animated. Your *modeſty* ſhould be quickened with *ſpirit*, and your *freedom* corrected by *ſweetneſs*. It will, I confeſs, be exchanging to your loſs; but you muſt go out of *yourſelf*, into the perſon of *Imoinda*.

I AM ſenſible, that the *time*, as well as the *hints*, will be ſhort; but I was not ſoon enough informed, to be fuller; and am not without

without hope, that this little may be of ſome ſmall ſervice, if you add the aſſiſtance of your own diſcernment, and reflection, to the deficient endeavours of,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

POSTSCRIPT.

MADAM

HAVING wanted room in the cloſe of my letter, to explain, how freedom, and openneſs of action, contributed the chief beauty, to thoſe paſſionate attitudes, for which Mrs *Porter* was ſo happily remarkable, I add this ſlip, by way of poſtcript, to give one inſtance of my meaning, out of the part of *Imoinda*.

IN the 84 page of the inclos'd printed ſheets, *Imoinda*'s joy for her eſcape from the governor, is interrupted by her huſband's pointing out to her the dead body of

of *Aboan:* upon which ſhe cries out in a ſudden ſurprize, *Aboan!*.

THIS ſingle word would have afforded Mrs *Porter* an occaſion, of forcing tears, from the moſt *knowing* part of the audience, and a thunder of applauſe from the moſt *numerous*.

SHE would, firſt, have worn upon her face, an eaſy look of joy, the effect of her eſcape to her huſband; but ſhe would have chang'd it, into a look of apprehenſion, and concern, upon obſerving *Oroonoko*'s expreſſion, that,

" There's, now, no further uſe of words!

NEXT, upon his talking of death, and pointing to *Aboan*'s body, ſhe would have aſſum'd a more earneſt *fear*, and, catching off her *eye* from her *huſband*, look'd aſide for the body; and advanc'd toward it, with her face bent upon it, and her hands a little rais'd, in ſign of the pity, ſhe felt, at ſight of ſuch a barbarity, tho' not yet, imagining, that it was one ſo dear to her huſband, as *Aboan*.

BUT

BUT, while ſhe bends over the body, ſhe diſcerns whoſe it is; and ſtarting back with aſtoniſhment, and horror, throws out her arms, to their utmoſt extent, and, at the ſame inſtant of time, cries out, with a voice, rais'd into *wonder*, and *agony*--ABOAN! as if ſhe would have added, Is it *he*. The man, ſo near to you? ſo loving, and ſo lov'd, by you?

IN the ſame moment recollecting, that *Oroonoko*'s fate muſt, in all likelihood, be *next*, The horror of that conception *roots* her feet to the *ſtage*----Yet, ſhe forces herſelf half round, toward her huſband, and, with her arms ſtill ſtretch'd wide out, looks at him with a ſpeechleſs, imploring, diſtraction of countenance; ſometimes, turning her eye to *Aboan*'s body, and then back upon *Orconoko*, till the ſenſe of what ſhe apprehends, throws her *lips*, *arms*, and *frame*, into a *trembling*, that muſt touch every heart, in the audience.

I NEED not add the neceſſity, there would be, to prevent interruption from the perſon, who acts *Oroonoko*, by preparing him to be *ſilent*, till the *end* of the *action*.

Oct. 9, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIV'D your letter with a great deal of pleaſure; and came to town, time enough to ſee Miſs *H——y*, in the beſt part of *Imoinda*.

I HAD heard the day before, that ſhe was to perform it; and, in order to do her all the ſervice in my power, diſpatch'd a ſervant to town, on purpoſe, yeſterday morning, with a letter to her, containing, the beſt, and moſt obvious, general hints, which it was either proper, or practicable, to give her, at ſuch a diſtance, and ſo ſhort a warning.

I CAN'T ſay, ſhe anſwered the hopes, I had conceiv'd of her; ſhe ſpoke with too low, and faint a voice; and *look'd* and *mov'd*, with too little *force*: But of this I am ſure, that, if her voice is not, *naturally*, too weak (which I find, is every body's opinion) it will be eaſy enough, to inſpirit her motion and geſture: But it muſt be done, not by *written* but *perſonal* inſtructions.

I WOULD

I WOULD have given a good deal, to have known, but a fortnight before, that ſhe was to appear, in that character: It is a terrible misfortune to the houſe, that nothing is ſo little thought of, as improving the natural capacities of the actors; whereas, you know very well, that the greateſt, and moſt accompliſh'd orators of antiquity, both thought it neceſſary, and ſubmitted, with pleaſure, to ſeek the advice, and opinion of their friends, before they became able to ſhine in their profeſſion.

BY the Play, which I now ſend you a copy of, you will ſee, that the part of *Zara* is fill'd with the ſtrongeſt, and moſt ſhining *paſſions*: And nothing is more certain than that, (could Miſs *H*——'s *ſpirit* ſuit it, as aptly, as her *figure*) it would raiſe her at once, to the fame of a capital actreſs; whereas, ſhould I *caſt* her into that part, and her *modeſty* and *diffidence* not allow her to exert herſelf in it, as ſhe ought, it would *hurt* not only the *Play*, but Miſs *H*---'s *own intereſt*,

I HAPPEN'D to ſit near Lord *G*——*ge*, at the Play, and was curious to *obſerve* him;

as he is known to have a partiality, for the perſon of this lady; and I own, I was charmed with a beautiful *ſtruggle*, which I diſcern'd, betwixt his *judgment*, and his *tenderneſs*. He would not, openly applaud a performance, which was *fainter*, than he *wiſh'd* it: Yet, his *humanity* broke out upon every occaſion, where his *reaſon* could catch a *motive* for defending her: And one time in particular, when, in the height of that diſtreſsful ſcene, in the laſt act, ſeveral gentlemen, in the boxes, *laugh'd aloud* at another gentleman's *tears*, in the houſe (which, by the bye was a mirth of a ſavage original) Lord *G—ge*, apprehenſive for the Lady, cried out with a concern, that pleas'd me more than the Play, --- "*You ſhould not laugh ſo loud, becauſe the people upon the ſtage will ſuppoſe, they are acting ridiculouſly.*

I AM very glad, you are reſolv'd to do every thing, in your power, to raiſe a popular intereſt, for ſupport of this Tragedy. One ought to bluſh for the nation, where ſuch a *preparation* is become *neceſſary*: But our *minds*, are like *ſick* men's *ſtomachs*, too weak, to digeſt what is not *minced*, and put into our *mouths*, by thoſe, whoſe *taſte* muſt preſcribe for us. I am greatly delighted to hear

hear how faſt you recover, which is but one of the many good wiſhes, you are entitled to, from the affection of,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

And moſt humble, Servant,

A. HILL.

Oct. 15, 1733.

MADAM,

THO' it is impoſſible, that you ſhould be ſo dead to a ſenſe of your own charms, as not to think me very impertinent, when I tell you, I was not ſo much pleas'd as I expected to be, with your performance of *Imoinda*: Yet, I dare truſt your mind, againſt your heart, ſo far as to depend on your pardoning the great deſire I have, to hear every body *call* you a *fine Actreſs*, as ſincerely as they *own* you a *fine Woman*.

THAT you are the *laſt*, to a very charming degree, was, I dare ſwear, the opinion of every gentleman, then, preſent: Yet, they ſuffer'd you to go thro' that part with-

out *notice* or *applauſe*, in the very *bloom* of your *youth*, and the *triumph* of your *beauty*.

IT was in nobody's power, but your own, to have made this *poſſible*—Had you permitted your *modeſty*, to have enliven'd itſelf with *majeſty*: Had you thrown *ſpirit* into your *voice*, and *paſſion* into your *motion*, there had been a houſe-full of *Oroonoko*'s; and every body in the audience, would have wiſh'd to *die* for *Imoinda*.

IT were *ſafeſt*, I confeſs, to leave you in the *veil*, which your *humility* has thrown over your influence: And it is little better than a plot, againſt the quiet of the public, to lend ambition to a conqueror, who is willing to forget, or neglect her own power. But, tho' you are angry with the *wind*, while it is diſcompoſing you in a *Journey*, yet, you, forgive it very willingly, when you perceive, it has blown away the *clouds*, that intercepted the *Sun-ſhine*.

I TROUBLE you, therefore, once more, with my deſire, that you will beſtow a little time and thought, upon the *beauties* which you *may aſſume*: you are ſo unwilling to remember *thoſe*, you have in your *poſſeſſion*,

that you owe yourſelf, by way of ballance, a double concern for thoſe, you are to be poſſeſs'd of, hereafter.

IF you pleaſe, after having conſidered the abſtract, which I incloſe, to apply its rules to the ſpeech I have added, according to the marginal notices, you will find there is not half the difficulty, you may have apprehended, in the ſtudy of an *art*, which *nature* has ſo form'd you for ſhining in.

I AM far from wondering, that I ſaw not the whole effect of thoſe *hints*, which were ſent you but juſt before you appear'd on the ſtage, that evening: I rather think it wonderful, you could ſo ſoon, and ſo judiciouſly apply, as I ſaw you did, the remarks, relating to *Pauſes*, and *Emphaſis*. What ſeems moſt to be wiſh'd, is a fuller, and more pompous, dwelling on your words in Tragedy; and a more diſtinct, and higher elevation of your *voice*, which is too ſweet, to leave us ſatisfied with ſo little of it, as you generally give us.

IF you are weary of theſe troubleſome advices, you have but one way to avoid

them; and that is, to diſregard and neglect them: For, if I obſerve, that they are of any advantage to you, I am ſo fond of contributing to your intereſt and diſtinction, that the Lord knows what perſecution you may not expect, from,

Madam,

Your moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant.

A. HILL.

Oct. 19, 1733.

SIR,

OBSERVING, in the bills to-day, that *Torriſmond* is to be acted by you, ſo much ſooner than I expected; and remembering the requeſt you made me, at the houſe, I chuſe rather to mark the part, in more haſte than I could have wiſhed, than miſs this opportunity of doing you, I hope, ſome little ſervice.

I DON'T know what reaſons the friends of another houſe may have, for ſupport of their partiality; but, for my part, I have

two

two ſtrong motives, for contributing, every way in my power, to the ſucceſs of *Drury-Lane Theatre*. I know that you have more *natural* merit than your rivals; and every body knows that you have more enemies, and more modeſty.

IF you will pardon my freedom, for putting you in mind of an improvement, which you need only *remember*, and you will *attain*, I would wiſh to ſee you aſſume that gracefulneſs, weight, and eaſineſs, which muſt follow, from your keeping a more raiſed eye; and erect, yet eaſy, neck; -- It will add *nature* to your *meanings*, and *majeſty* to your *words*, and your *actions*; whereas the contrary practice gives the appearance of *levity*; loſes the noble openneſs of the *breaſt*; and contributes to ſcatter and confound the *voice*; much of which it throws *inward*, from the audience.

I TAKE the *knowledge of the paſſions* to be the only thing neceſſary, to make a *finiſhed actor*, where the *voice*, and the *figure*, have ſuch advantages, as you are poſſeſſed of; and I have pointed them out as diſtinctly, as I had room to do it, in the marginal blanks of

of the Play, which I, herewith, ſend you; to which I have added (beſides lines under the emphatical words) little ſtrokes, in this manner, | in the places, where *pauſing* is proper: Firſt, for the ſake of the ſenſe; and next, for a *ſaving* to the *voice*, which will always, by that help, be able to maintain its ſtrength, and eſcape thoſe unpleaſing *cracks*, which are, elſe, ſo frequent, and unavoidable.

As to *action*, its exceſs, either way, is, I think, equally faulty; but of this, I am ſure, that the changes of the paſſions being once found and felt, the proper movements of the body muſt be the neceſſary conſequence.

IT will be needleſs to obſerve to you, that *Torriſmond*'s character is diſtinguiſhed by a ſpirited *ſoftneſs*, a genteel, maſculine *tenderneſs*, that, at once, poliſhes and fires him.---His way of *ſtepping* and *acting*, therefore, (if I am not miſtaken) would be moſt naturally hit, by a gentle, majeſtic ſtatelineſs, every where animated and ſtrong, but never light, or unballanced.

IF any thing I have herein done, ſhall contribute to increaſe that expectation, the town is beginning to conceive in your favour, it will give me a very great pleaſure; for you have all the good wiſhes of,

Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant,

A. HILL.

Oct. 24, 1733.

SIR,

IF I had not been very much engaged, for theſe two or three days paſt, I ſhould ſooner have informed you, that you pleaſed me extremely, in *Torriſmond*; and, leſt ſaying this ſhould be too little, becauſe you muſt have obſerved, that you pleaſed every body, I will add, that you convinced me, at the ſame time, that you have the genius of an actor, and are born to ſhine in the buſineſs.

FOR this reaſon, it will give me a pleaſure, to contribute all the hints I am capable of, to aſſiſt ſo riſing a merit; and, if you

you are to act the *Earl of Eſſex*, which, I hear, is coming on, I will interleaf your part, if you ſend it me, and make room for the neceſſary notes upon the *paſſions*. — I will do the ſame for *Hamlet*, if it comes into your hands, as I hope it ſoon will; for I have told Mr. *Highmore*, I will undertake for your appearing, with honour, in that character.

I CONFESS, I was agreeably ſurprized, to ſee you, at the firſt eſſay, riſe ſo touchingly out of a lightneſs, that cuſtom, want of reflection, and the volatile turn of your ſpirits, had made habitual to your practice. I expected it would be a work, at leaſt, of ſome time; but you prevented my hopes at once; aſſumed a weight, a ſignificance, and a majeſty, which made us not only *think*, but warmly *feel* you, a good actor.

I WILL venture to prophecy, that, whenever you can *forget* an audience, you will *charm* them; it is ſo eaſily in your power to aſſume, and be aſſumed by the character, that I promiſe myſelf, I ſhall ſee your *eye* ſpeaking, as intelligibly as your *voice*; Your voice ſaving its ſtrength, and preſerving its harmony, by a judicious recovery of breath, at

at the pauſing places; and your motions ſolemn, nerved, and adapted to the changes of the paſſions.

IF you had diſtinguiſhed all theſe requiſites, in *Rule a Wife, and have a Wife*, as finely as you did in *Torriſmond*, the applauſe which was given to your *fire*, would have been *paid* to your *diſcernment*: For the paſſion, in that character, is not a raſh, quick, anger, but a thoughtful, manly, deliberate, determined, courage--the effect of reaſon and reſolution; which give a terror to his boldneſs, as if it pierced not the *ear* only, but the *heart* of his *wife*, and thoſe with her.

ADD to this, that the voice, ſo aſſociated to the ſenſe, breaks out (where it ought) with ten times more *muſick* and *ſurprize*, upon the audience, than it is capable of, when too equally and conſtantly elevated.

I BEGAN this letter with no other deſign, than to write for your *part*; but, ſince I have inſenſibly rambled ſo much further, (like a man who is walking where he is delighted with the proſpect of the country) I will add a line, or two, more, to remind you

you, of the advantage it gives to the grace of an actor's *perſon*, when his *head* is kept raiſed; not rounding too lightly, as if it played with the ſound of the words; and the *eye* fixed intently, and held, meaningly ſteady, on the proper object before it. *This* and the nerves of the neck, arms, and feet, ſtrongly braced, in all action, whether violent or paſſive, (ſtill diſtinguiſhing the different propriety of each) will not only impreſs the *ſpectators*, but actually warm the *Player himſelf*, into a *real feeling* of the paſſions he is acting.

THERE is another great beauty, in a Player, who enters ſtrongly into *nature*, and that is, the ſignificance of *ſilent action*, where, after he has done *ſpeaking*, himſelf, he attends to what is anſwered, as if it, in good earneſt, concerned him. This alarms and awakens the audience; who, on the contrary, grow languid and unattentive, when they obſerve a negligence in the actors; juſt as one lazy yawner ſhall ſet a room-ful of his acquaintance a-yawning, for company. I am,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

Oct. 24, 1733.

MADAM,

EVERY body was charmed with the ſpirit of your action and voice, in *Lady Ann*, ſo that, now I am poſitive, it is in your power, to reach every thing upon the ſtage, that is either natural, or amiable.

THAT you may, in *Rutland*, have opportunity to confirm this opinion, by a proof, that will confound and aſtoniſh thoſe, who are in a contrary way of thinking; pleaſe to ſend me the part, becauſe I will interleaf it, to make room for the fulleſt notes I can think of, and wait on you, with it, on *Friday*.

IN the *Miſer*, to night, be ſo good as to think of one caution. I have obſerved a kind of *beautiful* hurry, in pronouncing your words, when you are acting in *comedy*. --- I call it *beautiful*, becauſe it ſprings from a want of *vanity*; for, certainly, if you reflected, with how much pleaſure you are liſtened to, you would ſpread out your *muſic*, and dwell, with diſtinction, upon the *harmony*.

BUT,

BUT, excluſive of this very good reaſon, there is another, which makes it *neceſſary*; for, while you haſten too eagerly, to come to the end of what you are ſaying, your *voice* appears *weaker*, than it is, becauſe, by not *ſwelling* the *ſignificant* words, nor diſtinguiſhing the *periods*, by reſting long enough between them, you run the *ſenſe* too cloſe together,--and, thereby, diſorder your *meaning*, as your *glaſs* would your *ſight*, if, inſtead of keeping it at the due diſtance, you ſhould bring it too near to your *eye*; which, indeed, it might have good cauſe for deſiring, if it were, *really*, as animated as it *appears* to be, when *you* look in it.

IN order to warm every body, who ſees you *act*, you need only reſolve to forget that you are acting. 'Tis the thought of the *audience*, that takes away the natural air of the *player*: Whatever is *well* done on the *ſtage*, muſt be done with the ſame force, freedom, and ſpirit, as if it was doing in *actual life*: It will, elſe, carry a conſtraint, that only robs it of its beauty, as it is common for people's *pictures* to be drawn *ſtiff*, *prim*, and *affected*, from their endeavouring to look with a more

a more than ordinary *reſerve*, when they go to ſit for their *faces*. I am,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

Oct. 30, 1733.

MADAM,

IN the pleaſures of laſt *Sunday* evening, it was impoſſible to think of any thing, out of the company; -- I ſhould elſe, have informed you, that *Selima* was to return, as this morning, to a hand, which, whenever ſhe leaves, ſhe muſt change to her diſadvantage.

IT is a character, I have ſeldom ſeen ſhine; but it was never the fault of the *part*. You will find, that the paſſions are *ſtrong*: And, I am ſure, you can make them be *felt*, as effectually, as if they were all of your own *inſpiring*. I am,

Madam,

Your moſt humble,

And moſt obedient Servant,

M A. HILL.

To Mr. B———.

Oct. 31, 1733.

SIR,

AS your good ſenſe and good nature are both too well known, to leave room for an apology, where the freedom I take, in giving my opinion, can have no other motive, than the pleaſure I receive from the applauſe, which you meet with.—I will venture to offer my ſentiments, on the character of *Tamerlane*.

IF I am not miſtaken, I have ſeen you act it, a little too politely.—You will ſmile, at this unuſual cenſure, but I will explain what I mean by it.

THE purpoſed oppoſition of *Tamerlane*'s humanity, againſt *Bajazet*'s fierceneſs and pride, ſeems, to me, to be carried too far, if the bounds are not nicely diſtinguiſhed, between condeſcention, and neglect of dignity. As his mind is leſs *haughty* than *Bajazet*'s, ſo it is alſo more *noble*; and the ſuperiority of his ſpirit ought to be viſible, in his words, his looks, and his motions.

FOR

FOR this reaſon, his complaiſance will appear too flexible, if he either bows his body with too frequent relaxation; or, if he moves it with too unconſcious an exceſs of humility; tho' he is not proud, he is majeſtic; and, as every thing he ſays has the weight of an oracle, ſo every thing he is ſeen to do, ought to have the grandeur of a hero.

IF my conceptions are any way right, the *air* and *deportment* of *Tamerlane* ſhould, every where, and to all perſons, be diſtinguiſhed, by a conſcious ſuperiority. He ſhould ſmile, without gaiety; look erect, without pride; be provoked, without rage; appear ſoft, without tenderneſs; and condeſcend, without ceremony.

YOU will apprehend, if I explain my own meanings, that the actions of *Tamerlane* ſhould be ſolemn and nervous; his ſtep, ſlow and ſtately; his brow raiſed and aweful; and his looks ſignificant and piercing.

As to his manner of *ſpeaking*, as it is the reſult of his reflections, it ought to be

ſtrong, deliberate, and impreſſive; for his ſentiments are, commonly, ſo noble, that they require a diſtinct and weighty utterance, not only as they deſerve it, by their importance, but, becauſe their effect would be loſt, if due time is not allowed them, to deſcend from the *ear* to the *underſtanding*.

YOUR voice, too, which is charming, to the ſweeteſt degree, in the articulate, declamatory plainneſs, that is proper to this character, will drop none of its accents, which it is great pity it ever ſhould; for the moſt emphatic ſolemnity, with which Mr. *Booth* ſpoke, in *Cato*, is no more, than is neceſſary, in almoſt every ſcene of *Tamerlane*.

To ſay all, in a word--to keep up the ſuperiority, which this prince is made to appear with--he ought to ſpeak like an *angel*, and move like a *God*.

I KNOW, if I had written much leſs, it had been more than enough; for all that can be neceſſary, is, to give you a hint of this improvement upon the character; your own penetration will carry it to the utmoſt length it is capable of; and, in that, I am ſure

ſure of one pleaſure, as every advance in your fame, or your fortune, will give a real delight to.

Sir,

Your moſt humble

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

Oct. 31, 1733.

SIR,

WHEN we were talking, the other night, in the green room, of Mr. *Mills*'s manner of acting *Bajazet*, I had not been informed, that you were ſo ſoon to appear in that character, or I ſhould then have more fully explained myſelf upon thoſe points, in which, I think, he is miſtaken: For, as this front of the ſeaſon muſt fix an impreſſion, in favour or diſtaſte of the company, and there runs an unthinking prejudice about town, which may, and ought to be removed, I wiſh to ſee the ſtrength of every actor of your houſe, exerted to its extent, that partiality may bluſh itſelf into repentance, and opinion no longer be too hard for perſuaſion,

THE *paſſions*, which are ſtrongly marked in *Bajazet*, as Mr *Rowe* has repreſented him, are, ambition, fierceneſs, pride, and cruelty; and all theſe influenced and ſupported, by a daring courage; but made hateful and ſevere, by a burning indignation againſt equals, and a ſcorn of every thing beneath him.

Now theſe, 'tis true, are qualities, that make him violent, impatient, and tyrannical. But then, that violence, and that impatience, ſhould retain the tokens of that pride, to which he owed them.---He ſhould, indeed, be fierce, but then, his fierceneſs ſhould be aweful.--He ſhould be cruel, but he ſhould be majeſtic, in that cruelty.--He ought to be *terrible*, by his anger; and *impreſſive*, in his ſcorn. If he repines, frets, rages, curſes, ſtarts, blaſphemes, or reproaches, -- he ſhould do all this, with a dreadful ſenſe of agony, becoming the regret of a deſpairing emperor; and not with the unmanly nods, flings, jirks, and levity, of a capricious ſchool-boy, when he is held back from quarrelling.

MR.

MR, *Mills* found out, that a great noiſe was one mark of anger; but he forgot, that all this noiſe, in the anger of a ſovereign, ſhould take its meaſure from his dignity, and the decorum proper to his condition. -- Mr. *Mills*, again, was lucky enough to gueſs right, that a captive king, in fury and deſpair, ſhould move with turbulence and agitation; but it never came into his head, that there is a turbulence, without bullying, and an agitation, without awkwardneſs.

I CONFESS, even, that there is ſomething *brutal*, in the tranſports of *Bajazet*; ſo there is too, in the rage of a *lion:* but, I believe, it would puzzle Mr *Mills*'s ſagacity, to name, among all the beaſts he has knowledge of, ſo ſilly a one, as not to be ſenſible of a difference, between the *lion* and the *cat of mountains*.

YOUR very good diſcernment will eaſily gather, from this general remark, on the miſtake in Mr. *Mills*'s manner, that much of what he *rants*, would be better ſuited to the character, if it were to be ſtrained through the teeth, with an indignant, ſuppreſſed anger, or the galling maliciouſneſs of ſcorn.

And, by this change, the force of whatever part of ſpeech is, of neceſſity, to be thrown out ſharp and violent, would be doubly natural, infinitely more ſtriking, and guard and ſecure the *voice*, from ſtretching beyond its harmony.

I COULD ſay a great deal more, on the ſubject, but am ſure, it is not neceſſary; for the field is ſo fertile, into which I am dropping this grain, or two, that, I know, I ſhall ſee it covered, with a harveſt of beautiful improvements. I am,

Sir,

Your moſt humble,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

Nov. 3, 1733.

SIR,

I HAVE been ſo engaged, ever ſince the part of *Moneſes* was brought me, that I could not get time, till laſt night, to begin marking it; but, I hope, this day, to-morrow, and *Monday*, will be more than enough, for ſo able a genius as yours, to comprehend,

comprehend, in its fulleſt extent, the few ſhort notes I have made, and the reaſons for making them.

As nobody ſpeaks with more weight and ſignificance than Mr. *R——ts*, it will be the eaſieſt thing in the world, to quicken and inſpirit the ſolemnity, where neceſſary, by the muſical variation, which will flow from a change, with the changing paſſions.

THIS once done, and your voice ſecured and guarded againſt *cracking*, (or that rough thread ſo like it) by a ſtopping and recovering breath, upon the pauſes--every body will be as pleaſed with the *harmony*, as they already are, with the *diſtinctneſs* and *articulation* of your ſpeaking.

THERE is a caution, which I can't help giving you, becauſe I know how good a *uſe* you are able to make of it: It is, againſt a kind of habitual laſſitude, which has, inſenſibly, accuſtomed you to loſe the benefit of that erect upright poſition of the breaſt and neck, which gives ſuch grace and ſpirit to an actor. You are humble enough, to give up, too willingly, a very charming advantage, in your ſtature; but the audience, who

who conſider themſelves, for the time, as intitled to all your accompliſhments, are more covetous, in your behalf, than you ſeem to be, for yourſelf, and never loſe an inch of you, without reluctance.

I HAVE often, in *Acaſto*, and the *father of the Fair Penitent*, been ſtrongly, and juſtly, delighted, with that ſlow ſolemnity of ſtep, which is there ſo natural to the character. I believe, in parts, where the *age* and the *paſſions* are different, you would wonderfully adorn your perſon, and add, conſiderably, to your influence, by aſſuming a gayer, ſhorter, leſs deliberate, and more lively *tread*, according to the ſpirited fierceneſs, or ſoft amorous vivacity, of the part you act in.

I SHOULD have ſaid much leſs, if I had *leſs* regarded you; much *more*, if your capacity to make a little hint of great advantage, had not been very well known to,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

Nov. 6, 1733.

SIR,

NOT dining at home, yeſterday, it was not, till after the Play, that I found myſelf favour'd with your account of what paſs'd at the meeting.

I THINK your obſervations, on the remarks, are unanſwerably clear and ſtrong, and ſhould have wiſh'd that Mr *R——b* had ſeen them; but that I know, the manner of judging in theſe gentlemen requires neither deliberation nor reflection: They have an opinion, as much too active, as their reaſon is too ſlow: and are too fond of firſt impreſſions, to taſte the delight of acknowledging a miſtake, to make room for a *conviction*,

SINCE you are pleas'd to aſk my thoughts, on his behaviour and purpoſe, I will aſſure you, ſincerely, that your Play will neither ſuffer in its acting, from any, *bad* opinion, he may have of it; nor could have received any advantage from his *good* one: He carries no weight among his Players; who are, all, agreed in *two points:* That *he* has

has no judgment at all; and that *they* have *themſelves* a very ſtrong one.

I SEE, plainly, from what motive ſprings his notion, that the Play *wont do*. He obſerves, that of late, the audiences are far leſs touch'd than they have formerly been, with the *ſerious* walk in comedy; while the *low* and the *ridiculous*, on the contrary, receives louder applauſe, than ever.

BUT this he, *falſely*, imputes to a change, in the taſte of the public. *Nature* is always the ſame: and the *paſſions*, where and whenever, they are ſtrongly hit, will be ſtrongly exciting: But the misfortune lies here—when Mr. *Booth*, and Mr *Wilks*, Mrs *Oldfield*, and Mrs *Porter*, appear'd in natural and reflecting characters, there was a *Pathos* in their delivery, a ſenſation in their air, an expreſſion in their geſture, and a ſpirit in their conception and execution, that compell'd the dulleſt apprehenſion to receive the meaning of the dialogue:—Now all this power is loſt; and we may ſleep in the moſt alarming paſſages; becauſe the actors are, unnaturally *pert*, unmovingly *cold*

or

or elaborately tireſome, from a dull, dry, drawling monotomy of declamatory ſtiffneſs.

HENCE, all theſe light dumb inſults upon common ſenſe, the Pantomimes and Entertainments, which are become ſo ſhamefully neceſſary:----the people in the management of our theatres, have wanted *art* to form good actors; the want of good acting has pall'd and diminiſh'd the pleaſure of going to plays;—and then, when theſe *mountebank* managers have *phyſick'd* us into a *lethargy*, they clap *Vinegar* to our *noſes*, in hope to *twinge* us into a *recovery of our ſenſes*.

THIS is, certainly, the preſent condition of the *ſtage*: But, as the *houſes* are all equally *ſharers* in one common defect, I am of opinion you would be in the right, to let your Play come on at Mr *Rich*'s, rather than remove it; for ſeveral reaſons, and, in particular, for theſe following:

Covent-Garden houſe is larger, by one part in three;----It is more commodious for going into, and coming out of; the town's opinion of ſome of their actors, is very favourable; whereas there runs a ſtrong current

rent of prejudice againſt *Drury-Lane:* and I am afraid, it will increaſe to an unſurmountable degree of odium very ſoon, unleſs the Patentees can be prevailed upon to ſee their own intereſt, in giving up their unpopular pretenſions to proſecute the people, who are, univerſally, thought to be better actors than their own, and protected without doubt, (in however covert a manner) by much more powerful hands, than the Patentees are aware of.

THUS Sir, I have taken the liberty, in obedience to your commands, to give you my opinion, with the utmoſt frankneſs, and ſincerity: to which I muſt add, that ſuch ſcenes, as ſome very fine ones in your Play, will repay themſelves, in the cloſet, for whatever loſs they may ſuſtain, from the unſtriking lightneſs of our theatric manner of acting them. I am,

Sir,

Your moſt humble

And moſt obedient Servant.

A. HILL.

To Lord BOLINBROKE.

Nov. 7, 1733.

MY LORD,

I HAVE beg'd the favour of Mr *Pope*, to convey to your Lordſhip's hands, a tranſlation of Mr *Voltaire*'s *Zaire*, which is to appear on the ſtage in a month or two.

I SHOULD think it no better, than a civil impertinence, to aſk pardon for the trouble: it being ſcarce more publicly known, that your Lordſhip is a maſter of wit, than that you are an encourager of it in others.

THE paſſions in Mr. *Voltaire*'s *Zaire*, are ſo ſtrongly and ſo happily touch'd, that I wiſh they might be chargeable upon his acquaintance with our *Shakeſpear* in his native language: I remark it not to his diſadvantage; for, if he borrows our ideas, he borrows at leaſt, like a *gentleman*, who improves, by the bounty of a *friend*, a ſufficient eſtate of his *own*; whereas he has *Engliſh* examples of pirates, who, having taken *French Tragedies*, as if they were *French Prizes*, chang'd the name with the property,

property, and paſs'd them away for their *own*, without ſhame or acknowledgment.

I NEVER ſaw Mr. *Voltaire* any nearer, than in this Tragedy; where, I confeſs, he impartially charms me. He ſeems to *think* with the *heart* of an *Engliſhman*; but he *expreſſes* thoſe thoughts, with a *Frenchman*'s vivacity. Having found the *wit* of his nation either too *ſimple* or too *delicate*, he has nerv'd the *ſimplicity* with *force*, and ſubſtituted a *politeneſs*, in the place of *affectation*.

I AM only apprehenſive, leſt this play, after ſo *popular* an encouragment in *France*, ſhould be too faintly receiv'd on our ſtage, for want of a pitiful preparative call'd *making an intereſt*; which, by the decay of common ſenſe, is become infamouſly, neceſſary. I have nothing particular to fear, from this *probability*, for I have the only *profit* I propoſe in the pleaſure of having tranſlated the Tragedy. But, I ſhould be ſorry, if the *French*, who will hardly confeſs we are abler judges of wit, ſhould impute our colder reception of *Zara*, to our deeper degeneracy: And the almoſt national eſtabliſhment of blindneſs among us, as a political

tical modern improvement upon our old *Engliſh* conſtitution.

IT is with a view to your Lordſhip's power of preventing ſo likely an accident, that I wiſh your influence exerted:----That is your opinion, occaſionally declared, before its appearance, at the theatre: I have the honour to be, and to know a thouſand reaſons for being, with the greateſt reſpect and ſubmiſſion,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's Moſt obedient,

And moſt humble Servant.

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Nov. 7, 1733.

SIR,

THO' I have, really, no ſkill in the *French*---and am (perhaps, for that reaſon) not overfond of the language, yet, I read it with pleaſure, in reſpect to the *writers* of that nation; and have ſeldom been

more ſtrongly delighted, than with the Tragedy of *Zaire*.

I HAD ſeen nothing of Mr. *Voltaire*'s before, except the *Henriade*; and whether it was from my own *want of taſte*, or the poem's *want of fire*, I found it too cold, for an *epic* ſpirit; ſo conceiv'd but a moderate opinion, as to the *dramatic* attempts of the ſame author :---But, genius being limited, we act too raſh, and unreaſonable a part, when we judge after ſo general a manner. Having been agreeably diſappointed in *Zaire*, it was due, as an atonement, that I ſhould contribute, to widen *his* applauſe, whom I had thought of, too narrowly.

I HAVE, therefore, made this Tragedy ſpeak *Engliſh*, and ſhall bring it on the ſtage, in a month, or two; where, though I have no intereſt in its ſucceſs, I ſhould be vex'd to have it miſcarry; becauſe it is certainly, an excellent piece, and has not ſuffer'd, I hope, ſo much in the tranſlation, as to juſtify a cold reception at *London*, after having run into the moſt general eſteem, at *Paris*. I will do all, in my power, to prepare the town to receive it, to which end I have given

given the *profits* to a gentleman, whose *acquaintance* is too large for his *fortune*; and your good taste and good nature, assure me of your willing concurrence, so far, as not only to say of it, what it deserves, but, to say it at such times, and in such manner, as you know best how to chuse; in order to give your recommendation the intended good consequence.

LORD *Bolinbroke* was a patron of Mr. *Voltaire*, and can effectually advance the reception of his Play, among those who are most his friends, and best able to support it, at its appearance. I have ventur'd to ask it in the author's behalf; and beg, you would convey the letter and translation, to my Lord's hands, as soon as you please, after you have read them.

I WOULD desire you to excuse this trouble, if it were not to look, like a distrust of that delight, which, I know, it gives you, when you have an opportunity put into your hands, to do a kind, or a generous action,

THE last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, at *Westminster*, you were observing among some rude beginnings of rock-work, which I am designing in my garden, a *little*

obelisk of Jerſey ſhells, over a groteſque portico for *Pallas*, againſt the park-wall. You, then, expreſs'd ſome thoughts of improving ſuch a uſe of thoſe ſhells, into a nobler obeliſk, among your beauties, at *Twittenham*. Allow me to *beſpeak* for *myſelf* againſt next ſpring, the permiſſion of preſenting you the ſhells, materials, and workmanſhip; that I may have the honour to plant in your gardens a probability of being, ſometimes, remember'd by the maſter of that growing paradiſe. In the mean time, be ſo good to accept this ſmaller parcel, juſt enough, (if there is yet to come, of the ſeaſon, half a weak of dry weather without froſt,) to embelliſh your *marine temple*, by inſerting them, among the *Hollows*, between thoſe large ſhells, which compoſe it: where being plac'd in oblique poſition, ſo as to lie open to the weather, they will enlighten the gravity, and catch a diſtant eye, with a kind of ſhining propriety.

I OUGHT never to end a letter to you, without a wiſh for your perfect health; becauſe it is impoſſible to think of you, without a pain from the reflection, that you *want* it too often, I am,

Yours &c.

A. HILL.

To Mr. JAMES THOMPSON.

Nov. 10, 1733.

SIR,

IT is long ſince I had the pleaſure to converſe with you, perſonally; but your true ſelf has been nearer, and I enjoy ſo frequent an intimacy with your mind, in thoſe generous tranſcripts of it, which the world is poſſeſs'd of, that I don't know, whether I can ſay, with propriety, you have been *abſent*.

As I greatly eſteem your *genius*, I muſt be ambitious of your *judgment*; therefore, hope, you will juſtify my partiality, who prefer this tragedy of *Zaire*, to all the reſt of Mr. *Voltaire*'s writings: Some of which had impreſs'd me, with too ſlight an opinion of his capacity.

IN a month, or two, I ſhall bring *Zara* on the ſtage; where, as ſhe is neither *dumb* enough to forbear ſpeaking at all, nor brisk enough to talk *ſmuttily*, I am afraid, the example of her ſucceſs on the *French Theatre*,

will hardly entitle her to a civil reception, *good taſte*, being the laſt of their *faſhions*, we ſhall be fond of *appearing* in.

If, after having read it yourſelf, you find it fit to be read by, or to ſuch of your friends, as can promote its ſucceſs, by their influence, I flatter myſelf you will do it that favour. And, if I might be particular, in taſking your indulgence, Mr. *Dodington* ſhould be the firſt of the number. I have not enough the honour of his acquaintance to ſollicite his concern for ſupport of this Tragedy; but it has been, ſo juſtly applauded at *Paris*, that (abating for ſome loſs, it may have ſuſtain'd in the tranſlation, its ill reception at *London*, might bring a kind of infamy, on the nation; and Mr *Dodington* is, too nobly, the ſon of his country to decline an opportunity of aſſerting her juſtice.

As all my own copies are travelling, upon this errand, I take the liberty of ſending you one, that my daughter had writ, for herſelf; and which, tho' a little wild, in the cut of the letter, is, I believe, pretty free from errors of conſequence, I am

Sir, *Yours*, &c.

A. HILL.

Nov. 16, 1733.

MADAM,

SINCE the *Counteſs* of *Rutland* will, to-night, have the advantage of looking like Miſs *H——y*, give me leave to beg, you would be *even* with her, and *act*, like the *Counteſs of Rutland.*

HER *diſtreſs* is the *greateſt*, that can break in upon *human nature*; and in her ſcenes, with the *queen*, and with *Eſſex*, there is no *room* for that beautiful apprehenſiveneſs --- that unconſcious, and too diffident modeſty of movement, with which you are ſtill apt, I can't ſay, to *cover*, but a little to *ſhade*, the *ſpirit* of your *ſhape* and *action*.

WHEN I ſaw you, in *Selima*, there was nothing to be wiſhed, more *lovely*. But I long'd for ſomething more *miſerable*. This is a very odd compliment to a lady, for any of whoſe ſorrows I ſhould be truly afflicted. All that I mean is, --- you filled our *eye* with your *ſweetneſs*, where our *hearts* ſhould have been *ſhook*, for your *ſufferings*: And, particularly, in that ſcene, where you pleaded with *Bajazet* for life, tho' your *action*

was beautifully *juſt*, it was not *ſtrong* enough, nor ſo *wild* and *diſtracted*, as it ought to have been. Let me beg you to remember it, to-night, and throw yourſelf, with an unreſerved boldneſs and freedom, into the livelieſt attitudes of *diſtreſs*; fully aſſured, that a *form*, ſo finiſhed as *yours*, can have nothing to fear, from too ſpirited an exceſs of action; ſince the more *lights* it is ſhown in, the more *charms* it diſcovers.

You have already attained infinite graces, in your improved manner of filling the ſtage, and looking, and ſeeming in earneſt. Pleaſe to conſider, how miraculouſly ſoon you are come this extraordinary length! --You have at moſt, but as far more to go, as you have travelled already. -- Suppoſe yourſelf at the middle ſtage of a two days journey, you have no night behind, and every moment, from your next ſetting out, opens, nearer and nearer, the place you long to arrive at.

I HAD, lately, the pleaſure of hearing you ſay, that you did not yet know the ſtrength of your own voice, having never raiſed it high enough to find it in danger of

of breaking. You cannot imagine, what an obligation I ſhall think it, if you will prevail on yourſelf, to make this trial to-night, only with this caution, whenever you raiſe it to let it riſe *naturally*; -- that is, without needleſs endeavours to make it *ſweeter*, than it is; but as much *ſtronger* and *fuller*, as much more *diſtinct*, *pathetic*, and *weighty*, as poſſible.

I WISH I knew how to explain what I mean by *weighty* and *pathetic*. By *weight*, I underſtand a forceful, and important dwelling upon the word, in its delivery, as if you would ſtamp it upon the underſtanding; -- as if you parted with it reluctantly, 'till convinced it would have its effect; as if your *voice* was hung upon the *ſound*, with as much earneſtneſs, as the *eye* of a *lover* would cling to a *beauty*, like *yours*, under ſudden apprehenſion of loſing it for ever.

THEN, to prevent ſuch a dwelling on the utterance, from appearing *affected*, or too *whining*, comes in the *pathetic*; which is nothing more, than that feeling ſignificance, that intereſted ſound of concern, that gives meaning to the tone it is ſpoke with. I will

will deſcribe, to you, one *ſure* and *eaſy* way, to hit this compleatly.

WHENEVER you would expreſs any ſentence, in a more *moving* manner, than ordinary, remember, before you begin ſpeaking, to draw up your breath hard, and then let it go, with a *ſigh*; but, in the very moment you let go the *ſigh*, begin to utter the *ſentence* along with it; and you will perceive a touching *ſenſibility*, in the *ſound* of your words, which will ſwim down, as it were, upon the ſigh, with the ſtrength, agitation, and pointedneſs, of a *boat*, that is ſhooting the *bridge*--ſuppoſe the *boat* to be the *ſound* of the voice, and the *ſigh*, the ſtream that conveys it.

THERE is one thing more, which I muſt, of neceſſity, beg you to practiſe; and that is, the *art* of forgiving a *good will*, ſo impertinent as that of,

Madam,

Your moſt humble,

And moſt obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To JOHN HIGHMORE, *Esq;*

Dec. 1, 1733.

SIR,

WHEN I was favoured with your anſwer to my laſt, I reſolved, from the hint you gave me, of the perplexed ſituation of the patentee's affairs, to mention no more my deſign of bringing on a *new play*, before *Chriſtmas*, as it is eaſy to perceive, my only motive for propoſing it, was the proſpect of doing the houſe ſome ſeaſonable ſervice.

BUT, I preſume, you have no objection againſt *Zara*'s coming on, about the 14th or 15th of *January*.--I beg you would be plain, in your anſwer to this query, becauſe I ſhould wiſh to conſult you, about the caſt of the parts; and it is time to begin the execution of a ſcheme of meaſures, I have formed, for bringing over the town's opinion in favour of your company, by a right uſe of the public papers.

BELIEVE me, Sir, you will find this no great difficulty; and, for my part, if you'll forgive the freedom of obtruding my opinion,

nion, I ſhould not, as things ſtand, were I a patentee, ſo much as wiſh for the return of the *deſerters*: -- I would rather bend my thoughts on ſhewing, in the ſtrongeſt lights, the power of the company, as it ſtands at preſent; -- or, at moſt, with addition of one good man, and one good woman, actor.

VARIETY of entertainment will do every thing: -- An old Play, never acted in man's memory, tho' of univerſal and eſtabliſhed reputation, may be got up, in as ſhort a time as it requires to revive (as it is falſely call'd) a Play, that is upon the ſtock of all the acting companies. And theſe, by the aid of new and ſpirited (yet not at all expenſive) entertainments, added to them, *viz*, Farces, Pantomimes, and Comic Operas, would infallibly draw audiences ſo long, that, when their *runs* are over, they may be ſucceeded by ſtill more and different new ones. -- And, pleaſe but to imagine the effect of having it obſerved, by the town, that, while the other companies act, all, but the ſame ſet of Plays, the audiences, at *Drury-Lane*, are ſure to meet with novelty, and what can be ſeen at none of the other Theatres.

I HAVE

I HAVE no deſign, no intereſt, in what I ſay.---I am only a ſincere and hearty friend to you, and to your company; becauſe I hate the baſeneſs of a wretch, who would have ſcreened himſelf behind the curtain, and deſtroyed a benefit, which he had ſold ſo dearly.---If, therefore, my aſſiſtance can be ſerviceable, you may command it freely, and as a friend ſhould give it; void of any thoughts of intereſt, or advantage whatever.

FROM *Chriſtmas*, till the middle of *March*, I ſhall be pretty much at leiſure; and, if I am not too officious in propoſing it, ſhould think that time agreeably paſſed, in waiting on you, as often as you judge proper, to conſult and regulate a plan, whereby ten weeks may nobly make amends, for what ſhall happen, be it ever ſo bad in all the reſt of the ſeaſon.

BUT, if this ſhould have the leaſt tendency to interfere with any already ſettled ſcheme of your own, I am far from thinking it reaſonable, that you ſhould accept of the offer. I only make it, as what may be of ſome *benefit* to the *houſe*, and a pleaſant *amuſement*,

amuſement, for a month or two, to *myſelf*, in caſe you have no better proſpect before you.

I BEG to know, if I may depend on, and prepare for the time I have mentioned, for *Zara*; and your thoughts, in general, of my offer; who am,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

And moſt humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Lady WALPOLE.

May 30, 1734.

MADAM,

THE ſhadowy beginnings of a rock-work, in my ſpeck of garden, are not yet in a condition to have deſerved the honour of your Ladyſhip's eye. They ought to have been veiled from ſo penetrating a judgment; for, I know, your genius is celebrated for its taſte and propriety, in this kind of ornament.

BUT

BUT, my ſervants having informed me, that your ladyſhip ſeem'd deſirous to know, what *compoſitions* I uſe, in cementing the *pebbles*, and *ſhell-work*, and where, and at what rates, the *blue ſtones* are to be procured, I take the liberty to addreſs a written anſwer to your hand, becauſe it would charm me, to ſee a fancy ſo able and elegant, exerting itſelf this way, in a ſituation ſo tempting, and ſo nobly adapted, as your Ladyſhip's garden at *Chelſea*, where the decline of the ground toward the river, and the neighbourhood of *London*, added to the dignity, which the work would receive from the name and rank of its owner, would do honour to our country's taſte, in an improvement, at once, the moſt beautiful and neglected, of all our garden embelliſhments.

AND yet, it is the *imagination* that does all, in this amuſement. The expence is trifling, and inconſiderable — not ſo much as *Terras* is neceſſary, except on the *roofs* or *copings* of places, expoſed to the wet: But, on the ſides, even of thoſe open places, and on every part of ſuch, as are covered, nothing further is requiſite, than a mixture of

two

two parts of hard, round ſand, with one part common lime, well beat together, with a moderate proportion of hair. This is to be laid pretty thick on the work, deſigned to be covered, and the ſtones, ſhells, *&c.* preſſed hard and cloſe into the mortar, which will grow dry enough, in two or three hours, to be proof againſt all weather.

THE *blue ſtones* are choſen *clinkers*, from the *glaſs-houſes*. They are produced from the breaking of melted pots, filled with metal, for their fineſt ſorts of *glaſs*. Theſe will be of no further coſt, than an inconſiderable preſent to the *workmen*, added to the very ſmall expence, of having them picked out of the *cinder heaps*, and brought in boats to your garden.

I PROCURED my *ſhells*, at firſt, at very chargeable rates, from the *toy-ſhops*, here in town; but I have ſince had them brought me from the places of their growth, at leſs than the twentieth part of what they before uſed to coſt me.

MY intent was, to cover a little town garden, by way of model for a deſign, which I have ſome thoughts of executing, at large, where

where I have more room, in the country. But I find myſelf ſo crowded, as to want ſpace, even for a model.

IN the mean time, I ought to have, in my eye, the example of a *coquette haymaker*, who would not allow herſelf to be called *pretty*, at preſent; but confeſſed, ſhe ſhould be worth *looking at*, when ſhe came to *church*, next *Sunday*. I will, therefore, ſketch out, for your Ladyſhip, a little idea of the *Temple of Happineſs*, as I purpoſed it, from that rude foundation, with four entrances, in the middle of my garden; but your Ladyſhip ſaw it undreſſed, and as void of ornament as the *haymaker*.

IF any of your Ladyſhip's ſervants bring word to my houſe, that they have your permiſſion, at ſome time, when leaſt inconvenient, to ſhew me that part of your garden, where the rock-work is deſigned to be raiſed, I ſhall more fully conceive both the purpoſe and occaſion, which the ſituation may point out; and will, very readily, do myſelf the honour, to ſend your Ladyſhip whatever hints may offer. I am, with great reſpect, *Your Ladyſhip's*

Moſt obedient Servant,

O A. HILL.

Oct. 16, 1734.

DEAR SIR,

THO' I had the pleaſure of reading your new Play, immediately after your ſending it me; yet, as I have, for ſome time paſt, had my thoughts a good deal bent, upon a dryer and leſs agreeable ſubject, I have taken the liberty to keep it a week longer than I ought, that I might go over it with a more careful and intent application.

The moral is very generous and inſtructive: But, it is eaſier to *laugh* than *think*; and I am almoſt afraid, you might have promiſed yourſelf a ſurer ſucceſs, if, with leſs regard to the *purpoſe* of your Play, you had ſhewn more to the *gayety* of it.

IT is a miſerable obſervation, which may be made, every night, in our Theatres—that *meaning* is ſilently *pardoned*, while *folly* is miſ-called *entertainment*, and received with *uproar* and *tranſport*: They are awake to nothing but *hurry*; and that too, to the moſt dark and dirty kinds of it. They approve of nothing, that they are able to ſee through.

through. Their taſte, as they wrongfully call it, is a kind of muddy vivacity; which, like the working of a *beer-barrel*, fills the body of the veſſel with confuſion, and throws the noiſe, and the droſs, to the ſurface.

IN general, I fear, no Comedy will, at preſent, be well received, upon our ſtages, except it is one, of the low, light turn of humour, where every thing is calculated for mirth, and nothing left to reflection.

THERE is ſomething very ſtriking, in the deſign of *Violetta*'s perplexing gay life, in order to correct and remove her lover's jealouſy. The contraſt, too, will be humorous and diverting, between the miſtreſſes and maids, transformed, like the men and the maſters. --- I don't know, whether it might deſerve to be thought ſome heightening to the ſpirit of this part of the plot, not to leave the ladies ſubſtituting their maids in their places, to meer fancy, or jumping into a like humour, with their lovers, --- but rather to ſuppoſe it the effect of ſome diſcovery of ſuch a deſign, in the gentlemen --- ſo, to match them, at their own weapons.

I KNOW your good ſenſe, too well, to doubt of your pardon, if I am ſincere enough, to diſlike the too ſtrong colours, in your painting the widow's coarſe complexion.---The *likeneſs* is natural enough; but ſhe ſeems too ugly to be looked upon, by the ladies, without confuſion.

I AM very much obliged to you for the honour you intended me, on *Sunday*. In a few days, when I have got through a little hurry, I am under, at preſent, I will bring you my thanks, to your lodgings, and be fuller, on the particulars of this Comedy, which you have given me the pleaſure of peruſing. I am, with perfect reſpect,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

And moſt humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To the Honourable Mrs. DEVEREUX.
at the Bath.

Oct. 20, 1734.

MADAM,

IF I had never had the honour of *ſeeing* you, I might have been in danger of believing, that nothing could be more charming than your *letter*.

BUT you have, in common with your eyes, and your diamonds, the quality of ſhining with *new luſtre*, in every *new light*, through which you are looked at.

I CANNOT wonder, that the public diverſions have an enemy in your ladyſhip; yet they have *one* title to your favour; -- and that is, from the pity, wherewith a heart ſo generous, as yours, muſt conſider the wretched, and the incurable.

WHATEVER could have given occaſion, for ſo long a ſtay, as you have made, at *Bath*, muſt have been *ſure* of our envy and diſapprobation, at *London*.---But, there is no being patient, under the provocation of ſuch

an image, as a mind, ſo excellent as your Ladyſhip's, ſubmitting its quiet to the harrowings of law perplexities! If there is ſuch a rarity in nature, as a *man*, of your vivacity, he would feel leſs mortification, under the pennance of driving a ſnail, from *Holland* to *Italy*.

MR. *Blythe* is too good, for a world, ſo unlike him; or he could not forgive me a neglect, that I have, however, but ſeemed to be guilty of. A long journey, of ſix weeks, kept his letter out of my hands, 'till I imagined, by the time I had heard fixed, for your leaving *Bath*, my anſwer could not have found him. The pleaſure I received, with that beautiful and obliging letter, was too great, to have remained unacknowledged; which I will aſſure him, under my hand, if I hear, that your Ladyſhip's ſtay, where you are, is not to be ſo ſhort, as I wiſh it.

I AM ſo proud to obey your commands, Madam, that I ſhould readily have delivered, to Grace, Wiſdom, and Juſtice, the regard you are pleaſed to expreſs, in the commiſſion you ſent me, in your Poſtſcript;

but, I found, upon enquiry, that they were gone, with your Ladyſhip, to *Bath*; and there is nothing more reaſonable, than to conclude, that Monarchy is to be found, in their company.

I AM, and ſo is every body, I have a claim in, with the greateſt reſpect,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

Obedient humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Lady WALPOLE.

June 8, 1734.

MADAM,

I HAVE the honour to ſend your Ladyſhip the draught, which I promiſed, of a Rock-work, deſigned for my garden; but it is ſuch a draught, as cannot fail to balance what approbation you may give it, by the ſmiles it will furniſh you with, at my aukward manner of doing it; for, not having the leaſt notion of drawing, I have made a very poor ſhift, to ſketch out the

bare outlines of my meaning. This plan, in a garden of mine, muſt aſſume no loftier a name, than that of *The Cave of Content*. In any of your Ladyſhip's, it would have expected to be called, *The Temple of Happineſs*.

THE whole ſpace, as I intended to deſcribe it, is a ſquare of 300 feet; of which, the circle, in the center, includes one hundred. This inner diviſion is quite private, being ſeparated from the reſt, by a wall round the circular cloiſter, whoſe piazas, in front, open, on all ſides, to the garden.

ON the top of an artificial hill, within this circle, ſtands the Temple of Happineſs, high enough to be viſible, in all parts of the garden, having the Cave of Content, in a leſs expoſed ſituation, on the ſide of the hill, below it; and overlooking, at its immediate foot, a little ring of corn fields, and meadows, round a thatched country cottage. This proſpect is extended, by rural paintings *in freſco*, upon the flat of the ſurrounding wall, while the Temple commands, at due diſtance, a view of the prouder parts of the garden.

To

To this center tend, directly, four great paſſages, beſides eight bye-paths, through the wood; yet, of all the twelve ways, one only leads into the encloſure, tho' each of them ſeems to promiſe an eaſy and immediate admiſſion; for, that the curioſity may be attracted, the ſtatue of Happineſs ſtands viſible, over the dome of the Temple, holding out an elevated torch, in an attitude of invitation.

THE four direct paſſages are four grottos of Rock-work; their outſides rugged and irregular; adorned with ſhells, of the largeſt kinds; but their inſides beautified, after a nicer and more finiſhed manner: Theſe are the grottos of POWER, of RICHES, of HONOUR, and of LEARNING; diſtinguiſhed each by its proper ſtatue, placed over the entrance.

Deſcription of the Grotto of POWER.

THE numbers, 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. in this grotto, are windows, or groteſque openings, each of which gives proſpect to a different walk, through the wood, terminated by a figure, proper to the poſition. Theſe are the

the ſtatues of FAME, REVENGE, VICTORY, VIOLENCE, PRIDE, and SECURITY; the ſix moſt natural perſuits, in the attainments of power.

THE intermediate ſpaces, betwixt the windows, on both ſides of this Grotto, are adorned with rocks, which widen inward, in different degrees, ſo as to make the paſſage winding and irregular.

UPON, and among theſe rocks, are repreſented, in *ſhell-work*, of all ſizes and colours, the forms of military weapons, antient and modern; as alſo the ruins of old caſtles and towers. --- And, from caves, up and down, within the rocks, hang chryſtals of ſalt-petre--the foundation of that friend of power, gunpowder.

THE end of this Grotto, inſtead of introducing to the Cave of Content, opens into the circular cloiſter, that fronts outward, upon the walks and canals; theſe canals, being four in number, are terminated, each, by its proper mount (compoſed of the earth that is dug up, in forming it) adorned with wood, and rocks, over which fall ſheets of water.

THE

THE gravel-walks (from 7 and 7) end in caves, which give paſſage, under the mount, by a vaulted ſemicircle, and open in front, to the water, between groteſque pillars of ſhell-work.

THE walks (from 8 to 8) end in rocky aſcents to the tops of the mounts.--- Down from the other ſides of which mounts, deſcend paths, into the outward garden, whereof this whole plan is but the center.

AT 9 and 9, which is an entrance into one of the bye-alleys, ſtand the ſtatues of MALICE and SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS; (their names inſcribed on their pedeſtals) pointing into the wood, with an air of invitation. This winding path, once entered, leads to a cavern, to be known, by its inſcription, for the Grotto of PATRIOTISM.---Deſcending into this grotto, it leads through a ſubterranean paſſage, which, inſtead of coming out at the *Cave* of *Content*, riſes upon a baſin, to be called, *the Fountain of Folly*, properly diſtinguiſhed, in the midſt of the wood; wherein is the ſtatue of a *fool* (with a cap and bell) very buſily waſhing a *Blackamore*, who

who laughs, and lolls out his tongue, at the fruitleſs ſollicitude of the labour.

AT 10 and 10, in the oppoſite quarter, are the ſtatues of BENEVOLENCE and PITY. The attitudes of theſe, alſo, invite to the wiſh'd-for center; but the covered alley between them, leading, firſt, thro' the grot of MUNIFICENCE, after a winding and intricate deſcent, opens into the *Sink of Ingratitude.*

N. B. ALL theſe grottos, ſtatues, and places, are expreſſed, by ſignificant *peculiars* -- helped, however, by inſcription of their names, to leave no burthen upon the apprehenſion.

Deſcription of the Grotto of RICHES.

THE ſix windows, in this grotto, ſhew, at the ends of their ſeveral viſtas, the ſix ſtatues of LUXURY, INDOLENCE, VANITY, BLINDNESS, DEAFNESS, and DANGER.--- Note, the ſtatues are caſt, to new deſigns, in moulds, from drawings, purpoſely imagined, ſo as to expreſs the ſpirit of their characters.

THE

THE rocks, along the inſide of this grotto, are to be compoſed, chiefly, of glaſs-houſe clinkers, enlivened by the oars, and glittering ſpar of metals; one rock repreſents *Potoſi*, in *Peru*, where *Indians* (in little figures) are buſy, at the ſeveral taſks, of breaking, raiſing, and ſmelting the ſilver oar.---Another rock has the repreſentation of *Africans*, gathering gold duſt, at the bottom of a water-fall, and waſhing the earth from it, in *ſieves*. A third rock reſembles the *Eaſt-Indians* manner of digging, and ſearching, in their *diamond mines*.— *N. B.* The rock-work of this grotto is to be illuminated, by pieces of tranſparent chriſtal, and coloured glaſs-jewels, repreſenting rubies, emeralds, *&c.* properly placed; and the whole made, every where, as bright and glowing as poſſible, to its end, where it opens into the circular cloiſter.

THE ſtatues at the bye-path, on the left, (marked 9 and 9) are thoſe of INDUSTRY and HONESTY.--They direct to the grot of DISTINCTION, which being entered, brings you out, into the kennel of ENVY, whoſe figure is ſupported, on both ſides, by a guard of *dogs*, in the attitude of *barking*.

IN

IN the right hand quarter (at 10 and 10) ſtand the ſtatues of REASON and INNOCENCE. The path that enters the wood, between theſe two, brings you on to the grot of INDEPENDENCE; into which having entered, you paſs down a ſtrait, ſhort, hollow way, and riſe, on a ſudden, among corn fields, within the center, in view of the houſe of Content, and in the path to the Temple of Happineſs.

IT would be tedious to explain what propriety has been aimed at, in the poſition of theſe figures. But, juſt to touch it, in this place, once for all--the grot of Independence could not properly be found, but in the quarter of Riches, ſince, tho' Reaſon is the guide, yet *that* might be bowed by Calamity: But it is placed on the right, in that quarter, becauſe another of the guides muſt be Innocence, for Guilt is not capable of independence.

Deſcription of the Grot of HONOUR.

THE ſix windows here, direct the eye to the ſix ſtatues of AMBITION, HATRED, JEALOUSY, PAIN, CENSURE, and CEREMONY.

UPON

UPON the rocks, along the paſſage, thro' this grotto, are repreſented, in ſhell-work, of all ſhades, ſizes, and colours, the different *crowns* and *diadems*, imperial, papal, and royal; as alſo, the *coronets*, which diſtinguiſh the degrees of nobility, together with the ribbands, collars, and croſſes, of all the orders of knighthood. The rocks, too, are every where, in the propereſt places, plumed with ſea feathers, and branches of coral; and this grotto, like the reſt, opens into the circular cloiſter.

THE ſtatues, at the covered alley (mark'd 9 and 9) are thoſe of HEALTH and GOOD-NATURE. They lead through the grotto of LOVE, 'till it aſcends into a thicket of roſes, jeſſamins, and honeyſuckles, which end, gradually, in a little wilderneſs of briars, thiſtles, and furze-buſhes; in the center of all which, appears the rock of REPENTANCE, covered over with moſs, out of which water drops, weeping and melancholy.

IN the quarter, on the right, (marked 10 and 10) ſtand the ſtatues of BACCHUS and FLORA,

FLORA, pointing inward, to the grotto of PLEASURE; which, after a riſing and airy advance, comes out upon the *Temple* of DEATH, in an area, ſurrounded by yew-trees, and filled with tombs, repreſenting a church-yard.

Deſcription of the Grotto of LEARNING.

THE ſix ſtatues ſeen through the ſix windows of this grotto, are thoſe of CURIOSITY, DISQUIET, DOUBT, SICKNESS, ILL-BREEDING, and CONCEITEDNESS.

IN the paſſage along this grotto, the rocks are adorned with the figures (in little) of *Philoſophy*, *Chymiſtry*, *Aſtronomy*, &c. in actions, and poſitions, and attitudes, all ſuited to their characters; together with compoſitions, in ſhell-work, reſembling teleſcopes, quadrants, compaſs, books, printing preſſes, and other inſtruments of ſcience; 'till it ends in the circular cloiſter.

AT the figures (9 and 9) on the left of this quarter, the ſtatues of FANCY and IDLENESS, invite into the wood, and point on, to the grotto of WIT; through which the way ſeems open and lively, but grows narrower,

narrower, as it advances, 'till it ends, at laſt, in the *hovel* of POVERTY.

ON the right, (at 10 and 10) are the ſtatues of SPLEEN and DISAPPOINTMENT; — theſe point, one with an angry, and one with a melancholy air, as toward the *Cave* of *Content*; but the path, that enters between them, leads to the grotto of SOLITUDE; which, after a winding underground deſcent, opens, dark, into the vault of DESPAIR; whence a gloomy aſcent, up a broken ſtone ſtair-caſe, brings you out upon a groteſque pediment, in the midſt of the canal, at B, where the next ſtep muſt be *drowning*.

THIS, Madam, in general, is the plan; but it will give room for abundance of additional ornaments, which it would be tedious to particularize. The expence of this kind of work differs incredibly, according to the manner in which it is executed; but the moſt natural is not only the cheapeſt, but will alſo be found the moſt beautiful.

I HAVE given your Ladyſhip but a very imperfect idea of my rock-work; but

whatever conception you may have of my garden, I beg you to be aſſured, that its owner is, with great reſpect,

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt obedient,

And moſt humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. THOMPSON.

Jan. 17, 1734.

DEAR SIR,

IF you were about to deſcribe beauty, to ſome lady of exquiſite charms, it would be but a mixture of juſtice and gallantry, to lead her to her *looking-glaſs*.

I HAVE the very ſame reaſon, for replacing the *preſent*, you were ſo kind as to make me, of your admirable poem, by another, of the ſame impreſſion, which I had ſent for to the bookſeller's.

BUT, to go on poet-like, and ſtretch the compariſon, as far as it will bear--it is probable, upon looking in the glaſs, the lady might

might diſcover, that ſhe had put a *patch* in the wrong place, and rectify that little effect of her having dreſſed herſelf too haſtily,--- So, I flatter myſelf, you will forgive the zeal of my friendſhip, where it has marked out the inattention of a maſterly conceiver, over your expreſſion, in ſome parts of the poem.

I OBSERVE this, with the ſincerity of a man, who loves, and who knows why he loves you; -- who has always been warm'd by your *genius*, and ambitious of your *reputation*. I never ſaw more *energy* in poetry; never *imagery* more glowing; never *ſentiments* more elevated, than in the pieces Mr. *Thompſon* has publiſhed. And, to crown all the reſt, never was there *expreſſion* more ſtrongly eaſy, more clearly illuſtrative, than in every one of them, except this *laſt*: How happens it, that you would change a grace, almoſt peculiar to yourſelf, in favour of tranſpoſition and obſcurity, by endeavouring after beauties, which, I am ſure, are unneceſſary to your *poem*, and (I fear) unnatural to our *idiom*.

NOTHING recommends blank verſe, at all, but that it gives full liberty, to ſuit ex-

preſſion to the ſtrength and clearneſs of ideas. If ſo, the obſcurity, or hardneſs, muſt be leſs excuſable

" WHERE the *ſtrong* phraſe ſhould roll
profound and *clear*;"

where it has the pretence of being compelled, by the neceſſity of a rhymer's uniſon; in which laſt caſt caſe, though we do not *approve* an unnatural conſtruction, we are taught, by cuſtom, to expect it.

To avoid encumbering you with quotations, from all thoſe places in your poem, whereto reference muſt have been made, to particularize my meaning, I chuſe rather to ſend you the poem, marked, as I went through it the ſecond time, only for my private experiment, whether that obſcurity, which I ſeem'd to meet with (a novelty ſo ſurprizing in your writings) was from want of apprehenſion, in myſelf, or a real difficulty, that might be removed, by change of a word, here and there; and the glowing *felicity* of the *thoughts*, by that means, unveiled from a kind of *cloudineſs*, the effect of your new turn, in expreſſion.

HAVE

HAVE you not indulged, a little too much, the remiſſneſs of your *Printer*, with regard to his *pointing?* or, ſhould you not rather call it his *inaccuracy?* For, in a multitude of places, it inverts the very *ſenſe*, and, every where, increaſes the *difficulty*.

I HAVE another attack to make on your *Printer*; he perplexes us, in our *pleaſure*, by running the ſections too long. In a poet, ſo rich in his *matter*, and ſo figurative in his *fancy*, it is not merely, as a reſting-place for his *eye*, that we delight in ſhort diviſions, and breaks, at the cloſe of a ſenſe. — we wiſh them, as ſo many ſtages for reflection.—We are ſorry to out-run *intention*, and fall in upon new proſpects, when we had purpoſed to ſtop, at the firſt *ſtile*, in order to look *back*, and dwell upon paſt beauties.

Too trivial an attachment to *ineſſentials*, is an affected and deſpicable *formality*: But, there are ſometimes condemned, in that miſtaken diſapprobation, things ornamental and inſtructive. I refer you, for example, to your own indifference, for diſtinguiſhing ſubſtantives, by capital letters, as if this were

a printer's nicety; whereby, in ſome parts of your poem, I found myſelf a-ground, or led aſtray, by a confuſion of nouns with verbs of the ſame houſe, which, wanting this typical diſtinction of capitals, marking the former, muſt, of neceſſity, entangle the reader. Caſt your eye, for an inſtance, upon the word *blaze*, in the 30th page of your poem.

ITALIC Demands for *emphaſis*, have, ſometimes, too, (as in verſe the 3d, page 25) the plea, of almoſt a neceſſity, in their favour; elſe, injuſtice would be done to a *ſtrength*, or to an *elegance*; for theſe are infallibly loſt to *nine* readers in *ten*; I include even poetical readers: ſo that it is not a *vanity*, that would court *admiration*--but a *help*, that would animate *conception*.

AFTER having ventured to ſay all this, in proof of my ſincere affection for the *author*, it is due to *myſelf* (leſt I *bedull* myſelf into a Critic) that I ſay ſomething, to manifeſt my *taſte* of the poem: But, becauſe it would be impoſſible, for me, to expreſs ſuch a power, as I feel there is in it, let me conclude, with this ſhort declaration.

IT is all over *ſoul:* It *inſpires*, and muſt, therefore, have been *inſpired*. The images *live* in it, (as you ſay *ſculpture* does, in the neighbourhood of *Rome*). They ſtand out, and *preſent themſelves* to the touch, as if not deſcribed, but embodied. Yet, one is led, by the turn of your ſentiments, to ſuſpect you of robbery, as if you had ſtolen, from unhappy *Italy*, what, in the poverty of her preſent condition, ſhe can, of all things, leaſt ſpare; for, while you are writing of *old Rome*'s liberty, you ſeem to have ſucked in, with the *Roman* air, the *ſoul of an old Roman*. Go on, in your glorious endeavours, to *light up* the north, with this *fire*. We have always been lovers of liberty, in her coarſeneſs, and rugged ſimplicity; teach us to *taſte* her, in her *politeneſs*; teach us to be *free*, without *inſolence*; and *elegant*, without *luxury*; to be *learned*, at once, and warlike; to be *traders*, but not *tradeſmen*; and, in fine, to *deſerve*, by our happineſs, the *envy* of the reſt of the world, but to *eſcape* it, by our *humanity*. If this is in *verſe*, you can do it; and, I am ſure, you will always be *willing*, or your *heart* is leſs known than your *genius*, to,

Dear Sir, Yours, &c.

Oct. 23, 1734.

SIR,

THE pleaſure you gave me, in *Othello*, was ſo new and ſurprizing, that I cannot forbear ſending you my private acknowledgment, though you have been better thanked by the voice of the people.

Pantomimes and Operas had almoſt given me a diſtaſte to muſick; but I am reconciled to it, in your ſpeaking.

THE *ghoſt* of Mr. *Booth* ſeems to have appeared, in *Covent Garden*, to remove a *deſpair*, which the town was brought under, of ever hearing a *Tragic Actor*, with patience, 'till after the *force* and the *ſweetneſs* of *that great ſpeaker* ſhould be forgotten, amongſt us.

IN the midſt of your juſt applauſe, which gives me a delight, as ſincere and lively as your own, permit me to offer a hint, or two, which, if you have leiſure to weigh, before your next appearance, may, by ſuch a genius as yours, be improved into a guard againſt ſome little relaxations, which have

have employed the ſpleen of a few cenſorious triflers--men, who having a *blindneſs* in their underſtandings, are kept *dark*, to the moſt delicate beauties.

SOME of theſe remarked, at your firſt entrance, a languid hanging of the head and arms, very different from your animated geſture, when you became fired with the paſſions in the character. Good ſenſe, and good nature would have known how to account for this, and conſidered it as an effect of concern, and the merit of modeſty: But, as the firſt appearance ſtrikes moſt ſtrongly, and it is eaſier to receive, than to remove, a bad impreſſion, I could wiſh, you would aſſume, from your very firſt ſtep upon the ſtage, all that warlike boldneſs of air, that ariſes from keeping the nerves (as well of the arms, as the legs) ſtrongly braced, and the viſage erect and aweful; carrying marks of that conſcious ſuperiority, inſeparable from a character, ſo dignified as *Othello*'s.

IN purſuance of this caution, you will naturally be mindful, on two particular occaſions: Firſt--where, in kneeling, your right

right foot, inſtead of being turned outward, ſtood bent the contrary way.--And, ſecondly--when, at your arrival in *Cyprus*, you ran ſo eagerly to the arms of *Deſdemona*, that *love* (as is commonly the caſe) made you unmindful of your *greatneſs*, which might, however, be well enough preſerved here, by a certain ſtately, yet tender, *advance*, not tripping lightly, to her *embrace*; but a little quickening the *ſtep*, more ſtrongly extending the arms, gently inclining the *breaſt*, not the *head*, and ſending your *look*, as it were, before you, with a kind of amorous *delight*, in approaching her.

SOMETIMES, either by turning your *face* too much from the *front*, or not enough raiſing the articulation of your *voice*, we loſt a line, or half a line, in the *boxes*. This, or more, we could readily have ſpared to ſome of your *brothers*, but none are willing to give up words, where every accent is harmony.

FOR the ſame reaſon, you will always be ſure to pleaſe moſt, by how much the more diſtinctly, and ſignificantly, you *dwell* upon expreſſions, which ought to be *emphatical*:--Too running and unpointed an utterance takes off from the *pathetic*, that ſhould

ſhould never be wanting in *Othello*. He ſays nothing, that is not *important*; therefore, *weight* ſhould never be *abſent*, in the *tone* that expreſſes it, no more than in the *look* that accompanies, or in the *action* that imprints it. A particular inference will follow this obſervation, with reſpect to *ſentences*, where they have any thing ſtrikingly peculiar, which ſhould always be both preceded and cloſed, by a *pauſe* of conſiderable length; to awaken and prepare expectation, and the other to give time for reflection, that, ſo, the *image* may deſcend perfect, from the *ear* to the *underſtanding*.

By effect of judicious pauſes, too, taking breath in well-choſen places, a *voice*, of ſuch compaſs as yours, may, in the higheſt torrent of paſſion, riſe ſtill ſtronger and clearer, beyond belief or example.

In the number of your beauties, I was extremely pleaſed with one, as it was not only *natural*, but almoſt ſolely *your own*. --- It was that impreſſive attention, with which you liſtened, while ſpoke to, and the intent direction of your *eye* to its proper *object*, on the *ſtage*; whereas, it is common, among modern actors, to beſtow their *looks*, and their

their *language*, upon the *audience*; whom, by that means, they are ſure to put in mind, that they are only *Players*, and in *jeſt*; and ſo deſtroy the nobleſt delight of the ſcene; which is, that we ſhould be deceived into a ſuppoſition, that it is not *imitation*, but *reality*.

I FORBEAR to wiſh you *ſucceſs*, becauſe it is a conſequence, and you are *ſure* of it: Neither will I wiſh you *joy*, ſince the *town* ſhould rather be congratulated upon the diſcovery, that *Tragedy* need not be *loſt*, for want of an *Actor*, who is capable of ſupporting it; yet, I am, very truly, and very much,

Sir,

Your Well-wiſher,

And moſt humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. THOMPSON.

Feb. 17, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have lately given me two pleaſures; for one of them I am indebted to fortune, who brought me near you, (tho' not quite near enough) the other night, at the *Playhouſe*.

THE ſecond I owe to a hand, I am infinitely more proud to be obliged by; for I received your beautiful preſent of *Liberty*, from its author.

IT will be, in all ſenſes, an ornament to my *ſtudy*. It will alſo be ſuch to my *heart*, and my *memory*; for I ſhall never be able to think of a lovelineſs in moral, a frankneſs in ſocial, or a penetration in political life, to which you have not, in this inimitable maſter-piece, both of language and genius, given a force, and a delicacy, which few ſhall be born with a capacity to feel, and none ever with a capacity to exceed.

I DON'T

I DON'T know a pleaſure I ſhould enjoy with more pride, than that of filling up the leiſure of a well-employed year, in exerting the critic, on your poem; in conſidering it, firſt, with a view to the vaſtneſs of its conception, in the general plan; ſecondly, to the grandeur, the depth, the unleaning, ſelf-ſupported richneſs of the ſentiments; and, thirdly, to the ſtrength, the elegance, the muſick, the comprehenſive, living energy, and cloſe propriety of your expreſſion.

I LOOK upon this mighty work, as the laſt *ſtretched* blaze of our expiring genius. It is the dying effort of deſpairing and indignant virtue, and will ſtand, like *one* of thoſe immortal *pyramids*, which carry their magnificence thro' times, that wonder, to ſee nothing round them, but uncomfortable *deſart!*

YET, you muſt give me leave, while I but *admire your genius*, to *love your ſoul*, that has ſuch compaſs of *humanity!* your *poem* is not newer, than your *mind*; nor your *expreſſion* ſtronger, than your *virtue*.

WHAT-

WHATEVER *ſchool-enthuſiaſm* has miſdreamt of *Homer*, that he knew all *arts*, and that his works have taught their practice, might be almoſt ſaid, and proved, of Mr. *Thompſon*'s *Liberty*, without partiality, or flattery; whatever has been *ſuffered*, *done*, or *thought*, thro' all the revolutions of forgotten time, your more than *magic muſe* revokes, reacts, and animates, 'till we become cotemporaries of every buſy age, and *ſee*, and *feel* the changes, which they *ſhone*, or *ſunk* by.

'TIS poſſible, that this devoted nation, irrecoverably loſt in luxury, may, like your

— Little artiſt, form,
On *higher life* intent, its ſilken tomb.

It *may* riſe to *future animation*, and (its wealth, its pride, and commerce loſt) loſe alſo its corruption, and re-triumph, in the ſtrength of un-deſiring poverty. For, certainly, you have detected the *ſole root* of every *Engliſh evil*, you deplore, ſo beautifully.

Whenever puff'd with *pow'r*, and gorg'd
with *wealth*,
Nations, like ours, let *trade* enormous riſe,
And

And Eaſt, and South, their mingled treaſure pour;
Then, ſwell'd impetuous, the *corrupting* flood
Burſts o'er the city, and devours the land.

THINK, ſeriouſly, upon this obſervation, and try, if, in all your intimate acquaintance with paſt ages, you can find a people long, at once, retaining *public virtue*, and *extended commerce*.

SEARCH, too, as much in vain, for one, who is, with warmer truth, and better founded zeal, than I am,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient

And moſt humble Servant,

A. HILL.

DEAR

Jan. 3, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

YOU had a great deal of goodneſs, to forgive my interpoſing, the other day, in a concern of ſo tender a nature: Be ſo juſt, to aſſure yourſelf, nothing leſs could have led me to do it, than the urgency of your neareſt relations, that I ſhould give you my thoughts on the occaſion, whereon they ſeem to place great conſequence, with regard to your fortune and figure in life; but, I muſt confeſs, that thoſe ſofter, and more generous arguments, which you enforced, on your own part, from the perſonal merit of that other lady, to whom your heart has ſo long been attached; with your abhorrence of ſuch cruelty, as to afflict her with a ſeparation; the effect of which is to be dreaded, in a paſſion ſo ſincere, and ſo delicate. The ſtrength and humanity of all theſe reaſons, together with thoſe grateful and noble confeſſions of your ſtill undiminiſhed affection, and the lady's increaſe in deſerving it, make me heartily wiſh, that your family had not engaged me, in a cauſe, which I am much more inclined

to give up, than defend, in all lights, but one only.

I AGREE with you (and ſo muſt all men, who have ſenſe of fidelity,) that the utmoſt compaſſion of tenderneſs is due to the confiding, and the lovely.—I agree with you, too, that the right way to judge, is, to put one's ſelf in the place of the forſaken. Give me leave, to do this fairly, with the moſt impartial ſincerity of reaſoning; and it ſhall be my only additional argument to thoſe I gave you the pain of conſidering, when we talked, on ſo unpleaſing a ſubject.

REMEMBER, how poſitive you were, that your quiet is ſo dear to this lady, that, (ſuppoſing her under temptation, like yours) ſhe would have no regard at all to a proſpect of improving her condition, by quitting you. The caſes, tho' ſo ſeemingly alike, differ widely, when you come to compare them. By the preſent extraordinary occaſion of advancing your fortune, you become maſter of its uſe, and its influence, and can direct it to augment, inſtead of deſtroying the eaſe, in life, of this lady, from whoſe immediate poſſeſſion it ſnatches you. A woman's caſe, in this point, is the reverſe

reverſe of a man's.---You leave me ſafely to infer, from the care I obſerved you to profeſs, for this beloved party's well-being and affluence, that ſuch an increaſe of your own good fortune, as this match will ſecure you, muſt draw on (as its neceſſary conſequence) a conſiderable new lift to the lady's.

BUT you inſiſted, I ſhould put myſelf in her place, and I ſee not how I am able to do it, without allowing the full and neceſſary weight, to thoſe afflicting impreſſions, ſhe muſt ſuffer under, from an appearance of your having unkindly forſaken her; --- unkindly, becauſe of thoſe engaging demonſtrations, which you confeſs, ſhe has given you, of a faith, and a faithfulneſs, that can never be too gratefully rewarded. I can find but one anſwer to this; --you declare, that her underſtanding is of a piece with her perſonal accompliſhments.---If it be ſo, ſhe, herſelf, will adviſe you, not to loſe an occaſion of eſtabliſhing your intereſt and her own: She will know, (after a little ſerious reflection) that ſuch opportunities will not always be offering; that the longer ſhe poſſeſſes you, the remoter you muſt be from the likelyhood. And ſince

you will be growing old together, ſhe will be unwilling to hazard ſuch an idea in your memory, as that you loſt (for her ſake) the very power of enlarging her condition into independence and happineſs.

AFTER all, were the 30000*l.* that is offered you, thirty times 30000*l.* I ſhould think it a baſeneſs, to look upon intereſt, as a reaſon for your leaving a lady to affliction and miſery, who has ſo gentle a claim to your compaſſion and tenderneſs. But, when the very reward of that claim can only be fully found, in ſuch a prudential neceſſity of exalting your love, into a friendſhip, as dear and deſirable, it cannot properly be ſaid, that you leave her at all; and (ſince ſhe is wiſe, as well as ſincere) ſhe will never reproach you, for an action, ſhe herſelf has ſuch ſhare in the advantage and good effect of. Yet, truſt your reſolution neither to reaſon alone, nor to paſſion. Marry both theſe together, and they will afterwards marry you; and the lady you deſire to retain, will give you generouſly up, to the lady who wiſhes to attract you. -- Think as juſtly upon *this*, as you do upon *other* occaſions,

ſions, and the event will be ſure to ſtand juſtified to,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

Humble Servant,

A HILL.

To Mr. THOMPSON.

May 20, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN your friends wait a long while for ſuch letters as yours, they are ſure to receive a kind of balance, from your equity; for they muſt, at leaſt, be as long in forgetting, as they were in expecting them. They come charged, like the winds of *Arabia*, with the fragrant exhalations of the climate, they belong to.

ONE of the natural growths of ſuch a mind, as we ſee in your writings, is the generoſity of your purpoſe, in favour of the bookſeller. I am in love with the humanity, that inſpired ſuch a ſentiment; but, for

ſake of my country, wiſh it may never be carried into execution; becauſe the beauty of the action, would, of neceſſity, prevent its ever being forgotten; and a kind of national infamy, which muſt diſgrace us to poſterity, will, as infallibly, be a conſequence of its being remembered.

I CONFESS myſelf ſincerely mortified, to hear, that ſuch a poem as *Liberty*, in ſuch a nation as *Great Britain*, can have failed to make a bookſeller as rich as an ungrateful people have been made, by its invaluable fund of manly ſentiments: but there are *diſpoſitions* (in political, as well as natural bodies) which have prevalence to help, or hinder, the effect of medicines; and I am apprehenſive, that *republican* improvements, upon *monarchical* foundations, will but ſpoil two different orders, either of which, alone, might have had ſtrength and gracefulneſs.

As to the criticiſms, you deſire me to ſend you, againſt a ſecond edition of this beautiful Poem, it would be the eaſieſt, and pleaſanteſt taſk in the world: For I could fill a large volume, with unanſwerable proofs, that there is ſomething, *newer* and *greater*,

greater, in this work, than in any that I ever met with, in poetry.

MY criticiſms, in the ſenſe, to which you limit the word, would be of as narrow a reach as the *taſte* of the age, you have writ to. They would, in a manner, be confined to one view---and that is, to examine, whether, notwithſtanding the care I perceive you have taken, to avoid it, the plenitude of idea, that is every where ſo glowingly diſtinguiſhable, has not left, here and there, ſome degree of obſcurity in the expreſſion, from the difficulty you muſt have met with, to reduce infinity into diſtinction.

THE places are few, and the fact is too doubtful, to be inſiſted on.---You ſhall decide, by one ſingle example, whether I am right, in my notion, or conceive not ſo clearly, as you have really expreſſed yourſelf.

" She too the mineral feeds; the obedient
" *lead*,
" The warrior *iron*, nor the peaceful leſs,
" Forming of life art-civiliz'd the bond."

IF my ear and apprehenſion, deceive me not very much, there is a hardneſs and

darkneſs, in ſome part of the turn of this expreſſion. And, though a comma, between *peaceful* and *leſs*, and a parentheſis round the epithet, *art-civiliz'd*, would have greatly facilitated the comprehenſion, yet, if I am not more miſtaken, than I ought to be, when I give my opinion to a friend, it would have been clearer, in ſome ſuch manner, as the following.

The peace, and war-ſupporting *iron* bond,
That holds together life's whole chain of arts.

WOULD to God, you were in the right, in that part of your letter, which wiſhes, in lieu of ſtate-patronage, in favour of learning, that we had only ſome good *act of parliament*, for ſecuring to authors the property of their own works! methinks, if the act would go deep enough, to reach the very root of your wiſh, it ſhould, alſo, ſecure to the publick, the education of her gentlemen, as well as the property of her writers; ſince, where the firſt are unable to *taſte*, the laſt muſt *write* to no purpoſe. I am afraid, the nouriſhment of good taſte ſhould begin in the *cradle*; and the *modus* of thinking be as political a part of the conſtitu-

tional care, in a ſtate that would be famous for *arts*, as early and neceſſary application to *arms*, was, in ſtates that have aſpired to a military greatneſs.

THE truth of this remark appears nowhere more viſibly, than at the entertainments of our *ſtage*, (the decline, and blind management whereof, you ſo pathetically deſcribe and lament). The Plays and Players ſeldom fixing my attention, I have leiſure enough to obſerve, and I do it with a melancholy delight, the effects of great and maſculine ſentiments, on the nominally noble, and moſt powerful part of the audience. —Here I have always the mortification to ſee, in their very *eyes*, that their *hearts* have no *feeling* for *virtue*; and that their *heads* have no perception for *genius*: They are ſtrongly ſuſceptible of whatever they were born to *deſpiſe*; and poorly inſenſible to every thing that they ought to *encourage*.

In ſuch a ſituation, alas! what hope from an *act*, unleſs it were to be an act, for the future production and manufacture of act-makers.

THE

THE warmth you expreſs againſt this corruption of our ſtage, is the natural indignation of a breaſt.

"——— the bounds of *ſelf* divinely burſting.

I was once of opinion, that the cure might have been eaſier, than I now am afraid 'twill be found: I know well, that nothing, moral or inſtructive, was expected, or deſired, by the modiſh frequenters of Theatres; but I had a notion, it might be poſſible, to ſurpriſe them into correction. I conſidered, that the paſſions, being the ſprings of the heart, when they are powerfully ſtruck out by the writer, and as ſtrongly imprinted by the *actor*, in their repreſentation, they ought to force their way over the *will*; in which caſe fools of faſhion (ſince they have ſome feeling) muſt, I thought, be pleaſed; but, being pleaſed, unawares, they would find, I thought, a keener delight, by how much leſs they expected it.

UNDER influence of ſuch notions as theſe, I was almoſt determined to have put myſelf to the trouble and expence of an experiment,

experiment, without other ſubſcription or ſupport, than the countenance of a dozen, or two, of untaxed encouragers, properly choſen, to ſome written declaration, that there being a deſign on foot, for opening a *new tragic theatre*, for extending and regulating the conduct of the ſtage, and appropriating its influence to the ſervice of wiſdom and virtue, their names were ſubſcribed in declaration, that they would protect, and give countenance to the undertaking, as long as it ſhould be carried on, with a ſkill and endeavour, correſpondent to the propoſal.

IF the P——e could have been engaged, in the head of ſuch a liſt, it would have had all the effect of a patent, without the noiſe and the difficulty; and the Opera-houſe, in the *Haymarket*, would have had three or four nights, weekly, to ſpare, for the beginning, 'till the ſucceſs of the affair might have ſhewn, how far worth while the *reformation*, as well of the *fabric* and *form*, as the *management* of a *Theatre*, was.

I WAS pleaſed with this ſcheme, 'till I came to conſider, where the names could be found, and by what means to engage them, without renouncing that retreat, that obſcurity

ſcurity of choice, which I had aſſumed to myſelf, as the ſhare I laid claim to, among the moſt deſirable bleſſings of liberty.—— There I *ſtopt*, and began to diſcover a kind of inconſiſtency of purpoſe, in the leiſure, and reflection, which muſt be neceſſary for *planning* and conducting the deſign, oppoſed againſt the ſollicitation and addreſs, without which it would be found impoſſible to make it ſucceſsful.

So much for the *ſtage*; to which I add, in behalf of *Zara*, becauſe you have done her the honour to invite her to a ſhelf, in your ſtudy, that ſhe ſhall wait on you, ſhortly, with a younger ſiſter, much handſomer.

I AM pleaſed to hear, that Mr. *Pope* was ſo kind, as to make any enquiries concerning me; I muſt allow ſuch merit as his, to intitle its poſſeſſors to think, *when* they will, and *what* they will, of their friends. It is enough that I feel him through diſtance; I loſe none of his force, from the coldneſs of his friendſhip; on the contrary, I am made ſure, by ſome reaſons I have to be convinced, we think differently of each other; that my eſteem for *him*, is the effect of

of his excellencies, becauſe it could have no ground to grow in, if it were the return of partiality.

YOUR good nature was juſtly and generouſly employed, in the mention you make of poor Mr. *Savage:* --- It is a long time, ſince I ſaw him: I have been told, ſome of his friends make complaints of certain little effects of a *ſpleen* in his temper, which he is no more able to help, and ſhould, therefore, no more be accountable for, than the *misfortunes*, to which, in all likelihood, his conſtitution may have owed it, originally. It is pity, methinks, there is nobody to be found near the king, who has *weight* enough, and *will* enough, to put him effectually in mind, that the ſingular care of this unfortunate ſon of a nobleman, born in wedlock, to inherit the eſtate and title, and prevented in both, by the extraordinary interpoſition of a parliamentary power, without reſerve of ſubſiſtence aſſigned him, ſeems to leave him the moſt equitable right in the world, to ſuch a penſion from the crown, as might put him above thoſe mortifications in life, which, no doubt, muſt have ſowered his diſpoſition, and given the unreflecting part of

of his acquaintance, occaſion to complain, now and then, of his behaviour.

PRAY how long do you ſtay in *Kew-lane?* ---I have no other reaſon for aſking, but becauſe I have long been reſolving a viſit to *Richmond*, and, while you are ſo near it, my inducement will be doubled. I have promiſed my daughters to ſhew them the queen's garden and hermitage; and the weather now begins to look, as if it would throw off its *Engliſh* uncertainty, and allow us ſome ſhort ſpecimen, whereby we may gueſs, what *foreigners* mean, when they talk of fine *ſummers*. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

SIR,

Feb. 28, 1736.

SIR,

I SEE clearly, by ſome names among your performers, that you are not in ſo much danger as I apprehended, on that quarter. But, I am afraid, you are in more, than you imagine, on another; and that is, from the choice of your ſubject, and allegorical *remoteneſs* of your ſatire.---What I mean is, that the neceſſity your prudence was under, to diſguiſe your deſign with *caution*, has ſo perplexed it with *doubtfulneſs*, that I am fearful, in the hurry of action, ſome of the *moſt meaning* alluſions, in your piece, may be miſtaken for ſcenes, which want any meaning at all; while, on the other ſide, among the few, who can penetrate purpoſe, and unravel the *ſatire*, as faſt as they hear it, you will find *ſome* perſons malignantly diſpoſed, upon a ſuppoſition, that royalty, in general, ſhould never be the mark of contempt; and others, becauſe they will conclude, you have levelled your aim againſt particular objects, at whoſe expence they muſt incline to be diverted.

FROM

FROM theſe apprehenſions, I am compelled to depend on your good-nature for excuſe, as to the Prologue and Epilogue: I have good reaſons for declining every hazard, of being conſidered in a light this would very unſeaſonably ſhew me in; and I ſhould do an injuſtice to your candour, if I made the leaſt doubt of your pardon, upon a motive of this nature.

I am heartily ſorry, I had not ſooner an idea of your plan; and flatter myſelf, I might have had the good fortune of perſuading you to change it, for ſome other, not only of leſs dangerous provocation, but more promiſing likelyhood, to fall in with the publick capacity. *Dramatic Levels* are to be taken by the apprehenſion of thoſe we would divert; no matter how juſt, or how poignant our meanings, if they lie not open, and viſible enough to be catched, in their *glancing*. --- You know who, very much to your purpoſe, has told us,

" That ſtars beyond a certain height,
" Give mortals neither heat, nor light."

UPON the whole, if it were poſſible, in ſo ſhort a time as is left you, to ſubſtitute any

any other of your pieces, in place of this *Rehearſal of Kings*, I am convinced, you would avoid a diſappointment, and, perhaps, a mortification. --- And, perſuaded as I am, of this, upon repeated and attentive reflection, I think it an honeſter error, to hazard my judgment, than, by diſguiſing my ſentiments, do injuſtice to my ſincerity; for I ſhall be always deſirous to prove myſelf,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. de VOLTAIRE.

June 3, 1736.

SIR,

I SAW, by accident, a paragraph from a letter of *Monſieur Thieriot*, to Mr. *Grignion*, a friend of his in *London*, which has given me the pleaſure of perceiving, that you are too generous to diſclaim your *Zaire*; though naturalized in *England*. My countrymen have, hitherto, been much more

ready, to adopt the *folly*, than the *wit*, of *France*; I, therefore, looked upon you, as my lawful *prize*, and ſeized you to adjuſt the balance.

I FOUND you born for no one country, by the embracing wideneſs of your ſentiments; for, ſince you *think* for all mankind, all ages, and all languages, will claim the merit of your genius.

WHATEVER narrowneſs there is in *poets*, there is none in *poetry*, at leaſt, your poetry.---What paints all manners, ſhould delight all countries; and you have only to reſolve to *die*, if you would live in *hearts*, as well as *tongues*. But, while you ſhew us other men's great qualities, in the moſt ſtrong and equitable lights, you make yourſelf appear unjuſt, in one particular; for you would cut off that relief of fools, their railing at cotemporary excellence. You are (to own the truth) unconſcionably a Monopoliſt, and *poor* wretches, whom your *plenty* makes ſo, have the right of clamorous indigence, to be abuſive, with impunity.

ALZIRA was ſent too late to *London*; ſhe ſhould elſe, in one and the ſame ſeaſon, have

have inſpired the *ſtages* of two nations; but, even as it is, a company of very ſkilful actors are now re-opening the great Theatre, in *Lincolns-Inn fields*, in order to perform this tragedy.---I own, I have encouraged them to this attempt, in *ſummer*, to protect you from a *winter* ſtorm of mercenary pens, that, tempted by your *Zaire*'s ſucceſs, were threatening to disjoint *Alzira*: But, to prevent her being blotted, by defacing pencils, I choſe rather to produce her haſtily, much leſs a beauty than you drew her, than permit her to be robbed more ſlowly, of her ſpirit, air, and likeneſs.

I WAS already got to a *retreat*, in which I bury my town purpoſes, when, about three weeks ſince, the *French Alzira* was, firſt, ſent down to me by my Bookſeller; and now the Actors (perfect in their parts) are ready to begin its repreſentation: This charge againſt myſelf I ſend you for two reaſons; ſuch a precipitation will excuſe the *faults* in my own verſion, and convince you of my zeal to ſave you from *duller*.

MY letter is in *Engliſh*, becauſe I have ſeen proofs, in print, that you are maſter of

our tongue, while, on the contrary, I neither write nor ſpeak, in yours, with freedom or correctneſs.

BE pleaſed to honour me with your commands, to *whom* I may addreſs, for you, my verſion of *Alzira*.---I take acquaintance with your *ſpirit*, not without a melancholy ſenſe of what I loſt, by being abſent, in the tour of *Scotland*, at a time when many of my friends enjoyed your *perſonal intimacy* here, in *London*. But I know you, in your nobleſt ſelf, as millions now know *Homer*, and *Eurypides*; and as future millions will *Voltaire*, when envy ſhall be choaked in duſt, or *France* deſerve it, for producing *you*. I beg to have a place aſſigned me, in the liſt of the ſincereſt of,

Sir,

Your moſt humble,

And obedient Servants,

A. HILL.

From my Houſe, in Petty France, Weſtminſter.

MADAM,

Auguſt 7, 1736.

MADAM,

IT was very late, laſt night, before I gave up the ſcheme of a little journey to *Tonbridge*, on this very *Saturday*; where, tho' my *ſtay* muſt have been ſhort, my ſatiſfaction would have been infinite; for I had delighted myſelf with a proſpect of waiting on you back again.

BUT this cannot now be---Stubborn buſineſs interpoſes--and the only amends I can make myſelf, for the diſappointment, is, to dwell on your idea, with a double ſenſe of its ſweetneſs, 'till I am reſtored to the bleſſing of your real and perſonal converſe.

IN the mean time, I have made a diſcovery, that thoſe *philoſophers*, who have been puzzling *themſelves*, and their *readers*, with enquiries after the *ſeat of the ſoul*, might have been convinced (could they have been happy enough to meet with ſome ſuch amiable compoſition as yours) that there is no part of the body without it. Whenever you *ſpeak*, it is in your *tongue* -- when you are *ſilent*, it is in your *eyes*; and you never ſit

down to *write*, but it deſcends to your *fingers*. It was diffuſed, I am ſure, over every part of your *letter*: not a line, but carried marks of your fine ſenſe, and your delicacy.

YET with all this exceſs of accompliſhments, you are ſometimes a little *unjuſt*; you would not, elſe, have diſapproved my retreat from the crowd of the world, ſince it is by ſuch company as yours, men are taught to love *ſolitude*. There are *pilgrims*, among the *Turks*, who at their return from the temple of their prophet, burn their eyes, with hot irons, ſo to ſhut out, by a voluntary *blindneſs*, all leſs holy and commoner objects. There is a much more provoking deſcent, from Mrs. *L--w--r*'s converſation, down to that of the world; and the only way, for a man to be happy, who has once enjoyed that bleſſing, and muſt not continue to enjoy it for ever, is, by declining all other ſociety, to eſcape the mortification of too remote a compariſon.

WHERE, with the modeſty of the *woman*, is mixed the tenderneſs of the *friend*: -- where frugality only limits generoſity, and wiſdom carries caution, dreſſed in the air

of

of the moſt affable openeſs: -- where experience and conduct in life, inſtead of juſtifying ſome ſhadow of vanity, ſerve only to ſtrengthen humility; and the memory lets ſlip nothing, but remembrance of anger and injuries; ---where, to all theſe endearing charms of the *mind*, there is added a *perſon*, that looks as if *heaven* had made it on purpoſe to deſerve and become ſuch a ſpirit; *Who* (that ſees, hears, and thinks) would be abſent from ſuch a union of lovelineſs?

FOR my part, I can never reflect on theſe enchanting truths, without finding ſome new reaſon, for profeſſing myſelf, with unchangeable and increaſing reſpect,

Madam,

Your moſt faithful,

And devoted Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

From Buxton Wells, Derbyſhire,
May 11, 1738.

SIR,

I HAVE been, for ſome time, a ſolitary Rambler; and having, in a tour which I began with laſt ſummer, and am in hopes of putting an end to with this, viſited ſome of our own, and our neighbour's ſea coaſts, I ſtole the delight of converſing, great part of a day, with ſome vegetable children of yours, in Lady *Peterborough*'s gardens, at *Mount Bevis*. I was ſo pleaſed, with many things I ſaw there, that I could have worſhipped, in her groves, like a Druid: --- I forgot myſelf, for many hours, into an eſcape from that proportion of pain, which imbitters our moſt tender reflections, when they relate to our offſpring of a leſs grateful and prunable kind, into an enjoyment of that ſerener ſatisfaction, which you are intitled to receive, above moſt men; and more capable, perhaps, of receiving, *under* the increaſe of your flouriſhing green families.

FOR my own part, even when a boy, I was very apt to be out of conceit with a life of

of much rapture or buſtle; but what was then mere *election*, being now become *nature*, I aſſign myſelf no further concern with the world, than to accommodate my *deſires* to my *lot*; for, after having vainly aſpired to be *active*, to ſome good ends, and good offices, which I am not allowed the proſperity, that was neceſſary, for effectually reaching, all I now find remaining, as a taſk for my future ſolitude, is, to learn to be *lazy*, without *ſpleen*, and ſubmit to be *uſeleſs*, with *temper*.

HOWEVER, to confeſs a plain truth, I don't know, whether I am not ſetting up for a pretender to virtue, from a moderation, wherein *Nature* has more ſhare than *Grace*; there being one among our paſſions, which you have taught us to detect in its coverts, where it makes the leaſt noiſe of them all, -- like the *ſtill, ſoft voice*, wherein God condeſcended to come, when he would neither be found in the thunder, nor whirlwind,

" One, oft more *ſtrong* than all--the love of *eaſe*."

BUT what imports it, whether a perſon of ſo little conſequence as myſelf, owes his content

content in retirement to his natural taſte, or his indolence. There is *one* thing, I am ſure, which we all of us owe to the *public*; and that is, ſome account of the uſes we make of our leiſure.---If I might be allowed to commute, in a pennance enjoined me by fortune, I would attone, very willingly, for my *doing* too little, by *thinking* as much, and as well as I am able: I ſhould only be afraid of ſuppoſing myſelf *buſieſt*, when, in truth, I was moſt idlely *employed*. And of this probability, I wiſh I may not, juſt now, be about to give you a ſpecimen.

I HAVE lately been looking back upon a deſign, which I had gone a good length in, and laid by, in the year 1730. --- An Eſſay on Propriety, in the Thought and Expreſſion of Poetry; wherein both Heads are conſidered, with a Limitation to three diſtinct Requiſites --- *Adaption*, *Simplicity*, and *Cloſeneſs*. It will be ready for publiſhing againſt winter; but finding many reflections, in this tract, which relate to ſome parts of your writings; wherein, if you were not miſtaken, by *accident*, I myſelf have been ſo, by deliberate error of judgment, I would rather be ſet right, by your *own*, than the

the *publick's* opinion; and it is, therefore, the buſineſs of this letter, to bring you, firſt, a ſhort ſketch of my general purpoſe; and, in the next place, to offer you not only a private examination, but even the abſolute and final *deciſion* of every ſuch cenſure, as concerns you.

To begin at the wrong end, like a true modern Critic, I have, under the head of Expreſſion, particularly, kept in my view, a very *common*, yet, I think, little *noted* defect of good writers; moſt of whom I find apt to throw out their conceptions but in groſs, by a too general repreſentation of the idea, as it ſtrikes in the whole; diſregarding, as an unneceſſary care, to appropriate the WORDS they make uſe of, to their diſtinct and particular tendency. And, from this haſty and comprehenſive inaccuracy of *writers*, I conceive it to ariſe, that the generality of *readers* (now no longer exacting that *choice* which makes elegance) ſeem to have loſt ſight and taſte of that *delectus verborum*, wherein *Cæſar* (I think it was *Cæſar*) placed the ſtrength and foundation of *eloquence*: and whence only can ariſe ſuch exactneſs as will juſtify a very lively imagination of your own;

"Expreſſion

" Expreſſion is the *dreſs* of thought."

I CALL it your imagination, becauſe, I believe, the idea muſt have been *ſhape* (not *dreſs*) of *thought*; dreſs, however, an ornament, being a *concealment*, or *covering*; whereas expreſſion is manifeſtation and *expoſure*.

Expreſſion is the *birth* of thought --- *grows* round,
Limbs the looſe ſoul, and ſhapes it into ſound.

BUT this is a ſtart, and digreſſive: --What I was going to ſay, and return to, is this: -- If any man wants proof, how much of the air of good poetry may be loſt by that looſe *ſurtout* dreſs, now in faſhion, let him inſtruct himſelf, from your oppoſite examples.--Let him attempt but to ſubſtitute another word, of equal effect, in the place of that living monoſyllable *ſhagg'd*, in one of your, I had almoſt ſaid, *inhabitable* landſkapes.

" Ye grots, and caverns, *ſhagg'd*, with horrid thorn!

AND, if afterwards he would convince himſelf, what indiſpenſible neceſſity there remains,

remains, that the minuteſt regard ſhould be had to a chain of ſuch powerful *verbal* propriety, even by thoſe happy and maſterly hands, which have been taught by it, to build mountains in verſe, 'till they not only ſtand out to the *eye*, but are felt, as it were, and walked over, by the fancy; he need only examine with care, and he ſhall ſee ſome of the moſt celebrated of thoſe wonderful artiſts, taking pains to obſcure their own images as often as, abandoning the reins to a luxuriant vivacity of genius, they will not ſtoop to bind meanings to ſyllables.

HE would, here and there, find a place, even in the ſtrongeſt and moſt animated of our writers, where, deſpiſing, perhaps (as in painting) the too trim and cold ſtiffneſs of *finiſhing*, he has his deſcriptions ſtruck *flat*, by a *word*; as if fancy fell into the palſy.

GIVE me leave to explain, what I have ventured to ſay, by an inſtance; one of the laſt that would be in danger of diſcovery, from the *confiding* ſagacity of your courteous and gentle peruſers; but, which you will, yourſelf, ſee the *weight* of, in a moment.

WHEN

WHEN ſuch a writer as *you*, for example, took a reſolution of deſcribing the ſwiftneſs of *Camilla*, under the moſt agile hyperbole of lightneſs; even to her treading upon *corn-ſtalks*, without *bowing* them; nobody can doubt, but your meaning, in ſuch a deſcription, muſt have been, that ſhe *ſkimm'd* the ſcarce-touch'd plain, ſhe *flew over*; -- yet, when, on the contrary, your expreſſion ſays, that ſhe *ſcours* it---that unwary miſ-uſe of one word, checks the ſpeed of your airy idea, and preſents to the fancy, a quite oppoſite image of *preſſure*, *attrition*, and *adherence*: And thus, by admitting even a ſingle monoſyllable, that concurs not in the general idea, you was ſo warmly conveying to the *reader*, it arreſts the velocity you had in your view, with as ſure and as ſudden effect, as the *leaden death* did your *larks* in the *foreſt*, when they ſo beautifully left their little lives, in air, to the never-dying applauſe of the markſman who ſhot them.

You may reply, (I mean, any body, but you might reply) that, by the metaphorical ſenſe of the word *ſcours*, as applied, in this place to *Camilla*, we ought to underſtand nothing

nothing more, than her ruſhing violently over the ſurface: It is true; but in that very violence, you will have diſcovered, by this time, the diſagreement between your intent and expreſſion: Let us only imagine we ſee her charging, at the head of her ſquadrons, or purſuing the diſarray of an enemy; and, in a moment, it becomes elegant to ſay, ſhe is *ſcouring the plain*; becauſe military rapidity, including ideas of inſult and hoſtility, muſt be ſuppoſed to *lay waſte*, while it paſſes; ſo that what, in one caſe, is *propriety*, becomes but *obſtruction*, in the other, being miſ-applied to velocity, independent of force; where it ought to have been ſimply conſidered as *ſwiftneſs*. A writer, of *your* rank, will never be capable of condemning ſuch inſtances as theſe, under the thin plauſibility of their being trifling, and verbal remarks; for, ſince your only deſign, in the place this is drawn from, was to inſtruct, by an example, how to paint *things* in *words*; ſuch a word as defaces the very idea, you propoſed to imprint, was an error, in the actual foundation, and muſt, in conſequence, throw down the building. Beſides, as the chief point here in view, was the ſtructure or *ſound* of your verſe, with

purpoſe

purpoſe to make it, in your own fine expreſſion, an *echo to the ſenſe*; the minuteſt exactneſs of choice, in the words, ſeems to have been of double demand and neceſſity.

BE ſo good, therefore, to tell me (and believe I aſk it ſincerely, for the ſake of inſtruction) whether I am miſtaken or not, when I think you rather contented yourſelf with the general idea, than examined into the coherence of particular parts, in one of the livelieſt poetical pictures that ever was drawn; yet, additional whereto, I am under an unlucky neceſſity of ſending you ſome, ſtill too faint and imperfect new colourings; becauſe, without taking that extraordinary liberty (liable as it is, to the appearance of ſomething the reverſe of my modeſter meaning), I know not, how to explain to you, within any reaſonable compaſs of a letter, in what parts of the piece I was of opinion, ſo much happier a hand as your own, ſhould have given it a more heightened reſemblance, than that glowing one, you beſtowed on it.

Soft, breathes the whiſp'ring verſe--if zephir plays:
Flows the ſtream ſmooth? -- ſtill ſmoother glide the lays, Where

Where high-ſwoln ſurges ſweep the ſounding ſhore,
Roll the rough verſe, hoarſe, like the torrent's rore:
When *Ajax* ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too lab'ring, each dragg'd word moves ſlow.
Livelier, the light *Camilla* ſkims the plain,
Shoots o'er th' unbending corn, nor *ſhakes* th' unconſcious grain.

IT would be offering an indignity to a temper and genius, like yours, to apprehend (from a freedom I had but only the private curioſity to uſe) any danger of being miſtaken for coxcomb enough, to have thought of ſo empty a vanity, as that of comparing my numbers. The ſimple truth is, I amuſed myſelf, at that time, for my own ſatisfaction; but I now recommend to your reconſideration, one of your moſt admired great maſter-pieces of poetical harmony, with the honeſt and friendly intention of convincing you, by an inſtance, derived from yourſelf, that there appears ſtill too much room, for a more verbal exactneſs of

propriety, even in the works of our firſt claſs of writers.

I AM afraid of growing tedious, if I ſhould particulariſe all my reaſons for imagining, you could have carried much farther, than you did, the above noble likeneſs, between your *verſe* and your *images*: Such as, that the word *ſtrain*, in your firſt line, requiring a *ſtretch'd* and *impreſſive* pronunciation, ſuits not the *ſoftneſs* of the epithet.---As alſo, that, both in ſound and acceptation, there ariſes, from your expreſſion *blows*, at the end of the verſe, a kind of ruffling air of *windyneſs*, too diſcompoſing for the breath of a *zephyr*.

ADD to theſe, that as, in the fourth line, you ſeem to have deſigned, in the firſt four words, a gloomy picture of high billows, riſing, rolling, and ſwelling, while they are yet in their approach to the ſtrand, the *fifth* word (as it gives beginning to the cadence of that verſe) ought to have brought on a *burſt*, like the hoarſeneſs of thoſe billows in their breaking---The ruſhing of a watery ſound--a kind of hollow, waſhy murmur, like the workings of a ſurfy tide, repulſed and

and ſtruggling amongſt pebbles. But, I hope, it may be enough, to acquit me of impertinence, if I only ſay ſomething more largely, concerning any one verſe of the eight; for, while I ſhall be buſy in ſo doing, I am ſure, your apprehenſion will preclude, and run before my juſtification, ſo as to make needleſs either reaſonings or apology.

"The line too labours, --- and the words
move ſlow."

I HAVE wondered very often, how it happened to be poſſible, to ſo cultivated an *ear* as your *own*, not to diſtinguiſh, in the ſecond diviſion of this verſe, a certain declination to improper *quickneſs*, that runs down hill, too current, and unincumbered, for the labour and reſiſtance of the image. According to my poor perception, three words, at leaſt, of the five (which, I am ſure, you muſt have meant, ſhould move moſt ſlowly, becauſe they convey both the *rule* and the *example*) dance away upon the tongue, with a *tripping* and *lyrical* lightneſs. And if ſuch, in reality, is the caſe, then, from a want of that unpliant *repugnance*, that *obtundity*, or *bluntneſs* of ſtructure, which you

thought, you had ſufficiently given them, and which would have kept them ſtubbornly diſtinct and inflexible, they incorporate into a numerous *fluidity*, that expreſſes not the *idea* in your *precept*.

IT being my intereſt, to induce a *belief*, that my *Eſſay* would have ſomething worth *reading*, it was, at leaſt, no bad *policy*, to be as buſy as I could with *your* writings; but you muſt not expect, you can furniſh me with many inſtances of this kind. The aſſiſtance *you* offered moſt naturally, was on the contrary ſide of the proſpect: As ſoon as I have finiſhed, and tranſcribed the Eſſay, I will ſend it to *Twittenham*, in manuſcript; reſolving it ſhall carry no example of yours to the *preſs*, in a manner, againſt which you have any juſt exception.

I MAKE the ſame reſolution concerning any thing I have ſaid on your *thoughts*, where I found the field larger a little; tho' it tempted me too far out of my way, from conceptions originally your own, to your *remarks* upon the ſentiments of *others*, and eſpecially ſome of thoſe in the *Bathos*; with which, however, upon reflection, I find no neceſſity to trouble the *publick*. Nay, were you

you to bid me expunge them, I ſhould do it, with very great pleaſure; for that would give me ſome *right* to propoſe your reviewing your cenſures yourſelf; -- a reſolution, which I heartily wiſh you would take, becauſe a ſerious and critical condemnation of particular perſons, by ſuch *popular* writers, as *you are*, (ſuppoſing it, at the ſame time, *ſevere* and *unjuſt*) muſt deſcend to *poſterity*, with one of theſe two bad conſequences attending it: either it muſt be taken for *equitable*, upon the ſtrength of the critic's *reputation*, to the *diſgrace* of an innocent *ſufferer*, which your heart is too *honeſt* to aim at; or, if the cenſure itſelf is exploded, and found to want *weight*, it muſt transfer the *reproach* to the *cenſurer*; who, in that caſe, receives his own *injury*.---So that it were really a pity, if in a treatiſe, abounding with *truth*, *fire*, and *ſatire*, any thing ſhould be found, by impartial poſterity, leſs derived from your *judgment*, than *paſſion*. But it is ſo probable, that I am, myſelf, in the wrong, at ſuch times, when I chance to think *you* ſo, that I will beg your *own* ſentiments on what follows, before I truſt *mine* with the *publick*.

"None, but *himſelf*, can be his *parallel*."

THE *Bathos* ſays, of this line; with a keen and ironical *cruelty*, that it is profundity itſelf, and may ſeem borrowed from the thought of a *ſhow-man*, who writ under the picture of his beaſt --- This is the greateſt elephant in the world, *except himſelf*.

WHAT a *pity!* when, from men, whoſe opinions will be partially adhered to hereafter, we are obliged to learn *ſharpneſs*, in place of *deliberation*, and prefer the *ſparklings* and *appearance* of *wit*, before *penetration* and *ſolidity* in the *judgment*. Or, pray, did I ſee wrong, when, in the place, whence you cited this line, I diſcerned the moſt manifeſt *difference*, between *corporal* magnitude, on one ſide, and *rational* greatneſs, on the other? What relates to the *elephant*, I could eaſily find was *ridiculous*, becauſe it implied bodily diſtinction of number, where the beaſt was but one and the ſame: But, how was there any reſemblance of that blunder, in diſtinguiſhing between a man and his virtues? When we are told by the hiſtorians, that *Alexander* was *unequal* to *himſelf*, what leſs muſt we underſtand, by this figure, than that his actions were unlike,

like, or *not parallels?* Why, but from effect of our rightly conceiving this duplicity of character, in one ſingle perſon, do we *deteſt*, in the murderer of *Clitus*, *Philotas*, and *Caliſthenes*, the ſame individual great conqueror, whom we can never be weary of *admiring*, in the tents of *Darius*, and *Porus?* I believe, if you had not been angry, when you cenſured *that* line, in the *double diſtreſs*, you would have found in it, this *delicate praiſe:* -- He was a man, than whom none had been *greater*; nor who had ever been *inferior* to *himſelf:* --- His virtues were not only *ſtrong*--they were *ſteady*.

THERE is another very bold declaration of your judgment, upon a thought, where, I believe, Mr. *Theobald* might expect from your *juſtice*, that, on ſome future rehearing of the cauſe, you will give ſentence againſt yourſelf, in his favour. At leaſt, I own, I could never apprehend, upon what ſuppoſition of miſtake, in *expreſſion* or *figure*, you came to introduce, among *ridiculous* images, what (to me) ſeems as *natural* a reply, as ever was, or could poſſibly be given, from a *lover*, in defence of his *miſtreſs*, againſt a reproach, that her *birth* was beneath him.

—" Th' obſcureneſs of her *birth*
" Cannot eclipſe the luſtre of her EYES,
" Which make her ALL one light."

WHEN I firſt read your note on this paſſage, I found myſelf compelled into a ſhort *heſitation*, by the regard, that was due to your *judgment*; but I immediately acquitted the *thought*, as not only a *juſt*, but a *lively* one; and the *expreſſion*, as one of the moſt *proper* and *paſſionate* I had ever met with. And, to this day, I can underſtand it in no ſenſe but one--Why talk'ſt thou to me of her *birth*? --How can defects in her *fortune* be ſeen through ſuch dazzling exceſs in her *beauty*?

LET ſuch raſh unweighed cenſures, as theſe, ſtand (in other men's works) as a juſtification of your *own* exclamations againſt *malicious* and *ungenerous* criticiſm.--But let it never be told to poſterity, that there were ſuch *ſpots* in the *ſun* of our poetry; neither believe, I ſelect theſe two paſſages, out of any particular tenderneſs for their author. I have not, for many years, either ſeen or correſponded with Mr. *Theobald*; they aroſe to my eye, by mere acci-

dent, as I was looking for a ſhort hint, that might give you ſome notion of my plan, under each of the heads, which it treats of; and I ſend them you, from yourſelf, becauſe it will be a real *delight* to me, and, by no means, a *diſappointment* at all, to be better inſtructed, if I am wrong in my judgment; and, that you may be ſure I am telling you truth, without affectation, falſe modeſty, or compliment, I will, after you have ſeen and examined the whole Eſſay, leave out every thing, that relates to yourſelf, which I but obſerve to have been croſſed by your pencil: For I ſhall then think my notes of moſt conſequence, when they are *before* you, under private inſpection; and eſpecially, could they incline you to a review of ſome of the *leaſt weighed*, and *moſt ſharp* of your cenſures. --- Nay, if I know you right, you will rather *thank* than *condemn* me, for adding, that I look on you as under an obligation of *moral* neceſſity, to do this *chriſtian* and generous duty; leſt, where a *writer* of your high rank in wit, has, through haſte, been deceived in his *judgment*, his *miſtake* ſhould run down, and be *multiplied* among ten thouſand implicit reporters.

I HAVE

I HAVE written you a letter, that I now find, too late, to be grown into an unmerciful long one; yet, if it were not for ſhame, could go on to write much more, and on many agreeabler ſubjects, find a great deal to ſay of yourſelf, concerning whom, when upon any, I ſpeak more than enough, you ſhould forgive me an exceſs, you have tempted me into. If I was hearing you talk, I could be pleaſed with *your* ſubjects; but, 'till I find one for my uſe, which I can dwell on, with more ſatisfaction, you muſt learn to give place to yourſelf, in civility to,

Sir,

Your moſt affectionate,

And faithful Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. R———N.

May 29, 1738.

DEAR SIR.

I RETURN you the two volumes of *Milton*'s proſe writings, without having been able to break through them; tho' I ſtruggled (with a ten times repeated reſolution) to make way againſt the points and the hardneſſes, which have made him impregnable to my patience.

WHAT a prodigious enthuſiaſm has poetry! that can lift a man out of himſelf!—*Who* could dream of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, among the dry and coarſe proſe of its author? What a rapture and greatneſs in the *Poem*! What a meanneſs and malice, in the *diſcourſes!* There was never any thing ſo like *Milton*, as the *Devil*, he deſcribes in his poetry! poſſeſſing the ſtrength and harmony of *heaven*, with a *will* that carried *hell* in its purpoſes!

I AM not able to *pardon*, much leſs am I capable of *admiring* him. I am ſhock'd, in every page, by a ſucceſſion of the moſt virulent

lent *fanaticiſms*. I find him a hater of *power*, only becauſe born under a neceſſity of *obeying* it.---What a difference between *Harrington* and *him!* one, regarding ſound principles, overlooked but the *ſeaſon*, and the ſubject, he would have worked on, improperly; whereas the other had no ground, no foundation for natural liberty; but indulging a licentious independency on religion, on manners, or policy, was for pulling down authority, 'till it came to *his* level; that his anger might have nothing to fear, nor his pride, a ſuperior to flatter.

ADD to all, that his ſtyle is intolerable: He is affected, ſuperficial, and crabbed: There is a malignance of nature in his thoughts, and a depravity of manners, in his expreſſions; in ſhort, he is ſelfiſh, arrogant, and revengeful; --- conceited, ſophiſtical, and odious.

How much kinder had it been, in Mr. *Toland*, and our late reverend editor, to have permitted him to ſleep on, in his duſt! --- They have gathered his fragments together, like the limbs of ſome ſinner, at the reſurrection, which are only reſtored to be *damn'd*,

damn'd, and might have been ſafe, if they could have enjoyed their obſcurity.

I AM nevertheleſs obliged to you, however, for ſending me the book; and muſt ſay of it, as the *blackamore* did to the *midwife*, when ſhe ſhewed him his wife's new-born boy --- "It came out of a *place*, that I *love*, and, if it was not ſo *ugly*, I could *kiſs* it."

WOULD to God, *you* had half as much *health*, as *Milton* had *malice!* -- If I knew a better wiſh, you ſhould have it, from,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate,

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

June 25, 1738.

MY LORD,

NOW and then, at the diſtance, perhaps, of an age or two, there appear men, for the honour of their country, whoſe claims are ſo ſtrong, to the admiration of poſterity, that no *writer*, known to have been born their cotemporary, can *eſcape* ſome diſtruſt of his own *taſte* or *ſpirit*, if he has not applauded *theirs* publickly.

EXCEPT under impreſſions like theſe, what have poets to do with the powerful? Whatever zeal I may have for their worſhip, it is what very few great men have found troubleſome; and it affords peace to my conſcience, that I ſhall ſo ſeldom, among the catalogue of my ſins, be found chargeable with that of *modern dedication*. What a ſhameful idolatry is that, which hath bepagan'd the apoſtate ſons of the Muſes! degenerate worſhippers, not in the *groves*, I confeſs, but, in far leſs inviting HIGH PLACES! *Bowers of the knee before* BAALS, of the ſame lumpiſh quality with the *Calf*, in the

the wilderneſs, and compoſed of the ſame damning metal!

YET, how juſtly ſoever I have been ſcandalized at theſe *abominations of us poetical heathens*, I have felt a check in my ſpirit, for neglecting the *primitive worſhip*.--- While we deteſt *ſuperſtition*, we ſhould avoid *irreligion*, nor fall off from the GOD, who condeſcended to appear to our FORE-FATHERS. Wherever real greatneſs ſhines out with moſt *force*, it ſhould attract with moſt *manifeſt* influence: and ſo, indeed, thank Heaven! it will: For if, now and then, it ſeems otherwiſe, for a ſeaſon, it is the effect of a temporary *ſcreen*; an unwholeſome intervention of *fog*, which ſteams, perhaps, from ſome *fen* of *Corruption*.---It may endanger the *plague*, it is true, while it obſtructs, ſtinks and putrifies: But, diſperſing, at laſt, it brings benefit, quickening our reliſh for returns of loſt ſun-ſhine, and giving back our health, with fine weather.

BUT, when I would convey to *another age* my ſentiments on the character, I find moſt amiable in *this*, to what a *flame* am I adding a *ſparkle!*

ſparkle! The ſpirit of a *Bolingbroke* muſt aſſert its *own* luſtre; it diſdains, or diſgraces, an auxiliary; a poor dull gloworm *make-weight* may be willing enough to burn out in its ſervice, but it can have no chance of becoming diſcernable!

NOR was it eaſy, under influence of a taſte like the preſent, for a *dedicator*, whoſe weight is not found in his *name*, to ſelect any ſubject, capable of elevation, to merit *your* patronage, and the *ear* of poſterity, that could be intitled to probability of becoming current enough, not to defame your acceptance.

YET, there occurred one, at laſt, that, without wanting dignity to attract your regard, carried proſpect, at the ſame time, of a public *ſucceſs*, from the claim it lays to of political miſchiefs. With reſpect, indeed, to the vindication, it profeſſes, of *Cæſar*, it is ſurprizing, there could be a people upon earth, among whom it became neceſſary to defend ſuch a character. I have only this reflection, by way of attonement, that, were we to ſuppoſe ſuch a ſpirit, as *Cæſar*'s, ever at all looking down upon a people, ſo blind, or ſo partial, it muſt be with an eye of *for-*

giveneſs

giveneſs and *reverence*; if for no other recollection, in their favour, yet, as they have, now and then, had their ST JOHNS among them.

BUT, I am afraid, my Lord, you have other pretenſions, beſides your ſupremacy of genius, to the right of protecting a *Cæſar*. The world will conſider it as an obligation, no leſs *due* from your *juſtice*, than adapted to your *ſkill* and *authority*. They remember you lending the *antagoniſt* of *Cæſar* an aſſiſtance, that calls aloud for *reparation*. And, if the CATO of our climate deſerved and grew great, by your ſupport, from but an equal attachment to *liberty* -- fairer much ſtands the claim of his conqueror, in whom the ſame *root* of virtue threw out *branches*, of ſuch accompliſhed urbanity.

THOUGH I know, that, next to the *dull*, the *digreſſive* are your Lordſhip's averſion; yet, ſo powerful are our natural propenſities, to be dwelling upon objects, which *pleaſe* us, that I find it a difficulty to draw off my eye from a ſtrongly delicate little incident, in the ſteerage of turbulent purpoſe. What I conſider in it, with moſt pleaſure and wonder,

is, the impulſe men are propelled with, by nature, to demonſtrate their diſtinctions of genius! no occaſion ſo great, or ſo public, into which a nibbling ſtate reptile will not creep, to *contract* its dimenſions. None ſo trivial, minute, and particular, but can be *extended*, by the guardians of government, 'till they become wide enough to take in *great uſes*.

FOR it was not only a ſeaſonable, it was an important vivacity of fore-caſt, whereby that theatrical plot of a party was ſo gayly, and ſo ſoon diſappointed! and their poetical patriot *preſſed* into the *ſervice* of an adminiſtration, *againſt* whoſe views, and whoſe intereſt, all the ſpleen of malevolent wit had been ſharpening the edge of his *ſatire*.

SUCH is the difference, between ſtateſman and ſtateſman! *one* is involved by events, and ſuccumbs to, and ſubſiſts by *expedients*; the other *makes*, or adapts his occaſions, and foreſees and conſtrains their ſucceſſes.--- There *are*, who can apprehend no importance at all, in the political uſe of a *Theatre*. There *have been*, who could attract its felt force to *their* ends, and divert all its gall on their

their enemies. Every *porter* in politics, can padlock the *door* againſt *ſatire*, and teach *power* to keep all *wit* at a diſtance. How much rarer is that *manly adroitneſs*, which can diſcern, intercept, and convert it, by a *direction*, the reverſe of its tendency!

BUT, returning from a temptation, whereby, even the loweſt of your Lordſhip's great qualities have a power to draw men aſide into undeſigned and unſeaſonable rapture, I proceed to a ſecond reflection, that limited me, in the choice of a *patron*, with reſpect to this particular Tragedy.

I doubt, whether a regard to the truth of its *moral*, could ſtrike any other great ornament of the preſent age, to ſuch advantage of the future, as *you*, my Lord, can beſtow on poſterity. For, to what infinite lengths of advancement might not the intereſts of *learning* and *genius* be extended, by a ſpirit, which, among the obliquities and confinements of *politics*, could, and did, at the ſame time, out-ſhine all mankind, in *humanity*, *wit*, *taſte*, and *politeneſs*! had it only pleaſed heaven, for the general delight of our ſpecies, to diſengage ſuch a ſpirit into latitude, by ſurrounding it with *leiſure* from *greatneſs*.

AND, yet, that the moſt dazzling and ſucceſsful purſuits of *ambition* never ſerved to any happier end, than to lay waſte, and make wretched all the wit, and the learning, and wiſdom--all the courage, and patience, and honeſty -- all the grandeur, and god-like benevolence of the nobleſt maſter-ſpirits of the world--is a reflection, no example *below Cæſar's*, could have a right to impreſs on a *Bolingbroke*; becauſe, if in the object propoſed as a proof, there had appeared a too viſible *inferiority*, the diſappointment would have ſeemed to ariſe, not ſo much from inherent deception, the reſult of the paſſion itſelf, as from that perſonal inequality to the *purſuit*, which might then have been charged on the *purſuer*.

LONG -- very long -- and unenvied may the titular *lumber* of greatneſs, *common people* of ill-named *diſtinction*, crowd the ſhining approaches to *miſery!* -- Let the *naturally* noble and ſplendid, lend their light, and their warmth to the *publick*.

I CAN think of no accident in government, whence more benefit is derived on mankind, than from the diſguſts or reſented

ed ingratitude, which ſet free ſuch fine minds, as your Lordſhip's, from the embarraſſment of court-mazes and politics. *So* fall back, from a heat too remiſs to detain *weighty* fluids, thoſe ſalubrious and cheriſhing *rains*, to which earth owes her health, and fertility!

WOULD to God, *all* the qualities of a great and a celebrated *Roman*, who, in this place, riſes into my memory, were as equal to the compariſon, I would honour his name by, as were his eloquence, love of learning, and delight in the good of his country! -- I could then have remarked, without pain, under ſenſe of the wrong, I am doing an *Engliſhman*, that, had not *Cicero* been malignantly dreaded at *Rome*, he had never ſpread himſelf abroad upon the univerſe, into thoſe beſt lights of himſelf, that illuſtrate the fame of his character.---And, if I were not now ſpeaking to the only good man in the world, who could poſſibly be diſpleaſed with the compliment, I would name a *ſuperior* to irreſolute *Cicero!* --- ſelf-exiled to the reproach of his country! who will teach better times than he lives in, by the force of a *pen* never equall'd, truths, which his *tongue* (all reſiſtleſs, and lov'd, as it is)

could neither have propagated, with ſuch laſting effect, nor promulged to ſuch boundleſs extenſion.

As for my own ſenſe of things, who delight to turn ſoon from the melancholy ſide of a proſpect, I conſider the abſence of ſuch ill-underſtood great patriots, rather as a glory, than diſgrace, to their country. For, having long ſeen too plainly, that we are permitted to make no more than a *jeſt* of old martial pretenſions to *conqueſt*, in a neighbouring kingdom, I am, therefore, ſtruck with a ſecret delight, while ſuch a ſovereign *Engliſh* ſpirit, as your Lordſhip's, reſiding in the midſt of that powerful people, keeps up *one* claim, at leaſt, to *ſuperiority*, which they cannot fail, in *your* right, to acknowledge, though they would *laugh*, with more reaſon than *we* do, at ſuch a claim from our own ſide of the water.

IT is ſo natural a tranſition, from the country, that is honoured with your reſidence, to its men of genius, who have been proud of your notice, that I take this to be the propereſt place, wherein to acknowledge my motives for diſapproving the CÆSAR of M. de *Voltaire*, notwithſtanding the reluctance

reluctance of a well-known partiality, for his writings. Yet, I diſapprove with that *doubt*, which is due from one writer, who judges another, 'till your Lordſhip, (I dare ſay, on both ſides, the moſt unexceptionable *mediator* in *Europe)* ſhall have been ſo good to decide it concluſively.

IF, after allowing all the force, and the ſpirit of this celebrated *French* genius, I, nevertheleſs, lay claim to the liberty of reaſon, and diſlike, and diſpute, without *licence*, 'tis becauſe no apology, methinks, ſhould be neceſſary for freedoms, which have *truth* for their motive; nor can diſtaſte, and much leſs animoſity, be derived without narrowneſs, from any difference in opinion or judgment. The relation between men (as mere men) ſeems a nobler inducement to aſſociate their regards and affections, than the accidents of cuſtom and country. But larger ſtill, and more general by far, are the tyes, that bind *writer to writer*. The common wealth of *letters* expands its naturalization by no narrower a bound than the *world*; and whoever is born but to *think*, is a citizen of that ſpreading republic.

YET, when the honour of *families* is at ſtake, it becomes the duty of brothers to ſupport againſt brothers, the common cauſe of *paternal* attachment.---The writer, then, in diſpute, will be too juſt to conceive himſelf injured, if I deſert him, in behalf of my country. Indeed, I cannot, ſo much as by *ſilence*, admit the bad reaſon, which, in his preface to *The Death of Cæſar*, he has given his own countrymen, for writing that piece, which was (he ſays) that they might have a perfect idea of the *taſte of the Engliſh in Tragedy*.

NOT to proteſt in repulſe of this charge, would be, to acquieſce under Imputations of *brutality*. For, what leſs ſhare of inſenſibility to all that is manly, or tender, can conſent to miſtake, as an *example of national virtue*, an inhuman, and bloody *Enthuſiaſt*; who, having plotted to aſſaſſinate his benefactor, under ſuſpicion or appearance of tyranny, perſiſts in and executes the murder, even after diſcovering, that it is upon the perſon of his *father!*

I APPEAL, out of *England*, to the beſt judge *of England*, whether this would be ſuffer'd

ſuffer'd on our ſtage? whether a nation, ſo vain of its claims to humanity, as not to have laugh'd at ſome writers of its own, when they aſſerted, with a ſerious face, that *good nature* was ſo entirely an *Engliſh* peculiarity, that there wanted even a *name* for the virtue, in every language of *Europe* but ours! whether, my Lord, a people, ſo rapaciouſly fond of a quality, that but endears and embelliſhes *duty*, could ſupport without horror and hatred a ſcene, that makes war upon *nature!* violating the groundwork, the fundamental obligation of *being*, in behalf of a *collateral* virtue!

PRESUMING, on the right of an *Engliſhman*, that our judge has declar'd in our favour, I go on, to except againſt another too haſty concluſion, that ſeems to have miſled *M. de Voltaire*, to reject *women characters*, in his Tragedy----I don't know, how he came off, from this charge, among thoſe, who had moſt cauſe to be angry: But, if I am not miſtaken in the ſpirit and fire he was born among, the *ladies of France* found it hard, to forgive his unmindfulneſs, how often their ſex had been foremoſt, in both the glory, and diſgrace of his country.

I AM

I AM afraid, indeed, it will be urg'd, in his favour that he had none of his country-women, in view; for methinks, the motive to this adventurous, and more than *ſalic* excluſion, ſquints a little toward *England*, in the critical condemnation, he has beſtow'd upon the *Martias*, and *Lucias*, in our Tragedies: I remember, where he has told all the world, that he hates ſuch *inſipid danglers* in *paſſion*: And many *Engliſhmen*, perhaps, would ſubſcribe to his opinion, if it were to be underſtood but with this neceſſary reſtriction, that the levity of an amorous gallantry is inconſiſtently mixt with *diſtreſſes*, like the *death of a Cato* or *Cæſar*; but *Rome* could, ſurely! have furniſh'd him with ſpirits, of a ſeverer, and more aweful impreſſion: She had her *Cornelius* and *Portias* at his ſervice: Souls! of a compaſs, and turn, that can juſtify the pretenſion of *ladies*, to far *other* ſhares, than are commonly allotted them, in the conduct of Tragedy: To parts more proportioned to their *worth*, than their *weakneſs!* parts which, taking ſtrength into tenderneſs, from the ſex's capacity, not of *pleaſing* alone--but correcting, impelling, reſtraining,

ſtraining, confounding, endangering, might produce, guide, and animate the moſt paſſionate dramatic perplexities, from a claſhing diſplay, not of feminine follies but virtues, applied to their oppoſite intereſts. I am ſo fully perſwaded of the eaſe, with which this might be done, that I don't know whether your Lordſhip will not find the two characters, moſt immediately neceſſary to the cataſtrophe of the model before you, in the *wives* of the two principal perſons.

HOWEVER, provok'd into this unwilling neceſſity, of aſſerting an *Engliſhman*'s reliſh in Tragedy, upon a plan, the reverſe of what *France* has been taught to conceive it, I have retain'd that fine incident, of the amour between *Cæſar* and *Servilia*: fond indeed of every thing, which I would derive from M. *de Voltaire*, with equal room to preſerve, and be pleas'd with: But, I am ſorry I found it impoſſible, to pity either his *Brutus*, or his *Cæſar*. The one upon every new reading, always ſhocking me, ſtill more than before, with a deteſtation of his inhuman ferocity: and the other in purſuit of an imperious, and arrogant ſuperiority, ſeeming to forget his own true motives, and character, ſo far, as to give

up

up the ſenſe, and foundation of a conduct (the boaſt of antiquity! and brighteſt example of nature!) to the miſtakes of his modern accuſers, men of inflexible, unarguing prejudice: who, having accuſtom'd themſelves to think *Cæſar* a tyrant, ſacrifice reaſon and facts, to opinion; and condemn the great martyr of popular liberty, as one, who was for trampling on the rights of his country. The injuſtice of this lazy conceſſion in writers, and the original cauſe, the miſtake appears owing to (from influence of the *Senate's* uſurpation at *Rome*) ſhewn in as obvious a light as, at this diſtance of time, I was able to throw on the ſubject --- I wiſh may have had ſtrength enough to travel ſo far, as to the honour of your Lordſhip's notice, in a late *enquiry into the merit* of ASSASSINATION, *with a view to the character of* CÆSAR, *and his deſigns on the Roman republic.*

THUS, my Lord, like a penitent ſinner, unwilling to depart with a load on his conſcience, I, who, in one ſenſe, am bidding farewel to the world, having taken my leave of its hopes and its flatteries, now, diſburthen my heart of a duty, which has long lain upon it with preſſure.

After that, I make haſte to my exit; for if I were ſtill to write on, till I had confeſs'd all the pleaſures, I feel, when I think of your Lordſhip, *patience* ought, in your defence, to change place with *benevolence*, and become the moſt active of your virtues.

BUT, it is ſo vain to talk much on trite ſubjects, that, inſtead of enumerating your ſo hardly to be counted great qualities, all the eaſier ambition I now have in view, is but to avoid the imputation, hereafter, of one, who lived at the ſame time, *unknowing* them. So that, (I am afraid it is too much for my own ſake) I declare to poſterity, that there was no man, with more reſpect and devotion, attached to Lord *Bolingbroke*, than his

Moſt humble,

And moſt obedient Servant;

A. HILL.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

July 31, 1738.

MY LORD,

IF, to be pleaſed, where we did not expect it, is to be glad, in a double degree, what right have I now to rejoice, in behalf of my country! agreeably ſurprized as I am, that ſhe has again her *good genius* within her; at a time when one would have thought her abandoned by every kind power, both of this world and a better! Nay, if preferring the peace of poor *England* to your Lordſhip's, I ſhould even wiſh you redoom'd to her *helm*, the time preſent ſtands in ſuch viſible want of you *there*, that the wiſh would deſerve pardon from ages to come. It might deprive them, 'tis true, of the benefit of reading your thoughts; but it would tranſmit all their weight, in your actions.

YET, I ſay this, but as a *lover* of my *country*: --- As a *lover of your Lordſhip*, I ought to wiſh otherwiſe: --- Why ſhould *ſouls*, of ſuch internal activity as yours, in *bodies* ſo accompliſhed and elegant, ſink the pleaſanter

pleaſanter cares, you are able to create for yourſelves, in your hopeleſs concern for the public; what *phyſician*, who preſcribes for his *fame*, will take pains for a *loſt* conſtitution, which he knows is too *crazy* to ſupport its *decays*—yet too *ſtubborn*, to admit of a *remedy*?

THE very inſinuation, however, of ſuch a misfortune befalling your virtues, was the ſevereſt repriſal, I could think of, in revenge of *my Cæſar*; whom, ſince you will not allow to have been, more than half-way, a *patriot*, it were an equitable, though a terrible recompence, to wiſh you the repairer of a ſtate, more corrupt and ungrateful, than the *Roman*.

IN the mean time, what acknowledgments are not due, from the author of the Tragedy of this *Cæſar*, to a condeſcention, that could induce you to confeſs yourſelf ſatisfied with his *conduct* of a piece, which you make him apprehenſive, he has plann'd on a miſtaken foundation! -- I aſſure you, my Lord, with the ſincereſt ſimplicity, that he had rather enjoy *your* regard, as a balance for neglect from the public, than poſſeſs the profitable

profitable bad conſequences of pleaſing, where, to endeavour to pleaſe, is ſo faſhionable; if he muſt deſerve, at the ſame time, your ſcorn -- or, what you would be apter to give him -- your pity.

SEE, how eaſy it will be, to encourage me into that familiar remiſſneſs of ſtyle, which you ſo nobly invite and approve of. It is what all men (not ſpoiled by their poetry) naturally love, and too readily practiſe. Though there are occaſions, when to claim ſuch a privilege, would be to forfeit their right of enjoying it. You muſt, for example, allow me to conſider it as one thing, to have the honour of entertaining you alone--and another--in face of the public. And, becauſe I would appeal to unqueſtioned experience, for the neceſſity of this natural diſtinction; let me venture to imagine, I had been *peeping in* upon ſome of the ſofteſt of Lord *Bolingbroke*'s moments. I will carry the ſuppoſition ſo far, as to his aſſignation with ſome poſſeſſor of his heart. In ſuch a well-improved happy minute, how engagingly has he ſprung out of *reſerve*, to become pleaſingly and irreſiſtibly preſuming. But *Fancy*, (for it delights in his company) has

has now found him, again, the next day, near the ſame kind indulger of his intimacy, gravely ſurrounded by a formal *aſſembly*. Now, how changed, and how guarded, his *conduct!* -- What a *reverence* to the character he *honours!* -- How reſtrained, how corrected, his *looks!* and his *addreſs* how reſpectful and diſtant!

I HAVE drawn a little picture, which you will know, and confeſs to be *like:* Let it give you a *writer's* good reaſon, why he uſes two different ſtyles, when the world is to witneſs what he *ſays* of the character, he *loves*; and when *only* that character is his object. Shall I offer your Lordſhip a *treaty?* (we live in ſuch negotiating days, that importance need be no part of its motive) Let this diviſional contract between us ſupport, and encourage a correſpondence, which one of the party, at leaſt, will be ſure to be the better for--that, in conſideration of the *familiar*, to be furniſhed on the part of Lord *B———ke*, the *reſpectful* ſhall be duly contributed, by his

Moſt obliged, and

Obedient Servant,

U A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

July 31, 1738.

SIR,

IT was yeſterday, before I had the pleaſure of receiving your kind and obliging letter; together with Lord *B———ke's*, (for which I have ſent him my thanks in the incloſed). The coach brought your packet, a week paſt, from *London:* But I had made a little ſtart, from my diſagreeable ſituation in the ſkirt of a country town, with a view to reſolve on a fitter, where I muſt content myſelf, for ſome time, with forty-ſeven miles diſtance from *Twickenham*, 'till, like the ſtory they tell of a *beaſt* not worth naming, I have made myſelf *lighter*, as a means to be ſafer; that is (in plain *Engliſh*) 'till I have ſold the beſt part of a too little *fortune* — very falſey ſo called, while it could not procure *eaſe* to its *owner*. As ſoon as this hard taſk is over, I ſhall be able, with the greateſt delight, to aſſure you, in your own beautiful garden, what an impreſſion you have made on me, by your goodneſs.

NEVER was I more pleas'd and ſurpriz'd, than at hearing you had Lord *B———ke* at *Twickenham:*

Twickenham: I mean, that you had him, your gueſt there, in *perſon*; for I knew his *idea* dwelt with you. Yet, I fear, he is a bleſſing we are to hold, as we do *ſummer*;—juſt to feel, and owe *fruit* to--and loſe him. *France* is glad to draw *ſtrength* from her neighbours; and will take pains to out-charm a dull climate, where ſhe would leave as little *ſpirit* as poſſible.

As to the Tragedy, you return me, of *Cæſar*, you will not eaſily imagine, how glad I am, you were pleaſed with it; and how much more ſo, that you tell it me, with ſuch a warmth of good-will and generoſity. But I am ſtill further, if poſſible, obliged, by your judicious and elegant *corrections*, hinted to me in ſuch a number of places. Nor have I enough of true *proteſtant zeal*, to loſe any one of your bleſſings, becauſe (like a *Papiſt* as you are) you have given them me with the *ſign of the Croſs*.---No--I remember the effect of that ſign, in the banner of *Conſtantine*, and I *reverence* it, as a token of *victory*. As for that low ſcene of *Plebeians*, in the laſt act, I will ſtrike it quite out. 'Tis the beſt way of mending a fault, which was committed without uſe, or

temptation. What a deal of *dumb magic* may be lodged in the *path* of a *pencil!* *Yours*, like its ſable repreſentative on the face of a dial, *ſays* nothing; and yet *points out*, and meaſures, and regulates, with the utmoſt *exactneſs*, as it paſſes! ſo ſalutary, and ſo neceſſary is the *eye* of a *friend!* How many *improprieties* might your reprehenſion have taught me to *rectify!* How many *obſcurities* to clear up and enlighten! And, laſtly, how many of the *ambitioſa ornamenta* (a poet's moſt dangerous, becauſe moſt flattering favourites) might not ſuch wholeſome *black lines*, of our *Horace*, have given me reſolution to cut off, without mercy!

AND ſo much for this Tragedy--except that, as I deſign it for the *ſtage*, this next winter, it would be infinitely kind in you (while I am a *hermit* on the back ſide of *Parnaſſus*) to ſpeak what you think, where it properly offers, for its ſervice, as well *before* the acting ſeaſon, as *in* it.

THOUGH I talk of the back ſide of *Parnaſſus*, I ſometimes ſee company here, you would hardly expect, from the proſpect; for where, but at an old faſhioned country gentleman's,

gentleman's, who lives in a hole at the foot of a hill, and a wood, like the cave of ſome captain of Banditti, ſhould I meet the other day, with Part the ſecond of *One thouſand, ſeven hundred, thirty eight.*

STOR'D with beauties, as every thing muſt be, that you write, for the public, ſhall I dare to confeſs, that I did not uſe to conſider your works, of *this* vein, as thoſe, from which you were ſureſt of the love and admiration of poſterity; but I find, in this, ſatire, ſomething inexpreſſibly daring and generous. It carries the acrimony of *Juvenal*, with the *Horatian* air of eaſe and ſerenity. It reaches *heights* the moſt elevated, without ſeeming to deſign any *ſoaring*. It is raiſed and familiar at once. It oppoſes juſt *praiſe* to juſt *cenſure*, and, thereby, doubles the *power* of either. It places the *Poet* in a light, for which *nature* and *reaſon* deſigned him; and attones all the pitiful *ſins* of the *trade*, for, to a *trade*, and a *vile* one, poetry is irrecoverably ſunk, in this kingdom. What a pity, that our rottenneſs begins at the *core!* and is a corruption, not of *perſons* alone, but of *things!* One would, elſe, ſtrongly hope, from a ridicule ſo ſharp, and ſo morally

pointed, that wicked men might be laughed into ſomething, like penitence. But, alas! they are only bit by *Tarantula's*, who can be cured by the power of *muſick*.--Not even the harp of *Apollo* had a charm to expel *vipers*, that have crept into the *entrails*.

Go on, however, to make *war*, with a courage, that reproaches a *nation's*; and live (would you *could*) juſt as long as 'till the *virtues*, your ſpirit would propagate, become as general, as the eſteem of your genius! --I am, with great obligation and truth,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

And moſt affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

Auguſt 29, 1738.

DEAR SIR,

I AM ſenſibly touch'd, by the kindneſs of your laſt; and ſorry at my heart, that I am unable to bring you my thanks for it, to *Twickenham*. It would have been a delight, of the warmeſt, and moſt deſirable kind, to have ſeen my Lord, there, before he left *England*. But, (accuſtom'd to diſappointment, and ill fortune) I am encumber'd with difficulties, which retard all my views; nor dare I determine how ſoon I can hope to be eaſier. Since I muſt not, therefore, be ſo happy, as your truly great friend has the goodneſs to wiſh me, only tell him, in my name, that he has a faithful ſervant, unknown, who always lov'd him from motives, which he deſerves: and deſires to be lov'd, from one, who has long weigh'd his ſpirit, and reflected on, and meaſur'd his *actions*. One who, leſs for my Lord's ſake, than his country's, laments to obſerve it adminiſter'd into a neceſſity of *fearing* his virtues. I cannot forbear to add, that I wiſh him great length of days; yet, am afraid,

I include great unhappineſs in the wiſh; ſince he will never be able to ſee, and hear, without miſery, the *deſolation* of a country, he was born for!

I OUGHT to be aſham'd, after thinking and ſpeaking of Lord *B——ke*, to deſcend to ſuch a theme, as my Tragedy: But you have, *both*, been its friends, and benefactors, and it would be doing injuſtice to your good nature, if I forbore to inform you, that from a wholeſome ſeverity, which I was inflam'd into againſt myſelf, under influence of your ſaving black *Croſſes*, I have effac'd, chang'd, and heighten'd it, (in two hundred places, and more) till, if now it fails on acting, to meet with a reception, a little extraordinary, I ſhall be mortify'd into a *conviction*, that it is time for me to have done writing!

I WAS about to have it ſent you, again; that you might have ſeen the good effects of your cenſure: But, when I remember'd you had read it *four* times, I found not enough of the *Poet*, within me, to preſume the unconſcionable *fifth*, from an attention,

attention, that can be employ'd ſo much better.

GOD knows, when the ſeaſon comes on, how far I may be maſter of opportunity, to attend it in its way to the Theatre, (where the managers are for *Farce*, and not *Tragedy*.) In the interim, I ſhall apply moſt of my leiſure, to the finiſhing, and tranſcribing my Eſſay, that it may be legible, and come and beg your peruſal: To whom ſending every good wiſh, in my ſtead, I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged

And affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

Sept. 1, 1738,

SIR,

YOU have oblig'd me, dear Sir, (in a manner that can never be forgot) by that ſincere, and kind ſenſe, you expreſs, of the difficulties, which encumber my affairs. But, I aſſure you, were they greater, and more than they are, I ſhould rather *enjoy*, than *lament* 'em, while they procur'd me the diſtinction of a generous wiſh, from ſuch minds as your *own* and Lord *Bolingbroke*'s

ANOTHER way, too, you are, both of you, infinitely good: For you encourage me to the repetition of a trouble, I ſhould never have had confidence, to think pardonable. After ſo many times reading the Tragedy, to be deſirous of going over it again, is an honour, which, if it is found to deſerve, it muſt be by improvements, deriv'd from your pencils. I am really at a loſs, how to thank you enough, for thoſe marks, both of your judgment, and kindneſs, and you will ſee, how ſincere I have

have been, in this ſentiment, from its effect on the pages, I ſend you. But one thing I found ſtrange in the benefit, is, that as ſoon as I conſider'd your *croſſes*, with the paſſages, againſt which they were plac'd, they explain'd what they meant, ſo convincingly, that I ſaw both the *defect* and the *remedy*; and yet I had often, and ſeverely, before, taken thoſe very places to taſk, without any ſuch conviction of their wants! nay, this could not, in my caſe, ariſe from an *author's* partiality to himſelf, becauſe I know, I examin'd with rigour. I muſt, therefore, conclude that familiarity with our own thoughts, and conceptions, *dulls* and *deadens* in us, our ſenſe of their qualities, --as men are gradually *benumb'd* in ſenſations, that relate to their *wives*. By the way, that's a vile (modiſh) *ſimile*; for men, in *my* caſe, are *dull'd*, but in ſenſe of *defects*: In the *other*, of *beauties*, and *virtues*.

AFTER all, what a *profit* are we robb'd of by pride, when we decline this advantage of *cenſure!* I don't mean ſuch kind cenſure, as *yours*, only---(*friends* touch every thing with the finger of *Midas*) but I ſpeak it with regard even to the malice of *petulant* criticiſm. Even this is what *poets*,

methinks, have ſtill cauſe to be fond of; ſince wherever an *error* is clear, the *inſtruction* is equally manifeſt: And, tho' it ſhould happen, that the critic *miſtakes*, the writer, however, reaps benefit; For while he can't, without impartial reflection, be convinc'd, whether injuſtice is done him —— he acquires patience in ſearch of that truth, and is but forc'd into a habit of judging.

I TOOK as much care, as I could, to ſtrike out, and inſert with ſuch plainneſs, as to preſerve the old copy ſtill legible; yet you will find it blotted, and ſcarified, all over; like a lady, to whom I have the pleaſure of being a neighbour: She was once, I am told, very fair of complexion, and was then, full of faults, and of vanities; but being now become hard-fac'd, and pimply, ſhe is grown amiable, and candid *within*; and pleaſing no more, as a *belle*, gives delight, like a rational creature, I am,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt truly

Affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Sept. 23, 1738.

YOU would ſooner, dear Sir, have been troubled with my thanks, for your favour of the 12th, but that it came not to my hands, till the 20th: Mr *Richardſon* being from home, and his people not entruſted with the direction, to forward my letters.

As ſoon as I had read, I perceiv'd the weight of your reaſon, for not hinting the *patriotiſm* of *Cæſar*, too raſhly; and therefore, tho' I had chang'd, before you ſaw it, and upon the ſame apprehenſion, a *title*, I deſign'd for the Tragedy, now found that caution too little; and immediately croſs'd out thoſe lines in the Prologue, which inſinuated ſomething of like purpoſe.

I FIND too, upon reflection, that the concern will be ſo viſibly increaſed, by that finely judg'd hint, of my Lord's, for contriving to make *Caſſius* appriz'd of the true birth of *Brutus* (and therefore including *fathers*, in the

the horrible abjuration, he dictates) that, in order to make way for ſuch a ſcene, as I ſend you, wherein I account for the probability of that circumſtance, and open the Play with its diſcovery, I have cut off as many lines in other places, where they could be ſpar'd, without weakening the ſcenes: ---and among' em, I have ſtruck out thoſe, which my Lord finds too *tender* in *Brutus* to *Cæſar*, after ſight of his *warrant:* For tho' I imagin'd there was ſomething (tragically at leaſt) allowable for certain involuntary motions of horror, certain powerful ſenſations of reluctance, and tenderneſs in *children*, about to do violence to *parents*, tho' they know 'em not, as ſuch; yet, I make it a maxim to give up opinion, implicitely, (in pieces of my own) to the judgment of men, of *great genius*. And I ground the reſignation upon this principle (which I think is a juſt one) that even granting, I could clear up the point in diſpute, to my own ſenſe of the queſtion; yet where the apprehenſion of *ſuch* men but *heſitates* ---- the *meaning* muſt, to the bulk of mankind, be quite *dark* and *imperceptible*. And whatever is not *obvious*, is *error* in dramatical writings. I have alſo, thrown

ſomething

ſomething into the ſcene, from my Lord's third kind hint, as a help toward removing the popular prejudice againſt *Cæſar*'s inclination to *peace*. But, in this, I was too much confin'd by the plan; for the deaths of *Pompey* and *Cato* having happen'd, before, left particular tranſactions, between them and *Cæſar*, remote from the preſent diſpoſition of things; which, turning upon precipitate *paſſion*, muſt come on, with rapidity, and violence; and therefore, I was afraid, leſt expoſtulatory deductions, while they concern'd matters, out of the current, might have given to good reaſoning, the appearance of coldneſs.

WHAT you ſay, againſt *Prologues* and, *Epilogues*, is a truth, which I heartily feel, and come into; But he ought to be very well *mounted*, who is for leaping the hedges of cuſtom. As my affairs ſtand, at preſent, I ſhould find it imprudent, to give away the third nights, (which till now, I have always left to the houſe) And, I doubt thoſe diſorderly heats, which muſt throw the *firſt* night into uproar, upon retrenching a popular folly, might have effects

effects (for the above reaſon, *alone*,) to be apprehended.

IT was, from the ſame *little* reaſon, (too, narrow a one, I confeſs) that I took the liberty of deſiring you in a former to *declare* your very generous, and good-natur'd thoughts of the *play* where you judg'd 'em moſt likely to be of ſervice, toward the expectation, and report, that ſhould fore-run a Tragedy. It was *impoſſible* (and I hope, you are ſure of it) that I could deſire you to *ſpeak, what you think*, in any ſignification unworthy your *ſpirit*. *You*, who ſpeak what you think, with more boldneſs, than moſt others dare *think* what you ſpeak!

AFTER all, I am aſham'd, that I took ſuch a freedom; and amaz'd, how I came to imagine it reaſonable, I ſhould charge your attention ſo heavily! I believe, I had doubts, when I ſent you that letter, (as, indeed, I ſtill have) from the too light, or too gay diſpoſition, both in maſters of Theatres, and Audiences. And, in truth, I am apprehenſive, I have no great *Succeſs* to expect, from the *Tragedy*.

No

No matter I am ſure:— it *can* never have any, that will be either more great, or more priz'd, by its author, than *that*, which, by my *Lord Bolinbroke*'s goodneſs, and *yours*, it has already receiv'd in *your* judgments. Believe me, dear Sir, with an unchangeable affection,

Your oblig'd,

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Oct. 4, 1738.

DEAR SIR.

I MAKE haſte, to accuſe you of a little unkindneſs, in telling me, that having an affair, that embarraſſes you, and wiſhing my advice in the conduct of it, you *hardly know how to aſk it.*

WHEN you know me, ſo well, as I will take care you ſhall, you will feel your own

right to command me. As you want not, I am ſure, either my *pen*, or my *judgment*, I am impatient to learn, in what ſenſe my *advice* can be ſerviceable. If it were MORE than advice, you ſhould have it more willingly, which however, I beg, that you would not believe, but make *trial*. If your concerns, in any light, may be ſerv'd, by my coming to *London*, no matter, whether ſeaſonable, or not ---- It would *pleaſe* me, to deſpiſe every hazard, that can ſhew you the truth of my friendſhip. Therefore (all regard to my own cares or intereſts, *apart*) I am---by head, heart, or hand now, and always, in the moſt abſolute manner, at your ſervice.

As to the little affair of the Epilogue, I am *ſatisfied*, as I ought to be, with the very good reaſon you give me. And, even with regard to the Tragedy itſelf, after what you tell me, that Mr. *Mallet*, and Mr. *Thompſon*, have Plays in a forwardneſs, rahter than I will ſo much as think of ſuffering any intereſt of mine, to claſh with that of either of thoſe valuable men, I would forget, I had *written* a Tragedy. Indeed, the firſt intimation I had of Mr. *Mallet*'s

Mallet's being return'd from abroad, was by the above peice of news, in your letter. As ſoon as you can be ſo good to inform me, whether, where, and in what part of this winter, thoſe gentlemen propoſe to bring on their Tragedies, I will regulate my own conduct accordingly.

AGAIN, dear Sir, let me beg you to *prove*, whether, in whatever you may command me to think, or to *do*, for your ſervice, you do not, in *that*, moſt engage, and oblige,

Your affectionate,

And ſincere humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Nov, 8, 1738.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have been very obliging, in your endeavours, to inform me of the time, for Mr. *Thompſon*'s, and Mr. *Mallet*'s new Tragedies; I have now ſent my own to Mr. *Fletewood*, and deſired it may be brought on about the beginning of *January*, in which caſe, it may have a fair chance to be *dead* and *forgotten*, before the beſt of the ſeaſon is over.

SINCE I find Mr. *Thompſon* not ſo forward, as I apprehended he was, in his *new* Play, I will acquaint you with ſomething, that I *long* to ſay to him, concerning his *old* one; and, if you think I am right, in my opinion, I beg the favour of you to *ſay* it in my ſtead; 'Twill be ſaid, I am ſure, with more *weight*; and, from the *deference* I know he always had for your *judgment*, I believe, 'twill be ſaid, with more *conſequence*.

I HAVE been ſo long, and incurioufly, a ſtranger to *London*, and the very few good things,

things, it can furniſh the *mind* with, that I had not read *Agamemnon*, 'till lately, when I ſaw it in the hands of that happy old remnant of a pleaſanter age, ---

(" When *love* was all an eaſy monarch's care")

concerning whoſe *genius* and *manner* of living, I believe, I ſaid ſomething in one of my former letters.

I FIND ſuch a *ſpirit*, in ſome of the ſcenes, that it grieves me to add, I am afraid it falls off on a ſudden, and leaves the fourth and fifth acts, in particular, much too cold for their place, and their purpoſe.

IF the deſign of that Tragedy is, what I ſuppoſe it to be, to derive from *Agamemnon*'s impolitic rambling, his diſappointment in domeſtic felicity, the alienation of his ſubjects affection, and his becoming a property to an ill-truſted rogue, in his abſence. Then *Agamemnon*, who gives *moral* and *name* to the Play, ought to have animated, and ſtood obvious, in every part of it. All the evil he *ſuffers*, ſhould be an effect of ſome act which he *does*. For, whenever he ceaſes to

to ſeize, and to execute him, immediately; at the ſame time, lamenting his ſtrange incapacity, to make a kingly and open attempt upon the traitor, who had uſurped his authority; condemning, with a manly ſeverity of wiſdom, his *raſhneſs*, in out-ſailing his *navy*; yet, drawing comfort, under ſenſe of his folly, from the tenderneſs of this ſtabbing reflection--that it had been the impatience of a *love*, which he could not repent of, that had plunged him in the unforeſeen danger: -- And, finally, repoſing his *crown*, and his *life*, on the aſſiſtance of *Clytemneſtra*'s invention, whom he inſtructs to contrive ſome immediate pretence, in her name, for engaging *Egiſthus* to viſit her, while he himſelf would give orders for ſecuring the *palace* againſt any conſequent attempt of the *rebels*, 'till the arrival of his own army and fleet, which he knew he might expect, in a day or two.

In ſuch a ſcene, how apprehenſive a horror of heart, might not *Clytemneſtra* have been agitated with, by the author of *Agamemnon?* And, again, what a livelier ſtill, would have followed, if, upon ſending for, and acquainting *Egiſthus* with his danger, ſhe

ſhe had inſiſted on his ſeizing the *ſhip*, that had brought home the *king*, for their ſailing away in it, that evening, towards ſome ſea-port of *Egypt*, or *Aſia*, where *he* might hope to be ſafe from the *revenge*, that was due to his *crimes*; — and *ſhe*, from the inſupportable ſhame of diſcovery. *Egiſthus*, as but heſitating to the propoſal, and hinting the authority, which he had in his hands, to ſecure himſelf, by more eligible means, ſhould have inflamed her to a diſtraction, that, deteſting the idea of new crimes, had called heaven to witneſs, in the moſt ſolemn and paſſionate manner, that, upon his refuſing, or even delaying his conſent, ſhe would never ſuffer him to eſcape from the *palace*, but give him up to the ſword of *Agamemnon*; and releaſe herſelf, by death, the ſame inſtant.

IT would have been natural for *Egiſthus*, in a danger like this, to diſguiſe his true thoughts, and deceive *Clytemneſtra*, by a ſeeming aſſent to her offer; his hypocriſy would re-ſoften her into temper; and an hour might have been appointed, when he ſhould be privately admitted again; coming armed, that, by aid of his followers, they might ſecure their

their eſcape, ſhould a diſcovery be made, in attempting it.

IN the fifth act, *Egiſthus*, ſuppoſed already admitted with his adherents, might declare to the chiefs of the party, by what artifice he had engaged *Clytemneſtra* to cauſe a gate of the garden to be opened into that moſt ſolitary quarter of the palace, where, expecting her preſence, he aſſigns, to ſome of his party, the charge of ſecuring her perſon, and commiſſions the reſt to break, with him, upon his ſignal, into the royal apartments, there to diſpatch *Agamemnon*, at once, as the only ſecurity now left, for themſelves, and their faction.

Clytemneſtra, in this terrible criſis, ruſhing out, in a tranſport of joy, might have urged him to be cautious and ſilent, becauſe the *king*, in a neighbouring appartment, was expecting her notice to ſurprize him.--She preſſing him therefore, to depart with her immediately.-- But, when ſhe finds herſelf under guard of his ſoldiers, and diſcovers his deſign on the perſon of the *king*, ſhe breaks out into clamour and agony, reproaching herſelf, as the involuntary contriver of a *huſband's* deſtruction, whom ſhe had

had already betrayed, with a guilt, that ſtood in no need of this additional horror. At length, enraged more and more, by *Egiſthus*'s attempts to reſtrain her, ſhe caſts off all caution, and ſenſe of the conſequence, and, reſolving to alarm *Agamemnon*, cries aloud to him, to beware of *Egiſthus*, and ſecure himſelf againſt villains and murder.

AGAMEMNON might have been heard, in this place, calling his train, from within, to his ſuccour; then impatiently entering, in perſon, and ſurprizing *Egiſthus* on his knees, in a fruitleſs endeavour to appeaſe *Clytemneſtra*, he might have over-heard her, in the rage of reproach, charging him with the violation, he had drawn her to ſuffer. In a contraſt of three ſuch ſtrong, and ſuch oppoſite paſſions, as muſt then affect the *king*, *queen*, and *Egiſthus* -- the behaviour, the thoughts, and the attitudes, required for expreſſing them, would afford one of the livelieſt occaſions in nature, for a *Poet* to ſhew the force of his genius.

DURING the fire of this ſcene, *Agamemnon*, upon entrance of ſome of his officers, commands them to lay hands on *Egiſthus*; but

but the traitor, at the ſame time, requiring thoſe officers, ſuppoſed to be bribed creatures of his own, to deſerve and repay his long bounties, by aſſiſting to *ſeize on the king*. They obey the miniſterial injunction, and, deſerting the cauſe of their *prince*, all go over to the ſide of *Egiſthus*.

IN ſuch an unkingly ſituation as this, *Agamemnon*, expreſſing his ſentiments with a majeſty becoming the inſult, *Egiſthus* might have returned it with a *ſcorn*, that would awaken, and drive home the *moral*. He might have told him, that, ſince he had neglected to execute the *duties* of a *king*, he had no longer a *right* to the *power* --That he might now learn, too late, by the inferiority, which he ſaw himſelf reduced to, that, from the moment, wherein he reſigned to a ſubject the authority to diſpoſe of all offices, and aſſume all the cares of a crown, he inveſted *that ſubject* with *Monarchy*: — and that, with the ſame tame Dependance of *will*, now more uſeful, and ſeaſonable than ever, he might content himſelf with the effect of his folly.

AGAMEMNON, inflamed by ſuch inſolent treatment, breaking forcibly from the hands of

of the ſoldiers, and wreſting a ſword from the neareſt, might have thrown himſelf, with a noble indignation, upon *Egiſthus*, and diſarming and wounding the Traitor, might have been himſelf attack'd, behind, by the Rebels, and murder'd at the feet of *Clytemneſtra*, who might then have juſtly run mad, with exceſs of the horror, and the Play been concluded (upon entrance of the king's friends, who drive off *Egiſthus* and his party) by *Caſſandra*'s prophetic declaring, that the gods, who had puniſhed, ſo ſeverely, the neglect and ſlack hand of *Agamemnon*, would inflict a dreadful revenge, on his *murderer*.

By ſuch a Plan, or a better, to the ſame active purpoſe, beſides that the *pity* and *terror*, had been kept up to the laſt--two *indecorums*, unluckily believed to have been neceſſary, in the Tragedy, as it now ſtands, might have been naturally and eaſily avoided. -- The firſt is, *Egiſthus*'s acquainting *Clytemneſtra*, with his purpoſe to murder her huſband--nay, with the time, place, and manner, and (to the inſupportably *be-devilling* her character) obtaining her conſent to his doing it! The ſecond is, that there would

would no longer have appeared any ſeeming neceſſity, for ſuppoſing her jealous of *Caſſandra*. She! whoſe conſcious affair with *Egiſthus*, makes a jeſt of her pretenſions to jealouſy.

I HAVE too thorough a ſenſe of the friendly diſpoſition of your heart, to aſk pardon for ſo tedious a trouble, becauſe the ſubject concerns not yourſelf; tho' at a time too, when I ſee you engroſſed, by an attention to hours, I could *envy*, but that the raſcally paſſion is already too public a meddler with your houſe, and the great name within it, to obtain my allowance for any, the moſt gentle of the fury's aſſaults upon either.

IF you think what I have been ſaying to you, of Mr. *Thompſon*, with the freedom of a confidence, that unboſoms itſelf, without need of reſtraint, could be of uſe to him, if he knew it; you will, at your leiſure, find opportunity to hint it in converſation, with what better form and reſtriction you pleaſe: Poſſibly, it might rouſe him to reſolve on ſome plan, for the Tragedy he is writing; which, by giving his genius full ſcope, will reward

reward us for our pain in diſguſting him, perhaps, for a moment, by a laſting increaſe of the reputation, we both of us wiſh him.

As to your kind invitation, I ſhall be very unhappy, if my Lord *Bolingbroke* leaves *England*, before I can ſee *him* and *Twickenham*. And (for that very reaſon) I am afraid, I am doomed to ſee neither. In the worſt of events, I am ſure of one happineſs--neither *diſtance*, nor *doom*, can prevent me from being, and perſiſting to be, to you both,

A moſt faithful,

And affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

Dec. 9, 1738.

DEAR SIR,

GIVE me leave by the enclos'd, to reply to the firſt part of yours, that which concerns Mr. *Mallet*'s kind offer; and after having the goodneſs to cloſe it with one of your ſeals, pleaſe to ſend it him, as ſoon as convenient.

For the reſt, that relates to yourſelf---Be it known by theſe preſents, that I cannot allow you to call Mr. *Pope*'s and *Lord Bolinbroke*'s praiſes, *an airy tribute* in any ſenſe but one--- the ſuperiority of their value, to the *earthineſs* of leſs noble diſtinctions. I ſhall learn to regard my own thoughts, when they are able to procure me ſuch praiſes: for how indeed, were vanity to be reckon'd a fault, could it have the ſanction of wiſdom and virtue?

As to the coming on of my Tragedy, I begin to ſuſpect, that the Manager's hearts, at the Theatres, are more narrowly *piqu'd*, than their Player's--Few men have force in their minds, to love truth, that has ſerv'd 'em, unpleaſingly;

unpleaſingly: They forget the good *uſe*, in a diſguſt, they think due to the *cenſure*: But there is an odd, and unfortunate dilemma in the way of our childiſh deſire to be *fondled*: When we are flatter'd by that beaſt call'd a *liar*, he has the ſkill to *lick* ſoft like a *Calf*; but then he cruſhes not ſo much as a *Fly*, for our benefit: Honeſt fact, on the other ſide, has a tongue, that is rough like a *Lyon*'s, able enough to deliver from inſects, but it grates, like a *file*, where it paſſes; and endangers the ſkin, it would purify.

LET it go--no matter what Mr. *Fleetwood* deſigns or reſolves: were his acting of *Cæſar*, capable of ten times the good, it can do me, I ſhould myſelf, be incapable of quickening his phlegm any farther: There is a reluctance (I am afraid, it is a *pride*) in my nature, againſt ſoliciting any thing, that regards my own intereſt: --- and, eſpecially, from the dull and unworthy: The cauſe I would fain *place* (for I love to be *near* you) in

"*The ſtrong antipathy of good to bad!*"

where I hope, and believe, I may find it. For, I am ſure, that I hate myſelf heartily,

and with the malice and pain of an enemy, whenever I am fool enough, *not to be able* to hate, as I ought, either a *low* ſoul, or a *falſe* one. You will ſee through all this, that Mr. *Mallet*'s friendly offer was not only kind, but a very ſeaſonable interpoſition.

WHAT ſhall I now ſay, that can thank you enough, in return for your generous wiſhes? I would ſubmit to be any thing, above a bad miniſter, for the power of rewarding your partiality: But I am about to plant myſelf among corn fields, and vineyards, where *video meliora proboq*; -- and fortune will take care to prevent me from any danger of being tempted by the *Deteriora*, behind, in the cloſe of it. I have been haſtening, at the deſire of a friend, a long diſcourſe, that will be loſt on the ſtage, or ſhould have been able, by this time, to have made another eſſay, legible enough to wait on you, at *Twickenham*; where, that never more any evil thing may enter, is the ſincere and affectionate prayer of,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLET.

Dec. 9. 1738.

DEAR SIR,

IN a retreat, which my preſent affairs have made neceſſary, I had lately the pleaſure to hear (by Mr. *Pope*) that you have been, ſome time, returned from abroad.---Would to God, our poor country could as happily re-poſſeſs herſelf of every other good claim, ſhe is robbed of! I hear too, (and hear it with joy) that the town is in expectation of a Tragedy, by the author of *Eurydice*: when that Tragedy appears on the ſtage, I ſhall have one ſolid reaſon to be ſorry, I am a ſtranger to *London*.

OUR good friend, abovenamed, has done the juſtice he loves, to your generous propoſal, of lending the benefit of your attention to the progreſs of my Play, through the houſe. I thank you very heartily, for ſo obliging and ſeaſonable a ſervice. You are one of thoſe few, I can, without pain, be a debtor to; and I moſt willingly accept of, and delight in your offer---only give me leave to declare, it is a preliminary condition,

that (as I had rather my Play ſhould never be acted at all, than retard yours a moment) I abſolutely reſign to *your* choice, its appearing, or not appearing at all --- juſt as may ſerve moſt effectually to keep it (where I inſiſt upon holding it) moſt remote from poſtponing *your* Tragedy.

ABOUT a month ago, I ſent *mine* to Mr. *Fleetwood*; and having heard, that neither *yours*, nor Mr. *Thompſon*'s were expected to be ready, 'till toward the end of the ſeaſon, I propoſed, that *Cæſar* ſhould be brought on in *January*, which, if it was, I would expect no conſideration for it, at all, if the *run* ſhould be ſhort of nine nights.--If *more*, the three loweſt receipts of the firſt *nine*, ſhould be my claim, paying him his *charges*, as uſual. His anſwer, which I deſired might be left with Mr. *Chetwood*, having been called for laſt week, word was ſent me, that (five days before) Mr. *Fleetwood* had told him, he determined to get up the Tragedy, forthwith; but I have yet had no letter from the manager. I hint theſe particulars, as neceſſary to be known, if you have the goodneſs to learn his deſign from himſelf; which, ſince you encourage me, ſo frankly, to trouble you, I wiſh you would do, in my behalf,

behalf, and fix, with him, the time, either in *January*, or after; reſpect being had, as above, to the readings, or not readings of your own.

As to an unwillingneſs to act, in the *Player*, to whom I have *adapted* the character of *Cæſar*, I ſhould be ſorry, and ſurprized, if he can be capable of that ſecond miſtake, in return for ſo candid a proof of my having forgotten the former. About three or four years paſt, ſome remarks having been made on the *Theatres*, with a view to have argued the *Players* into a more general exertion of that ſenſibility in the expreſſion of paſſions, which, of late, in great degree, (from effect of ſuch remarks in thoſe papers, the town, I am told, has been led to diſtinguiſh and applaud, in the practice of the party I ſpeak of), *He*, overlooking the good that was meant him, and concluding, that the cenſures were *mine*, they produced in him the ſame wrong effect, I once met with *abroad*, from an officious pinch of *good-natured ſnuff*, ill beſtowed on an ungrateful *French* gentleman, who was careleſly falling aſleep, in a current of *air*, after *violent exerciſe*. But, as to the *actor*, whoſe want of *civility* I remembered no more, becauſe it

had been balanced, on my own ſide, by a want of *patience*, almoſt as *unwarrantable*, he muſt, ſince then, have had leiſure enough for reflection, to find and confeſs the good purpoſe of ſuch friendly reproaches. Yet, we inſenſibly ſuffer *ſelf-love* to take place of our *reaſon*, and then it naturally prevents our diſcerning the *motives* of men, whoſe *method* was not faſhioned to pleaſe us.

I am talking too much of myſelf and my Tragedy. -- If I had yours in my eye, I ſhould have found a better ſubject; May you have all the ſucceſs that a merit, like yours, makes it almoſt unreaſonable to hope for. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged and obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

Jan. 15, 1738-9.

DEAR SIR,

IF you happen to have an idle ſhelf in your ſtudy, that can make room for the incloſed, it will take up but little. In its firſt old edition, it had a great many more faults, than at preſent; and its worſt, a *raſh Preface*; which has never appeared in the following. I repented, as I ought, of the ſin--yet, could ſcarce ſay, I was ſorry I committed it, ſince I owed to it a diſcovery of ſome virtues, which have *made*, and will *continue* me your friend, and your ſervant.

IF I were near enough, I would give you ſome reaſons, which I ought not to trouble you with in a letter, why I wiſh, in the future editions of one of your ſatirical pieces, you would leave out a couplet, that reflects, with a roughneſs deſerving your *reviſal*, on the CZAR, in his motive to *marriage*. I have papers in my hands, which, I am ſure, if you ſaw, would remove your miſtaken ideas on that head, and throw the *nobleſt*, and moſt *beautiful* colours on a circumſtance,

which the *malice* of ſome *great courts*, in *Europe*, has taken pains to *miſ-repreſent* and to *blacken*. The ſhortened reign of the *lady* deprived me of great part of a *treaſure*, which I ſee, by what came to my hands, had been *vaſt* and *invaluable!* -- Even as it *is*, I can charge nothing upon want of *materials*, but muſt confeſs it wholly the defect of my genius, if, hereafter, I fail to give the world ſome *reſemblance*, of a prince, who (with the fulleſt deduction to be made for his few foibles) has *done honour to the human ſpecies*.

MR. *Fleetwood* -- (what a *fall* is there -- from *Peter Alexiowitz!*) ſends me word, that the *prince* has been ſo juſt, as to inſiſt on Mr. *Mallet*'s Tragedy, as the firſt to be brought on, this ſeaſon. In this news he has pleaſed me ſincerely: I adjoin my own vote, againſt myſelf, with a preference ſtill more warm than the prince's. And, may what I *write* be never *read*, but by the *Fleetwoods* and *Luns* of futurity, if I would not rather burn it, with my own hand, than oppoſe it to the intereſt of a man of genius and worth --- though a *ſtranger!* But, to ſee the management of our *Theatres* reduced

to

to ſuch an unfathomable deſcent, in *profundity*, that a Tragedy, writ with the care that has been beſtowed upon *Cæſar*, ſhould be driveled, humm'd, and heſitated over --- ſhould be complimented with the dull myſteriouſneſs of apology, to cover but neglect and irreſolution--is a nettling alarm to the patience of a *writer*, and, indeed, a trial, to the quick, of his vanity.

AND yet (as a check to the ſolemn impertinence I am ſuffering myſelf to ſlide into) it was in this very country, and in this very age --- YOU were born! -- *That* reflection ſhall ſerve as a balance, and cut ſhort all complaint in,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt humble,

And affectionate Servant,

A HILL.

To Mr. MALLET.

Jan. 25, 1738-9.

I THANK you, dear Sir, very heartily, for the favour of yours, with the detail of our ſtage-holder's infamous management. I feel its effects, in *your* right, and forget my own part in his conduct. Let me thank you, mean while, for your generous regard to my intereſt; — I loſe none of the ſentiments which I ought to be impreſſed with, under the ſenſe of your *will* to have *done*, what it was my reſolution, by no means, to have ſuffered. That *your* Tragedy takes place of my *own*, gives me an unfeigned and a juſt ſatisfaction.--Nay, I am even *charmed* and *delighted*, that this fell out at a time, when the diſordered ſituation of my affairs made the little benefit in view, from the coming on of a Play, of ſome *pleaſure*, and *uſe*, in the proſpect. For, if the *accident* had wanted *that* circumſtance, I ſhould not have known the extent of my *friendſhip*. And it muſt have been a *rotten* one, I am ſure, if *intereſt* had been able to ſhake it.

I SNATCH

I SNATCH, with great pleaſure, at the wiſh, you are ſo kind to repeat, in your poſtſcript: I receive *larger* packets, with eaſe, by the coaches; and, if you will have the goodneſs, to ſend it to Mr. *Richardſon*'s, directed for me, it is ſo natural for us to *haſten* into what we are ſure will delight us, that, I think, I may venture to promiſe your receiving it back, in a week, from the day of your ſending it.

MAY it *run*, 'till it leaves no more ſpace in the ſeaſon, than to make room for it's being ſucceeded, by Mr *Thompſon*'s. As for *Caſar*, I ſhall loſe all the *pain*, which the manager's *ingratitude* might have otherwiſe given me, in the *joy* and *reparation* I expect, from the ſucceſs of his *houſe*, with *your* Tragedy.

IT is the nobleſt *mitigation* of our concern, or diſdain, at ill treatment, when we ſee the *merit* of a *friend* making way to the *diſtinction*, we wiſh it. ---And, had but the Muſes any *altar*, in *England*, I would make a burnt offering of my Play, for your ſake, in honour of the *prince* and Mr. *Lyttleton*; I am, always,

Dear Sir, Yours, &c.

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Jan. 26, 1738-9.

MY letter, dear Sir, had but the fate of its writer, when it laboured, and longed to *approach* you, yet, was kept *diſtant*, by miſtake and ill fortune.

YOURS has warmed me, with the ſpirit of gratitude, for a concern it expreſſes ſo kindly. But, I will give up all purſuit of my *Cæſar*, ſince Mr. *Mallet* and Mr. *Thompſon*, with the aid of ſuch powerful aſſiſtants, found it a difficulty to engage the manager into the reſolution, that muſt have been *due* to their Tragedies. The firſt of the gentlemen juſt named, has obliged me, with uncommon delicacy, by an offer ſo generouſly made me, when his *own* Play was finiſhed and ready. This was an act of friendſhip, which I could not have *deſerved*, if, as ſoon as I knew it, I had not, from that moment, *declined* any purpoſe of preſſing the man of the ſtage about *mine*. Indeed, I ſhould hate all the little I have of the *poet*, if I could not receive as much pleaſure, from another writer's ſucceſs, as from my own; even were that

that other an *enemy* (of merit). But, ſince he is my friend, his ſucceſs *is* my own, and, as ſuch, I ſincerely conſider it.

THERE is only one thought that diſturbs me;--the reſpect I would publickly pay to a great name, ſo known and ſo dear to you, is held back by this inacceſſible retrenchment, that the devil of dulneſs has thrown up, round our *Theatres*; for, I would not treſpaſs ſo far againſt cuſtom, as to *dedicate*, to ſo choſen a *patron*, a Tragedy that had never been *acted*. I will therefore, addreſs (to the ſame lov'd name) ſome different ſubject, after having examined, which, of three or four I have long had in hand, may be found leaſt unworthy his notice. Mean while, let my *Lord* know, and let Mr. *Pope* know, that I look upon the kind things, they have thought, and expreſſed, of my *Cæſar*, as more *fame*, than a *twenty night's run*, at the Play-houſes. And ſo, wiſhing Mr. *Mallet*, and Mr. *Thompſon*, the ſucceſs which they are ſure to *deſerve*, I bid a hearty farewel to the *ſtage*, and only wiſh to be known, as,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Feb. 21, 173$\frac{2}{3}$

DEAR SIR,

I AM oblig'd, both by your letter, and the good news it brought, of Mr. *Mallet*'s Succeſs on the Theatre; it is what I was ſure he deſerv'd: And, if I had, now and then, a moments *fear*, he might miſs it, it was when I reflected, how warmly I wiſhed it him.

IF Mr. *Thompſon*'s new Tragedy is to depend on his women performers, he has certainly, judg'd well, in his choice of the *Covent-Garden Theatre*. There, or any where may his beſt expectations be anſwer'd! I ſhall, myſelf, have the leſs to complain of, when ſuch juſtice is done, where I reverence it.

As for *Cæſar*, it was his *fate* to be ill underſtood: and it was his *cuſtom*, to forgive his *detractors:* only once when he fell into ſuch *free-booters*'s hands, as have thought fit to reſtrain him at preſent, he broke a rule, for the ſake of mankind; and got 'em *hanged*, for the *good of* the *publick*. I am glad I have none of his power; ſince I am afraid I ſhould

I ſhould uſe it profuſely :-----'Tis a ridiculous world, that we live in; yet, in ſpite of contempt, one grows ſerious, when a *fool*, that expects to be flatter'd, is in a ſituation, to inſult his deſpiſers. I will not diſguiſe my own weakneſs: I am nettled at the treatment, I have met with, concerning this Tragedy: But, at the ſame time, I confeſs, that I ought not to be ſo: For *you* have been ſo good, as to declare yourſelf touch'd, in my cauſe-- and, in *that*, I have more than a recompence.

I DID not recollect, 'till you told it me, that the *Gazetteers* were printed by Mr. *Richardſon:* I am acquainted with none of their authors; not ſo much, as with any one of their names: And, as to Mr. *Richardſon himſelf*, (among whoſe virtues I place it, that he knows, and conſiders, you, rightly) there ſhould be nothing imputed to the *Printer*, which is impos'd *for*, not *by* him, on his *papers*, but was never impreſs'd, on his *mind*. I am very much miſtaken in his character, or he is a plain-hearted, ſenſible, and good-natur'd, honeſt man: I believe, when there is any thing put into his *preſſes*, with a view to ſuch infamous *ſlander*, as that which you ſo juſtly *deſpiſe*, he himſelf is the only man, *wounded*

wounded: For I think, there is an *openneſs*, in his ſpirit, that would even repel the *profits* of his buſineſs, when they were to be the *conſequence*, of making war upon excellence.

IN the mean time, give me leave to be glad, you are ſlander'd a little:----- *Crimes* deſerve to be heartily pardon'd, when they are the cauſe, of producing great *virtues*; and, I am ſure, one ſuch generous example of *charity*, as that which you ſhew, in your letter, will, by the contagious effect of its beauty, carry influence enough, to deface all the triumphs of a thouſand heavy patterns of malice.

METHINKS, I gather from a hint, you but drop, in your letter, that my *Silence* would be the moſt acceptable compliment, to a perſon, I will not here mention: Be it ſo--- were we wiſh, but to pleaſe, we *are* pleas'd even with the prohibition of our meaſures, of pleaſing. His *worth* cannot want ſuch a *witneſs*, as I am; and the reſpect I would pay it, is too *due* to depend on his thoughts of,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

June 23, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

I AM glad, you were pleas'd, at *Alzira*; becauſe tho' the play was not originally mine, and I have therefore, no claim in its ſucceſs, or its merit; yet, to have been the means of conveying a pleaſure to my friends, is a great one, to myſelf, alſo.

AFTER having heard nothing, for a long time, concerning you, but what you, ſo ſparingly, beſtow'd on the publick, I felt much delight in the news my Brother brought me, that you had recovered from a dangerous illneſs. The name of your diſtemper ſhould have been *Legion*, from its dreadful deſcription in your letter: Any *one* of the branches, had been *too much*, for the *eaſy* in mind, and the *ſtrong* in conſtitution; How then, have you ſtruggled with ſo malignant a *confederacy*, oppreſs'd, as you are, by ill health, and ill fortune!

I AM ſorry to hear, that your poem, (for which I return you my thanks) has not yet found its way to *his* hands, in whoſe honour it was written: But poſſibly, it may

be better (as you deſign it) under a different title, and a new publication ſince, the P---e might, perhaps, have look'd for more, on the ſubject, profeſs'd in the preſent title page; whereas the world will be more immediately concern'd in, and pleas'd with thoſe ideas of *public ſpirit*, and *magnificent purpoſes*, which you have touch'd with great force, in that *poem*.

POOR C---o! It is long, ſince I met with an affliction more ſenſible, than the information, you ſent me concerning her! If half what her enemies have ſaid of her, is true, ſhe was a proof, that *vanity* overcomes *nature* in *women*, which it could never yet do, in men: For deſire of glory wants power to expel the puſillanimity, natural to ſome ambitious princes, and generals; while, in that amiable perſuer of conqueſts, it prevail'd, not only againſt the fineſt reflection, but impell'd an *aſſum'd lightneſs*, over even *conſtitutional modeſty*.

I WOULD willingly ſatisfy the curioſity of your friend, in relation to Mr. *Gay*, if it were not eaſy to get much fuller information, than I am able to give, from Mr. *Budgell*, or Mr.

Mr. *Pope*; to the firſt of whom, the beginning of his life was beſt known, and to the laſt, its afternoon and evening: --- that poem, you ſpeak of, call'd WINE, he printed in the year 1710, as I remember: I am ſure, I have one, among my pamphlets; but they lie (like ideas in an un-logical head) ſo oppreſſively numerous, and obſtructingly mix'd, that to diſtinguiſh any one of them, out of the heap, is a taſk of more labour, than conſequence. Yet, I will look for it, and ſend it you, if 'twill be of uſe, or ſatisfaction, to any gentleman of your acquaintance. As to your queſtion, whether Mr. *Gay* was ever a *domeſtic of the dutcheſs of Monmouth*, I can anſwer it, in the affirmative: he was her *ſecretary*, about the year 1713, and continued ſo, 'till he went over to *Hanover*, in the beginning of the following year, with Lord *Clarendon*, who was ſent thither by queen *Anne*. At his return, upon the *death* of that queen, all his hopes became *wither'd*, 'till Mr. *Pope*, (who, you know, is an excellent *planter*) reviv'd, and invigorated his *bays*; and indeed, very generouſly ſupported him, in ſome more *ſolid* improvements; for I remember a letter, wherein he invited him,

to partake of his fortune, (at that time but a ſmall one) aſſuring him, with a very *un-poetical* warmth, that, as long as himſelf had a *ſhilling*, Mr. *Gay* ſhould be welcome to *Six-pence* of it; nay, to *Eight-pence*, if *he* could contrive but to live on a *groat*. ----- So much for Mr. *Gay*.

I WOULD ſend you a ZARA; but, to ſay truth, I am not worth one, myſelf; if it is a *virtue*, to be cold and indifferent, to what we have *written*, I am not without, at leaſt, *one* pretence to *merit*; for, I give up my leaves, like the *Sybils*, to the will of the *winds*, and remember 'em no more, after they have once been blown from me.

RANY told me, what you ſaid to her, from Meſſrs. *Walthoe*, and *Richardſon*, to whom I will write, in compliance with their propoſition; for I have a great eſteem for 'em *both*; and am ſorry, therefore, to hear, that you have any *diſpute at law* with ſuch defendants, as never, I dare ſay, had the leaſt *inclination* to injure you; but have often, on the contrary, expreſs'd the kindeſt, and moſt generous ſentiments, in your behalf: ----- Indeed, *law*, (where moſt

moſt neceſſary) brings but *ruinous remedies*; and I wiſh you *no war*, where you muſt loſe, even by *victory*.

WHAT you ſay of Lord *Tyrconnel*, reminds me of ſomething, I have heard (tho' very obſcurely) concerning a breach in that friendſhip, which was once, ſo *uſeful*, and ſo *ornamental*, to you: ---- I am heartily ſorry for the *cauſe*, whatever it may have been. I wiſh ſome means might be found, to reconcile you again: the character, you have given me of my Lord's good-nature, repreſents this, as no great difficulty, on his ſide; and I am ſure your *juſt ſenſe* of what he *once was*, will prevail over any leſs agreeable remembrance, of what he may have, ſince, *ſeem'd* or *been*; ----- So that *gratitude* expunging, on one part, and *recollected eſteem*, on the other, the hand of ſome friend might methinks, interpoſe, and ſoon blot out all unpleaſing impreſſions, on both ſides.

SHALL I add, ſo near the end of my paper, that tho' I *own* and *diſtinguiſh* the proofs, you have given of your genius, and ſpirit, for *ſatire*, yet I ſee you with *pain*,

in perſuits, that muſt multiply *enemies*. ——— Were you Lord *Rivers* (as well as his *ſon*) I ſhould have been of a different opinion —— But the merit of the *unhappy* will, (in a world, ſo maliciouſly active) be moſt ſhown, to their benefit, in its *ſofteſt*, and moſt *inoffenſive*, exertions. Forgive me, dear Sir, this mark of that friendſhip, with which I have ever been ſincerely, and ſtill am,

Your moſt affectionate,

And obedient humble Servant.

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

Nov. 10, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

AT my return home, after the Play, I met with your letter, too late to enjoy the pleaſure, it call'd me to, without treſpaſſing upon the hour, made more improper too, by your being indiſpoſed.

I HOPE to find you better, this morning, and if you will allow me to detain you, only long enough to receive your commands, at Lord *Bathurſt*'s, will wait on you the moment my Servant comes back: for I think of you ſo often, and ſee you ſo ſeldom, that now you are ſo near, I would not loſe you, if I could help it, who am, not faſhionably, but faithfully,

Your moſt obedient

And devoted Servant,

To ARTHUR ONSLOW, *Eſq;*

Dec. 16, 1731.

SIR,

I SHALL juſtly, be proud, if you aſſign ſome little corner in your library, to this Tragedy, which you had condeſcention to hear read, at Lord *Tyrconnel*'s.

IN the ſhort opportunity I had, that evening, to hear your reaſons, for eſteeming Mr. *Pope*, from the generoſity of ſome of his writings, it was eaſy to diſcern, that you ſpoke, from a heart, by nature, an enemy to diſguiſe, and noble enough to conſider an elevated openneſs in the ſentiments, as the ſoul that lights up poetry.

IT requires but little penetration, to know, that he, who *is touched ſo warmly*, by the generous thoughts of *another*, muſt, *himſelf*, be a generous *thinker*. I had, before, drawn this concluſion, with reſpect to yourſelf, from the *voice of a people*; but that way of judging has been, ſometimes, a *wrong* one. The other, never.

I PRO-

I PROPOSED, when I began this letter, to hint a complaint, of that want of curiosity, which kept the town from inclining, while this Tragedy was acting, to see whether it was a good, or a bad one. But, besides that you have too much *judgment*, to overlook faults, where they are, and too much *humanity*, to look for them, where they are not, it were a vanity, into which all the partiality of an author cannot betray me, to say any thing of *myself*, after having so much better furnished my *memory*, with a recollection of *your* sentiments. I am, with great respect,

Sir,

Your most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Sir PAUL METHUEN.

Dec. 16, 1731.

SIR,

AS privately as I hold the poſſeſſion of my own life, I am too well acquainted with the merit of diſtinguiſhed characters, not to know, that an apology for appeals to your candor, would be an injuſtice to your generoſity.

I, THEREFORE, beg you will do me the honour to convince yourſelf, in a private peruſal of this Tragedy, whether it has not ſome little hardſhip to complain of, in the coldneſs of its public reception.

BUT, if, in the opinion of one ſingle *judge*, who thinks ſo nobly as you do, it has met with more neglect, than it ought to have expected, I can conſider that neglect, as a compliment, from ten thouſand, who have the goodneſs to be kinder to *Harlequin*, and the *rope-dancers*. --- Give me leave to profeſs myſelf,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

Dec. 17, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

LET me beg your acceptance of a Tragedy, which I have ſeen, in a letter of yours to my brother, a generous proof of your partiality to.

IT is more than enough, if it can pleaſe ſuch men as you. The eſteem of the deſpiſed I conſider as deſpicable: I am afraid, I ſhould have bluſhed, with *Phocion*, had the multitude approved of my ſentiments. I know the town too well, to wonder at any thing in it, but equity.

I HOPE indignation will cure me of the *cacoethes ſcribendi*; --- if it does not, and I ſhould ever be ſo unfortunate, as to be a favourite of the people, I ſhall be frightened into ſilence, from apprehenſion of loſing my honeſty.

BUT there is one thing, I can never loſe; and that is the affection, with which I am,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

May 5, 1731.

SIR,

I RETURN you the Tragedy, with the fulleſt proof I can give you, that I am ſincere, when I wiſh well to your intereſt.

I AM afraid, I have occaſioned you the trouble of writing *new* copies of your Play; but, when you have done ſo, you will find yourſelf more ſtrongly touched with the beauty and force of your own ſentiments, while, by removing all that was too common, or too calm, the *incidents* are thrown cloſer together, and the ſcenes are more *moving* and *paſſionate*.

SACHARISSA, alone, is a much better name, without the additional title of *Unlawful Love*; which laſt might ſeem contrary to the *moral* of your *purpoſe*, that points at the *puniſhment* of a criminal paſſion; not recommends it, as an *Entertainment*.

You will be apt, at your firſt looking into the Play, to think, I have cut off ſeveral *features*, that would have added to its *beauty*. But, you will change that opinion, upon a cloſer

cloſer conſideration, and feel the ſtrength of your Tragedy increaſed, by the *loſs* of what I have taken from it, much of which had a great deal of merit, but would have made your ſcenes *languiſh*, becauſe improperly placed; all reflection, not paſſionate and active, being too cold for the ſtage, between characters of diſtreſs and agitation.

I COULD have wiſhed, that, in the Caſt of your deſign, for this Tragedy, you had contrived to ſoften the guilt of *Sacchariſſa*'s *conſent*, by repreſenting her under ſome pre-engagement of love and promiſe, to *Bellario*, and the match between that gentleman, and *her* ſiſter, the effect of her *father's* compulſion, upon ſome motive of intereſt. The pity, due to her ruin, would have been thought better warranted, by the *prudes* of a *ſex*, that can never forgive one another a *fall*, 'till they perceive *themſelves* given to *ſtumbling*.

UPON the whole, I have taken the moſt friendly pains, I was able; and wiſh you, heartily the ſucceſs, that is due to your merit and application. I am,

Sir, Yours, &c.

A. HILL.

To General FIELDING, *at* Jerſey.

Guernſey, May, 30, 1737.

SIR,

IT is a common obſervation, that we paſs (a little too naturally) from happineſs to miſery. The very elements made this *my* caſe, when I ſet ſail from you and *Jerſey*. No breath of air conſented to my leaving you, the winds forſaking me, as a puniſhment, and condemned me, two whole days, to ſuch a ſuffocating *calm*, as would have been enough to ſtagnate thought and memory, in any mind, unagitated by your image.

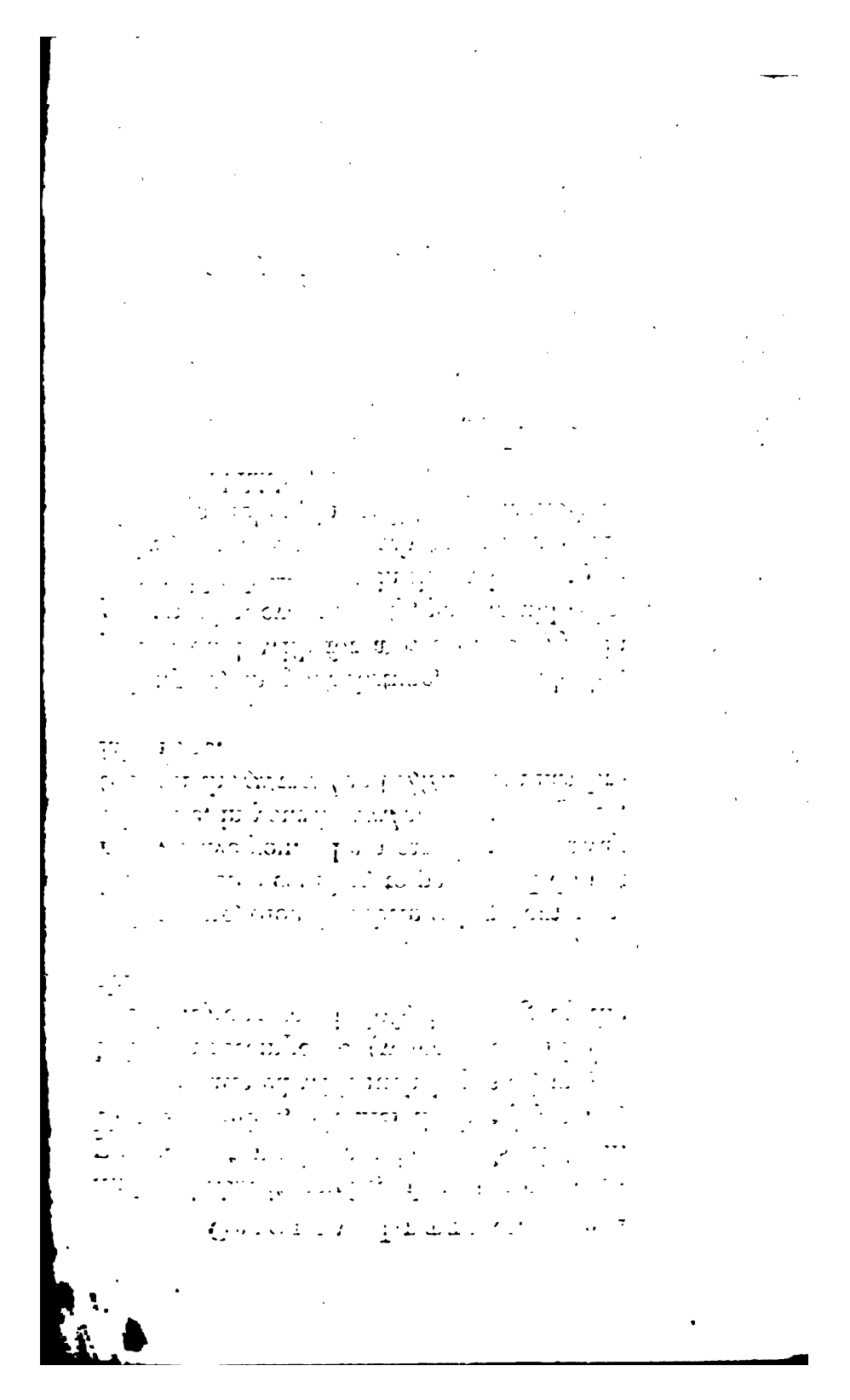
SHALL I confeſs, that this long paſſage frights me from returning? and, that ſince *England* may be reached, in as ſhort a time as *Jerſey*, my natural averſion to the ſea determines me, from where you are, to where you ought to be; becauſe there are perſuits deſerving your attention,

MEAN while, if ſuch a ſituation, as your health, or wiſh, makes choice of, contributes *reſt* and *pleaſure*, in exchange for *ſplendor* and

and *ambition*, it may be, after all, a counterpoize, that merits a wiſe man's election. For, I queſtion, whether thoſe enjoyments, we are flattered with ſuch hopes of, in the laſt, can recompence (where Reaſon holds the ſcale) our certain loſs, in giving up the former.

FOR me, though I ſeem going from you, it is ſtill ſome comfort, to perceive I do not really leave you. I am carrying you away with me, in your *inward* and *ſpiritual* grace, though the *outward* and *viſible* form has forſaken me.

ENJOY, in your fortune, every bleſſing you would wiſh for a friend. *Poſſeſs*, in your perſon, every gayety, you would taſte, in a miſtreſs.---*Have*, in fine, whatever you *deſire*; or *deſire* only what you *have*; and pleaſe to reckon, in the liſt of your moſt obliged and faithful ſervants,

A. HILL.

The End of the Firſt Volume.